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Yours Truly
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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF THE

FIRST FORTY-ONE YEARS OF THE LIFE

OF

SYLVANUS COBB, D.D.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A MEMOIR,

BY

HIS ELDEST SON,

SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

BOSTON:
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BX
9969
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TO

My Mother,

AND

TO THOSE WHO, IN TIMES PAST, HAVE

ENJOYED THE COMFORTS OF

A HOME

BENEATH THE ROOF OF THE

"Castle of Peace,"

IN MEMORY OF

HIM

WHOSE EVERY EARTHLY HOPE AND AIM OF LIFE

CENTERED IN THE ONE DESIRE

TO MAKE THAT HOME

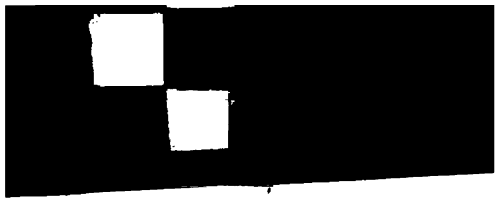
PEACEFUL AND HAPPY,

THIS VOLUME IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY ONE OF THE PRIVILEGED NUMBER.

THE MEMOIRIST.



PREFACE BY THE MEMOIRIST.

In presenting this autobiography to the public, it seems appropriate that I should, in this place, offer a few remarks touching the character of the work, and the circumstances under which it was written.

The idea of writing his autobiography did not originate with Mr. Cobb. After he had retired from the editorial chair, and had rested awhile from the arduous and wearing labor of producing the "Commentary on the New Testament," his twin sons, Cyrus and Darius, seeing that his strength was failing, and that he needed some healthful occupation of mind, suggested to him that he should write a history of his life, urging, in addition to its value as a biography, the important contribution it would afford to the history of Universalism in this country; and that he might feel no delicacy in prosecuting the work, they proposed themselves to assume the responsibility of its publication. The suggestion pleased him, and he forthwith set about the work; not taking hold of it as a stated labor, but rather as a source of mental recreation. In the midst of the work, however, his health failed him to such an extent that the wielding of the pen, with the accompanying travail of thought, fatigued him; and finally it came to pass that his physicians were obliged to limit his sea-



sons of labor; towards the last allowing him to remain at his desk not more than ten or fifteen minutes at any one sitting. And his manuscript plainly bears evidence of the pain with which his hand, at times, must have dragged over the page. Of course Mr. Cobb had no opportunity for a general revision of his work, as he left it at a point where he fully expected to take it up again, — to take it up and carry it to a conclusion; for, after that, he made important arrangements, looking for their consummation to a point almost a year beyond the day on which he put his pen for the last time to the manuscript of his autobiography. Still he must have revised somewhat, for I find many places where he has evidently turned back and made alterations and amendments, showing that his taste and judgment were still up to their old standard of beauty and strength. The autobiographer has confined himself mainly to facts, and those he has recorded so plainly and concisely that even a child may follow him with perfect understanding.

To the Universalists of New England, and more especially to those of Maine, this record will be invaluable. The story of Mr. Cobb's early life is, in fact, a history of Universalism in Maine. He was for some years the chief pioneer of the faith in that State, and in his life-record we have an account of the birth and subsequent growth of many of the most flourishing of our societies in that section of the Master's heritage. And the same may be said in regard to other localities, as he performed much pioneer labor after he removed to Massachusetts.

It seems almost an interposition of Divine Providence

that Mr. Cobb's life was spared to bring the record down to the establishment of his CHRISTIAN FREEMAN; because from that date there was no difficulty in the taking up of the narrative by another, as the files of his weekly publication afforded sufficient guide to one who had been closely associated with him in business during the greater portion of the time subsequent to the issue of the first number of the paper. Down to that point — the going forth of his FREEMAN — the good Lord held up his hand, and then the pen was dropped! To be sure, Mr. Cobb had kept a journal from the earliest times of his ministerial labor, and he had fragmentary records extending back to his school-boy days; but none other than himself could have filled in all that was necessary to the presenting of a true and faithful picture of his life therefrom; or, at least, none other could have done it so well. Verily, the hand of God sustained him for a purpose; and that purpose was accomplished.

Thus far Mr. Cobb had been battling with what he sincerely believed to be false and dangerous systems of religion, and he had no delicacy in making a plain statement of what he conceived to be his successes and his victories; but when he finally stepped forth into a new field, and set himself about the work of battling against errors that were winked at, if not directly upheld, by many of his own denomination, — when he started out upon the work of assisting to elevate the denomination itself, — I doubt if he would have done himself justice in the record. I doubt it, because I do not believe that he himself fully realized and appreciated the great work he had accomplished. As



he sat there at his desk, with his manhood's accumulated labors of half a century bearing the earthly tabernacle down to the grave, he did not know, he did not realize, how much he had accomplished. He had seen and gloried in the magnificent result to his denomination, and to his country, and to humanity everywhere; but his modesty of feeling, and generous impulse of according to others their full due, prevented him from comprehending how much he had done towards the grand consummation. And so, since in the providence of God, it was not permitted to him to finish the record, does it not appear that he left it in just the right place?

And now, dear reader, the autobiography is before you; and be sure, as you read it, that you are reading the record of one whose soul was fraught with desire for the good of his fellows, and whose highest hope in giving that record to the world was, that benefit might result from its perusal. And I do not think his hope will be without its fruition; for of all the lessons of good that are given men to study, none can be studied with more profit than the life-lessons which are borne in the record of a truly great and good man. And such, in all faith and candor, I believe our autobiographer to have been.

SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

NORWAY, Jan. 18, 1867.

REV. SYLVANUS COBB, D.D.

HIS ANCESTRY.

I AM able to trace my lineal descent from Elder Henry Cobb as my immigrant ancestor. He is said to have come over from England to the "Old Colony" in America, by the second trip of the Mayflower, which was but a very few years after her first voyage, with the Pilgrim Fathers, in 1620. Farmer's "Genealogical Register of the First Settlers of New England" says of him, "He came to Plymouth as early as 1629; was at Scituate in 1633; removed to Barnstable, where he died in 1679, leaving seven sons and four daughters. His descendants, says the antiquary of Plymouth (2 Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., IV. 247,) are as numerous, figuratively, "as the sands on the seashore." Nineteen of the name had graduated at the New England colleges in 1828.

From a series of chapters on the "History of Barnstable," by Amos Otis, Esq., published in the "Barnstable Patriot" in 1862, I extract the following statistics of the Cobb genealogy, which appear to have been collected with much painstaking research: —



ELDER HENRY COBB.

Three of the name of Cobb came to New England, and if John of Plymouth and John of Taunton are not the same, four. The Cobbs of Georgia are a different family, though perhaps remotely related. Thomas R. R. Cobb, a brother of the rebel Gen. Howell Cobb, in a letter dated at Athens, Ga., April 7, 1857, says: "I have but little information as to my remote ancestry. The tradition, as I have received it from my father, is, that seven brothers originally emigrated from England. Four settled in Virginia, three went to Massachusetts. Their names or subsequent history I never learned. I have heard my father say that his grandfather would frequently relate that the brother from whom he was descended, bought his wife from an emigrant ship for seven hundred pounds of tobacco. My father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all named John."

Traditions are usually worthless. Three of the name came to Massachusetts, as stated in the letter; but there is no evidence that they were brothers. The presumption is they were not. Mr. Pratt, in his "History of Eastham," page 27, gives an account of the origin of the Cobb families, founded on a tradition which is wholly unreliable. He says four of the name, sons of Sylvanus, came over, namely, Jonathan, from Harwich, England, settled in Eastham; Eleazer, in Hingham; Sylvanus, north of Boston; and Benjamin, whose son Isaac was Port Admiral of Yarmouth, England. Jonathan was a descendant of Henry, and born in Barnstable. Respecting Benjamin, the document quoted by Mr. Pratt says, he settled near Rhode Island, which is very doubtful. Descendants of Augustine were in that vicinity. The Eleazer and Sylvanus he names were probably both descendants of Henry. No Eleazer settled in Hingham. The earliest of the name in that town was Richard, who is called of Boston. He had a son Thomas, born 28th March, 1693, probably the one of that name who settled in Eastham, and married Mary Freeman, before 1719. A Thomas Cobb, Sen'r, died in Hingham Jan. 4, 1707-8.

Edward Cobb was of Taunton, in 1657, married at Plymouth, 28 Nov., 1660, Mary Haskins, and died 1675, leaving a son Edward. His widow married Samuel Philips.

Augustine Cobb was of Taunton in 1670, and had Elizabeth, born 10 Feb., 1771; Morgan, 29 Dec., 1673; Samuel, 9 Nov., 1675; Bethia, 5 April, 1678; Mercy, 12 Aug., 1680; and Abigail, 1684. Gen. David Cobb, one of the aids of Washington in the army of the revolution, is a descendant from Augustine.

John Cobb of Taunton from 1653 to 1777, Mr. Baylies says, came from Plymouth; if so, he was a son of Henry of Barnstable. A John Cobb, who appears to have been a resident in Taunton, administered on the estate of his brother Gershom, who was killed at Swanzey by the Indians, June 24, 1675. Mr. Savage thinks there were two John Cobbs; but I prefer the authority of Mr. Baylies. There is only one entry on the records that favors the supposition that there were two John Cobbs, and that, after careful examination, I think is an error of the town clerk of Taunton.

Elder Henry Cobb married in 1631, Patience, daughter of Dea. James Hurst, of Plymouth. She was "buryed May 4, 1648, the first that was buryed in our new burying-place by our meeting-house." (Lothrop's Church Rec.) He was married to his second wife, Sarah, daughter of Samuel Hinckley, by Mr. Prince, Dec. 12, 1649. He died in 1679, and his wife Sarah survived him.

In his will, dated April 4, 1678, proved June 3, 1679, and in the codicil thereto, dated February 28, 1678, he gives his great lot of land in Barnstable to his son James, the latter paying Elder Cobb's son John £5 for his interest therein. Names his sons John, James, Gershom, and Eleazer, to whom he had heretofore given half his lands at Suckinesset, — gave his "new dwelling-house"* and all the rest of his uplands and meadows to his wife Sarah. In his will he gave his dwelling-house, after the decease of his wife, to his son Samuel; but in the codicil, to

* "His new dwelling-house." I am inclined to the opinion that Elder Cobb sold his stone house to Nathaniel Bacon, in his lifetime, and that the house to which he refers was on his "great lot," and that it was afterwards owned by son James and grandson Gershom. In 1823, Mr. Josiah Childs, a descendant in the female line, pointed out a post to me in his fence, and said, "Fifty years ago I mortised that post from a timber taken from the house of the first Gershom Cobb," and said that from information he had obtained from his ancestors the house was over one hundred years old, which consequently was built in the lifetime of the Elder. That house stood on his "great lot," near the ancient pear-trees now standing. (See account of third Gershom Hall.)



his son Henry. He also names his son Jonathan, and daughters Mary, Hannah, Patience, and Sarah.

CHILDREN BORN IN PLYMOUTH.

I. John, born 7 June, 1632. Removed from Barnstable to Plymouth, and from thence, according to Mr. Baylies, to Taunton, and returned again to Plymouth about the year 1678. He married twice; first, 28 Aug., 1658, Martha Nelson, of P.; second, June 13, 1676, Jane Woodward, of Taunton. His children were John, born 24 June, 1662, in P., died young; Samuel, Israel, and Elizabeth, the dates of whose births are not given, probably born in Taunton; John, born in Taunton 31 March, 1678, according to the return, probably 1677; Elisha, in Plymouth, 3 April, 1678; and James, 20 July, 1682. Elisha, of this family, probably settled in Wellfleet, and had Col. Elisha and Thomas. Col. Elisha had five sons, and has descendants in the lower towns of this county. A Thomas Cobb married Mary Freeman of Eastham before 1719, and probably was not the Thomas above named.

II. James, born 14 Jan., 1634. (See account of him and his family below.)

BORN IN SCITUATE.

III. Mary, 24 March, 1637. She married, 15 Oct., 1657, Jonathan Dunham, then of Barnstable, and was his second wife. His first wife was Mary, daughter of Philip Delano, whom he married 29 Nov., 1655. He removed to Middleboro', was some time minister to the Indians at the islands, but was in 1694 ordained at Edgartown.

IV. Hannah, 5 Oct., 1639, married, 9 May, 1661, Edward Lewis. She died Jan. 17, 1729-30, aged 90 years, 3 months, 12 days.

BORN IN BARNSTABLE.

V. Patience, baptized 13 March, 1641-2; married Robert Parker Aug., 1667, his second wife. After his death in 1684, she probably married Dea. William Crocker.

VI. Gershom, born 10, baptized 12 Jan., 1644-5. He removed to Middleboro', where he was constable in 1671, and on the *grand jury in 1674*. He was buried at Swanzey 24 June, 1675,

having, with eight others, been killed that day by the forces of Philip. His brother John administered on his estate, which was divided in equal proportions to the children of Mr. Henry Cobb of Barnstable, only John, the older son, to have a double portion.

VII. Eleazer, born 30 March, 1648. He was admitted a townsman Dec., 1678, when he was 24, indicating that he was then unmarried. He was of Barnstable in 1703, and as he had only twelve and a half shares in the common lands, the presumption is that he was not then a householder. It does not appear that he had a family. His death is not recorded, and the settlement of his estate is not entered on the probate records. It may be, but it is not probable, that he was the Eleazer whom Mr. Pratt says settled in Hingham.

VIII. Mehetabel, born 1 Sept., 1651, died 8 March, 1652.

IX. Samuel, born Oct. 12, 1654. (See account below.)

X. Sarah, born 15 Jan., 1658, died Jan. 25, 1658.

XI. Jonathan, born 10 April, 1660. (See account below.)

XII. Sarah, born 10 March, 1662-3, married, 27 Dec., 1686, Dea. Samuel Chipman of Barnstable. She had ten children. Her sons Thomas, Samuel, John, Seth, and Barnabas, were men who held a high rank in society. The late Chief Justice Nathaniel Chipman, LL.D., was her grandson. She died Jan. 8, 1742-3, aged nearly 80.

XIII. Henry, born 3 Sept., 1665, inherited the paternal mansion. He was married by Justice Thacher, 10 April, 1690, to Lois Hallet. Oct. 9, 1715, he was dismissed from the Barnstable, to the church in Stonington, Conn. His children born in Barnstable were Gideon, 11 April, 1691; Eunice, 18 Sept., 1693; Lois, 2 March, 1696; and Nathan, baptized June 1, 1700. Margaret, the wife of Gideon, of this family, was admitted July 31, 1726, to the church in Hampton, Conn. He afterwards removed from H.

XIV. Mehetabel, born 15 Feb., 1667.

XV. Experience, born 11 Sept., 1671.

Neither of these two daughters being mentioned in the will of their father, the presumption is they died young.

Sergeant James Cobb, son of Elder Henry Cobb, born in Plymouth, Jan. 14, 1634, resided in Barnstable. He married, 26 Dec., *1663, Sarah, daughter* of George Lewis, Sen'r. He



died in 1695, aged 61. He left no will. His estate was settled Feb. 1, 1695-6, and all his eleven children are named. His widow Sarah married, 23 Nov., 1698, Jonathan Sparrow of Eastham.

CHILDREN BORN IN BARNSTABLE.

I. Mary, 24 Nov., 1664, married, May 31, 1687, Capt. Caleb Williamson of Barnstable. The family removed to Hartford after 1700, where she died in 1737, aged 73.

II. Sarah, 26 Jan., 1666, married, 27 Dec., 1686, Benjamin Hinckley of Barnstable. She had ten children, the first five all dying young.

III. Patience, 12 Jan., 1668, married, 1694, James Coleman, and had eight children. She married, 10 Sept., 1715, Thomas Lombard of Barnstable. She died March 30, 1747, aged 79 years. Her second husband was 95 at his death, May 31, 1761.

IV. Hannah, 28 March, 1671, married Joseph Davis, March, 1695, and died May 3, 1739, aged 68. She left a family of eight children.

V. James, 8 July, 1673. (See account below.)

VI. Gershom, 4 Aug., 1675. (See account below.)

VII. John, 20 Dec., 1677. Mr. John Cobb, as he is called on the records, married, 25 Dec., 1707, Hannah Lothrop. He owned the house now the residence of Mr. David Bursley, and his son Ephraim resided there within the memory of persons now living. His children were Ephraim, born 5 Dec., 1708. He married Margaret Gardner of Yarmouth, Jan. 7, 1729-30. He had also John, born 1 July, 1711, died March 1, 1713, and John again, born Oct. 2, 1719, who died May 25, 1736. Mr. John Cobb died Aug. 24, 1754, aged 77 years, and his wife Hannah April 3, 1747, aged 66 years.

VIII. Elizabeth, 6 Oct., 1680.

IX. Martha, 6 Feb., 1682.

X. Mercy, 9 April, 1685.

XI. Thankful, 10 June, 1687.

The four daughters last named had shares in the estate of their father at the settlement made in 1696. Their mother married, in 1698, Jonathan Sparrow, Esq., of Eastham, and these *daughters* probably removed to that town with her. Mercy *was, May 24,* 1701, a witness to the will of Miriam Wing of

Harwich. At the proof of the will, Jan. 8, 1702-3, she is called "now Mercy Sparrow."

I have a copy of an original genealogical record, furnished me by my uncle Levi Cobb, my father's youngest brother, of Middleboro', Mass., who was by nature a philosopher, and had a rare taste for collecting biographical and historical facts. His record commences thus: —

1. Record of the family of James Cobb, one of the first settlers of Barnstable on Cape Cod, Mass. He married a Lewis, who, after his decease, married a Capt. Sparrow, of Eastham; and after his decease returned to Barnstable to her son, James Cobb, 2d, and died 1734, in the 93d year of her age.

This description identifies the James 1st, of my uncle Levi's record, with the Sergeant James Cobb of Mr. Otis's "History of Barnstable" above quoted, who was a son of the immigrant Henry Cobb.

My uncle's record continues: —

2. The family of James Cobb, 2d, son of James Cobb, 1st. *His children.* — 1st. James, born in the town of Barnstable, July 1673, and died in Dec., 1756, aged 84 years. There were eight other children in this family: but it is sufficient that I give the name, and time, and term of life, of this who is in the direct line of my progenitors.

3. Record of James Cobb, 3d, son of James Cobb, 2d. He married Elizabeth Hallett. He had seven children, one of whom was Sylvanus, born Oct., 1701, and died Sept. 30, 1756.

4. Record of Sylvanus Cobb, son of James, 3d. He was married to Mercia Baker, by the Rev. Joseph Green, Nov. 7, 1728. He had seven children, whose names were Mercia, Ebenezer, Sylvanus, Binney, Rebecca, Thankful, Lydia.

Ebenezer is in the direct line of my progenitors, being my father's father.

5. The *family of Ebenezer* Cobb, who was the son of Sylva-



nus Cobb, who was the son of James Cobb, 3d. James, born Jan. 12, 1756; Ebenezer, born March 17, 1759; Rebecca, born June 5, 1761; Isaiah, born Feb. 11, 1764; Levi, born Feb. 13, 1767; Lydia, born Dec. 14, 1769; Mary, born March 18, 1772; Anna, born Feb. 28, 1777.

Of these Ebenezer is my father.

6. The family of Ebenezer Cobb, who was the son of Ebenezer, who was the son of Sylvanus, who was the son of the third James. He married Elizabeth Cobb, daughter of Samuel Cobb, of Carver, Mass. She is in another line of descent from the same Elder Henry, who is my father's immigrant ancestor.

So, then, I am all Cobb, of the old pilgrim stock; the seventh generation from the immigrant Henry, by the line of descent embracing my father, and the sixth generation from the same on the side of my mother.

7. Genealogical record of the family of Ebenezer Cobb, son of Ebenezer and Elizabeth Cobb, daughter of Samuel. Elizabeth, born Feb. 19, 1784; Susanna, born March 22, 1788; Ebenezer, born April 13, 1790; Lucy, born Feb. 28, 1792; Cyrus, born June 20, 1793; Churchill, born Dec. 28, 1795; Sylvanus, born July 17, 1798; Samuel, born Aug. 18, 1802.

Of this family, my brother Ebenezer died Nov. 25, 1820, aged 30 years, 5 months; my father, May 9, 1826, aged 67; Lucy, March 3, 1828, aged 36, leaving a small family by the name of Putnam; my mother, June 22, 1843, aged 83; Cyrus, by a fall from a beam in his barn, was instantly killed, Nov. 18, 1847, aged 54; Churchill, also, came to his death by falling from the mow upon his barn floor, March 7, 1857, aged 62. They both left small families.

The homestead, which had been considerably enlarged and improved by my brother Cyrus's energies and thrift, was, on his decease, left to his widow, two sons, Cyrus and Samuel, and two daughters, Lydia and Eliza. Lydia and

Samuel died soon after; and the widow, in 1865. Cyrus, being of a fragile constitution, disposed of his share of the farm, so that the venerable place has gone out of the family name.

At the writing of this, my sister Elizabeth, widow of Samuel Putnam, is living in Rumford, Me., in good health, 82 years of age, having been the mother of ten children, most of whom are living. My sister Susanna is living in Oxford, Me., with her husband, Daniel Smith, aged 79. She has had no children. My youngest brother is also living in Norway, Me., 62 years of age, in widowerhood, having buried his wife and three daughters, the eldest of whom was about 21, and the youngest 14. He has one son living, a worthy young man, with a small family, with whom he boards most of the time, whose name is Sylvanus Wait Cobb.

MY MARRIAGE.

September 10, 1822, I gave my hand and heart in marriage to Miss Eunice Hale Wait, of Hallowell, Me. The marriage was solemnized by Rev. Eliphalet Gillett, pastor of the Trinitarian Congregational Church in Hallowell. The ceremony was performed in the morning, and I forthwith took my lawful wife into my carriage, and set off for the General Convention of Universalists for the New England States and others, to be held in Warner, N. H., on the 18th and 19th of the same month. For a continuation of this historical narrative, see the account of my settlement in Waterville.



RECORD OF THE FAMILY OF SYLVANUS COBB AND EUNICE H. COBB.

1. Sylvanus, born in Waterville, Me., June 5, 1823.
2. Samuel Tucker, June 11, 1825.
3. Eunice Hale, April 15, 1827.
4. Ebenezer, in Malden, Mass., Jan. 17, 1829.
5. George Winslow, March 31, 1831.
6. Sarah Wait, Dec. 1, 1832. She died in East Boston, of consumption, Jan. 17, 1853, aged 20 years, 1 month, and 17 days. She passed away in the sweet serenity of Christian hope; and the event hardly seemed like death. It seemed a development of heavenly life.

7 and 8. Cyrus and Darius, twins, born in Malden, Aug. 6, 1834.

9. James Arthur, in East Boston, Dec. 22, 1842. He came to us, a beautiful and perfect child, as an unexpected gift from Heaven. He was remarkable, as he advanced, for common sense, scholarship, and the highest virtues, including those of Christian faith and piety. When he had passed his eighth year there was discovered a degree of enlargement of the heart. The disease grew upon him, and, after considerable suffering with wonderful patience, and even cheerfulness of heavenly hope, he passed sweetly away in the morning of Feb. 24, 1852, aged 9 years and 2 months. An interesting memoir of him, written by his mother, was published in book form soon after his departure.

Of my children, I will place on record here the following additional memoranda: —

Sylvanus married Mary Jane Head, of Waltham, Mass., June 29, 1845. They have, at this writing, 1866, two children, — Mary Hale, who is married to Oscar R. Ford, and Ella, about 14 years of age.

Samuel Tucker, who was named for and by Commodore Samuel Tucker, of revolutionary memory, whose latter years were spent in Bristol, Me., where our acquaintance with him was intimate, married Sophronia R. Tisdale, Oct. 16, 1847. They have three children, Lucy Holmes, Samuel Tucker, and Elizabeth Hale. They lost an infant daughter in 1865.

Ebenezer married Mary Jane Booth, of Philadelphia, in May, 1853. They have two sons, Arthur and Clarence.

George Winslow, who was named by Capt. George Winslow, a dear friend of ours, of Malden, Mass., married Almeda Hall of East Boston, May 1, 1856, by whom he has two children, Albert Winslow and Margaret White. They lost a daughter in infancy. He served as a volunteer in the army of the United States during the last year of the great southern slaveholders' rebellion; and soon after his return, in the autumn of 1865, his wife died of consumption, having been very feeble several years. He enlisted into the army as a private, and rose shortly to the rank of corporal, then to that of sergeant, and then to sergeant-major. He had severe service.

Eunice Hale married Lafayette Culver, July 4, 1849, and they have ever continued, thus far, 1865, members of our household. Mr. Culver, also, served, for more than two years, in the army of the country. Enlisting as a private, he was soon promoted to a lieutenancy, and then to the rank of quartermaster. A greater part of the time he was on Gen. Mott's staff, of the old 3d Corps, Army of the Potomac. He was engaged in severe conflicts of arms, but came out unharmed.

Cyrus and Darius, the twins, married sisters, the former Emma, and the latter Laura Lillie. They were married at the same time, Jan. 1, 1866, in the Unitarian Church in



East Boston, by Rev. W. H. Cudworth, the pastor, assisted by their father. They, too, rendered military service to the country in the great civil war of 1861 to 1865. They led the family in this line of the citizens' duty. They enlisted into the Massachusetts 44th Regiment, on a nine-months' term, in August, 1863. Most of their term was spent in Newbern, N. C. They were at Little Washington when it was subjected to a seventeen days' siege by the enemy, and the access of Gen. Foster's main army was cut off for that time; and they participated in several skirmishes. But they received no injury. So all the soldier members of this family, though subjected to hard service and engaged in more or less severe conflicts of arms, returned home, after full service, safe and sound.

In respect to military service in suppression of the great pro-slavery rebellion, Sylvanus, the elder brother, whose residence was in Norway, Me., had also a hand in it in another sphere. Being captain of the Oxford County Home Guards, a volunteer company organized to act, if necessary, in defence of that State against invasion, he was ordered by the Government, in April, 1864, to station his company, for a season, in Fort McClary, Kittery, Me., where they were mustered into the United States' service. Here, though he was not confronted by the enemy, he had a taste of military life and of the responsibilities of military command.

OUR IMMIGRANT PROGENITOR AN "INDEPENDENT."

It will be seen by the foregoing that I trace my descent, on my father's side, by a direct and unbroken line, through reliable genealogical registrations, from the immigrant *Elder* Henry Cobb. And it appears that this revered *ancestor* was a genuine son of liberty, and member of the

first Independent Congregational Church by that name in the United States, or in the world. The following account of the Church and pastor to which he belonged, is in the Massachusetts Historical Society's Records: —

Rev. John Lothrop was first minister of Barnstable, Cape Cod. The Church at Scituate being in a broken condition, the Rev. John Lothrop of that place removed, with part of the Church (among whom was Henry Cobb), to Barnstable, in Oct., 1639, the same year the town was granted by the old colony. It appears from the records, which have been preserved, that all the south side of the town was amicably purchased of Wianno and several other sachems, about 1650. The West Barnstable Church is the first Independent Congregational Church of that name in the world. It was organized in 1616, in England, in the county of Kent, principally through the instrumentality of Rev. Henry Jacob, who was chosen and constituted its first pastor. The foundation of the church was laid in the following manner: After solemn fasting and prayer, each made open confession of his faith in Jesus Christ; and then, standing up together they joined hands, and solemnly covenanted with each other, in the presence of Almighty God, to walk together in all his ways, ordinances, &c.

On account of the violence of the persecution with which this Church was assailed, their pastor continued with them only eight years, and then fled to Virginia, in this country, where he soon after died.

The Church then chose, as their second pastor, Rev. John Lothrop, from whom descended most of the numerous families of this name scattered through our country. In 1632, Mr. Lothrop and the little band to whom he ministered, when assembled for worship in a private building, were surprised by their persecutors, and only eighteen of their number escaped, while forty-two were apprehended and cast into prison. After being confined for two years, all were released upon bail, excepting Mr. Lothrop, for whom no favor could be obtained. In the mean time his wife died, and his children were left in such needy and distressed circumstances, at length Mr. L., on condition of leaving the country, *obtained his* freedom. In 1634, with thir-



ty-four of his church and congregation, — all he could collect, — he came to New England, and settled in Scituate. At that time the Churches at Plymouth, Duxbury, and Marshfield, were all that existed in this country. In 1639, with a majority of his people and twenty-two male members of his church, he removed to Barnstable, and commenced its settlement. The first sermon was preached on a large rock, which may now be seen lying by the side of the road between East and West Parishes.

HIS BIRTH AND EARLY DAYS.

THE subject of these sketches was born in Norway, Me., July 17, 1798. My parents, Ebenezer and Elizabeth Cobb, of whom mention is made in the conclusion of the preceding chapter, moved from Middleboro', Mass., to Norway, Me., which was then a part of Massachusetts, in the autumn of 1797. Middleboro' is thirty-five miles south, and Norway one hundred and fifty miles north-east of Boston. Their medium of conveyance was an ox-wagon, drawn by a yoke of oxen, by which they shipped whatever of their household stuff they moved, and their six children, — Elizabeth, Ebenezer, Susanna, Cyrus, Lucy, and Churchill. The roads much of the way were rough, and they were sixteen days on the passage, arriving in Norway, that part then called Rustfield, on the 8th of September. The township had been but a little while open to settlement, and was mostly in a wilderness state. My father visited the place in the summer of the preceding year, selected him a lot, and made a small opening upon it by felling the trees. In the spring of this year he went down and burned and cleared the opening, and planted it with corn and potatoes; so that now, on moving hither with his family in the fall, he found in his field corn and potatoes ready for family use. He rented for his family a part of the small house of Mr. *Zebedee Perry*, on an adjoining lot, which he



occupied while building a house on his own. It was in Mr. Perry's house that I was born the next July. In the succeeding autumn the new house was so far advanced as to be suitable to receive the family, and we occupied it from four to five years. Aug. 18, 1802, when I was four years and one month old, I greeted a baby-brother, who received, and has ever borne, the name of Samuel; my parents' last-born, a great blessing to their later years, and a pride and joy to the household always. He is, at this writing (1864), my only surviving brother, — the three before named, who were born in Middleboro', having passed away.

About this time my father saw that the lot he had purchased and built upon was not large enough for the development of his rising family of sons, and he sold it, and purchased a larger one about half a mile south on the same road, having on it a small clearing; and forthwith he put upon it a small house and barn. I was about five years old when we moved upon the new place, and can remember nothing in connection with the removal, except the rendering of a little assistance to my mother in carrying my baby-brother up "Great Hill." (The distance from the foot to the summit of the hill was not more than two hundred feet; but it was called "Great Hill" because it was the steepest one in the neighborhood.) Nor have I any recollection of anything in my experience of the four years of infantile life on that first farm, except the event of a slip-down on the ice with an axe on my shoulder, which inflicted a severe cut upon the right temple, which my mother and sisters have since told me was so serious a wound, and caused so profuse a flow of blood, that fears were entertained of the loss of life. But the scar, at this

day, is much more distinct than my recollection of the event.

The new farm was variegated with hills, ridges, and dales, and meadow-brooks and gushing side-hill springs. The regular routine of country life, in scenes like these, presented but few incidents calculated to make a strong impression on the mind of childhood. Yet there were progressive events which produced in me lively excitement of feelings. The sight of the tall trees falling before the woodman's axe, and the consequent enlargement of the clearing; the burning of the felled trees when dried; the sheep washing and shearing; haying, reaping, and the huskings, were all exciting scenes to the boys; and my memory of them extends back to very early days.

I very early became expert in riding on horseback, and had devolved upon me the business of navigating the cereals to mill, a distance of about two and a half miles. The roads were new and rough, bridged over swampy grounds by logs rolled together, constituting what were called *gridiron bridges;* and no pleasure carriages, nor even horse-wagons, came into use for some time. The "going to mill," except in the sleighing season, was done on horseback. My father, or an elder brother, would place a bag of Indian corn, another of rye, and another of wheat, across the saddle, and I would mount a-top of the whole, and navigate the winding way up to the mill door, where I was wont to be promptly greeted by the faithful miller, Samuel Ames, who entered that first grist-mill in town on its completion in October, 1789, and ground the first grist in it, and tended it forty-five years. He would discharge my cargo, and replace it for my return voyage when all was ground. As my younger brother was four years my junior, and the older ones were capable of per-



forming better labor on the farm, the milling and general choring business devolved upon me for several years.

The first school-teacher, of whom I have any recollection, was Jonathan Woodman. Many years afterwards I had opportunity to know him familiarly as a good and noble hearted man. But my first impressions of him are those which he imparted with the palms of his hands, presuming thus to beat knowledge into my cranium. I was reading and spelling in words of one and two syllables, and he would frequently box my ears for mistakes. This practice on his part induced in me the habit of dodging when I feared I was wrong. "Ah," he would exclaim, in such cases, "I know what you dodged for, you knew what was coming." That philosophy of teaching is not much in vogue now. However, Master Woodman lived to be an occasional respectful listener to the public discoursings of him whose boyhood he essayed to educate with the aid of cuffs.

Our school district, situated in the south-west part of the town, was large. It was settled principally by citizens of great moral worth, who reared large families. And as the town was always provident of its schools, and the school-money was apportioned to districts according to the numbers of scholars, ours drew a good share, and had long winter schools. There was but little attention given, however, in those days, and in that backwoods region, to any other branches of learning except reading, writing, and arithmetic. But now and then one advanced to the study of grammar. In the winter of 1811, when I was in the thirteenth year of my age, listening to the recitations of a small class in grammar, I became inspired with the purpose to enter upon that study. Upon entering into the presence of my parents on my return from school, one evening, I

said, "Father, I want a grammar-book. I am going to study grammar." "Poh!" was the response of the considerate parent, "what good 'll that do you? If you might ever be able to teach school, it would be of use to study grammar. But I don't suppose you think of that." "Well, I want to study grammar," was the emphatic reply. And the essential thing was furnished. The elementary book for beginners in that study, then and there in use, was Bingham's "Young Ladies' Accidence." I rushed into the work of committing to memory the definitions of parts of speech and the rules of syntax, and applying the principles by the exercise of parsing. But the school-term was far spent when I commenced, and the rudiments were not thoroughly committed, nor was their practical application well understood.

But being determined to master this science the next winter, I bore the little grammar-book in my pocket when about the labors of the field the next fall, and while driving the oxen at ploughing, and in teaming up firewood for the winter, I committed it all through, becoming as familiar with every word as with the alphabet. With this acquisition I went into the succeeding school-term, and found that the mystery of parsing was a simple and easy affair, requiring, with so perfect a knowledge of the principles, only a common-sense understanding of the sentence assigned as the lesson for exercise. I wondered at the blunders of the members of the senior class, and was soon advanced to their companionship. And the look and manner of Master Bethuel Carey are impressed with great distinctness upon my memory, as, when a word in Pope's "Essay on Man" had started below me, and passed through a series of blundering guesses to the foot, he would queerly turn his eye up to the head of the class, with the inquiry,



"Well, Cobb, what have you to say upon it?" (The reader will excuse the egotism of these recitals. As I am the only living witness of these things, and have undertaken to record them, I know of no better way than to write truly. Autobiography is necessarily egotism. The lesson which these incidents urge upon the reader is, the importance of giving attention each to his appropriate work, and doing thoroughly what is undertaken.)

As I advanced in my teens, I took great delight in arithmetic. When I was in Equation and the Roots, pushing on in other studies at the same time, my mental labor was so earnest and continuous that my class-mates admonished me that I must restrict my studies somewhat, lest I should seriously injure my health. I did, by my continuous mental application, lose flesh somewhat, as they perceived. But, with my strong constitution, and the intermingling of so much manual labor as entered into my farmer-boy life, there was no danger of injury to my health.

I was equally earnest and industrious in the work of the farm in its season, as in the business of study in *its* time. I loved farming. I loved the changes of the seasons, which are more interesting to the farmer than to any other occupation. I delighted in planting and sowing in the spring; I noted, with enthusiasm, the springing up and advancement of the tender blades of corn and grain. It was with a peculiar zest that I took up in due time, and swung the sharpened, well-balanced scythe, and laid in magnificent windrows the waving field of grass, cured the fragrant hay, and noted the gradual rising of the mow in the bay and on the scaffold. And then to reap, and at length thresh and winnow, the rich harvest of rye and wheat; and *to gather* and husk the golden corn; and to turn out from

their native hills, and cart into the cellar, the full-grown, mealy potatoes; — in all these progressive exercises, I found thrilling and rational enjoyment.

I have spoken of swinging the sharpened, well-balanced scythe. I took great pride in mowing. In this polite accomplishment I became quite a proficient in the advanced stage of my teens. It was the only department of manual labor in which I would challenge a competitor. Being tall in stature, with broad shoulders and full chest, — and particular to keep a keen edge upon my scythe, and all the gear symmetrical, — I maintained an erect posture, and acquired an easy swing and a drawing stroke, cut a wide swath, and pointed in and out, leaving the stubble so even that my swaths were scarcely distinguishable when the hay was raked off. I knew of no one who could outstrip me in mowing. And I performed the work with such ease to myself, that I often expressed my feelings in the remark that I could mow from breakfast to dinner, in a tolerably smooth field of well-grown grass, with as little fatigue, or less, than I could walk about the field the same length of time empty-handed.

But I cannot brag of my exploits in any other branch of manual labor. In all departments I was diligent and faithful to my charge. But in chopping, especially in dealing horizontal blows with the axe in felling large trees, my muscles were not hard enough for a continuous exercise of the kind. I soon wearied. In hoeing corn and potatoes, I was so subservient to a taste for beauty and order, and I was so particular to root up every weed and to leave the hills nice and regular, and the rows handsome, that it was difficult for me to clip along and keep up with my companions. This predominant taste for beauty and order *was once the occasion of* a gentle reproof from my



venerated father, the only one that I recollect having received from him. I was then about fourteen years of age. My father committed to me, in the spring, with the help of my younger brother, Samuel, the "picking up of the stones" on a field newly laid down to grass for mowing. When we had been at the work about long enough, in his estimation, to complete the job, he began to inquire with regard to our progress. At length he remarked, in a hesitating tone, as if he was reluctant to speak it, that it seemed to him as if I had been "lazy." This allegation grieved me sorely, and I earnestly requested him to go and examine my work. It was a new clearing, some distance from the portion of the farm on which he and my older brothers were at the same time laboring, and he had not visited it during the progress of my work upon it. He complied with my request. He walked all over the field, saw that we had picked up every stone, down almost to the pebble size, and, instead of tossing them into small and irregular heaps, had gathered them into large piles, distant apart, and laid them up into handsome pyramids; and that we had picked up and thrown into separate heaps all the knots and sticks, and everything which, lying on the ground, could have interrupted the scythe in the process of mowing; and he uttered hearty exclamations of delight and surprise. He wondered that we could have performed so much work in the time that we had spent upon it, and expressed regret for his words which accused me of indolence. I speak of myself as the subject of this allegation, as I was the only responsible party in the case, — my younger brother being four years my junior, a mere child.

My father was able and faithful to furnish his family with all necessary physical comforts, and the then common

educational privileges. I do not remember that I ever presented him a request that he did not grant. But with a large family, on a new farm, what produce he could spare was of course exchanged for "necessaries," and for money to appropriate upon buildings, and payments for the land. Spare change was scarce. And, either from delicacy or a sense of honor, or from pride, perhaps, I would not ask of him any special favors. Therefore, along in those years, the early years of my teens, as I wanted some books and much stationery, beyond the common school supply, I took evening hours, when the farmers were at rest from their labors, running sometimes into the moonlight, and cut hoop-poles in the neighboring swamps, carried them on my shoulders to neighbor Sampson, the cooper, and sold them to him for one cent apiece, and thus kept an independent purse of my own for the extra literary outfits.

With regard to the "much stationery," I scribbled over a great deal of paper with politics. The Madisonian war with England was declared in June, 1812. I was then in my fourteenth year of age. The political parties were Federalists and Republicans. The Republicans were, in that juncture, the war party; and the Federalists were in opposition, to a considerable degree of violence. I thought and talked and scribbled, both in poetry and prose, for the Republican cause.

That war proceeded from a series of abuses on the part of the British Government. That Government had claimed and exercised the "right of search," *i. e.*, the right to search American merchant vessels for deserters from the British naval service. In the exercise of this assumed prerogative, many American citizen sailors were claimed by searching officers of British men-of-war, and dragged away into their naval service. This was, of course, cause



of earnest complaint. Furthermore, there was war between England and France. England passed "Orders in Council," to make prizes of American vessels with clearances for a French port. Then France followed, with the "Berlin and Milan Decrees," forbidding American trade in English ports. At length, after repeated unavailing remonstrances, our President made proclamation that, after a given date, the interference with our merchant vessels by either of those parties would be taken by the American Government to be an act of war. France repealed her "Decrees," but England persisted in the execution of her "Orders in Council," and the American Congress declared the position of England to be that of a belligerent in a state of war. This act of the Government commended itself to my judgment; and, child that I was, I could not vote, but my voice and my pen were active in the support of my Government, and the honor of my country; and I cut hoop-poles, and backed them over to my neighbor Sampson, to purchase stationery for this and other uses.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

In relation to the interests of religion, I was early educated into the doctrines of Calvinism, as propounded in the "Westminster Catechism." My mother exercised me in the lessons of that catechism, and the preaching which I heard in my childhood was mostly Calvinist Baptist, which was held forth in the school-house of my district. Sometimes I would go to the Congregationalist meeting at the centre of the town, a walk of two miles.

There was a Universalist society formed, and meeting-house built, in Norway Village, very soon after the settlement of the town. Henry Rust, Esq., from Salem, Mass., the proprietor of the south half of the township, called

Rustfield, and his sons Henry and Joseph, who moved with him upon his purchase here, were Universalists of the John Murray school. And they early led off in the formation of a Universalist society, and in the erection of a small meeting-house near their mills, where soon there arose a village. Some of the principal of the early settlers of Paris joined in this organization.

Rev. Thomas Barnes, whose residence was in Poland, about sixteen miles distant, by regular engagement preached for this society one Sunday in each month, from 1798 to near the time of his decease, which was in 1816. Rev. Isaac Root alternated with Father Barnes in the occupancy of this pulpit several seasons; and other Universalist ministers preached there occasionally. Rev. William Farwell, of Vermont, visited Norway on occasional circuits made on horseback. Rev. Sebastian Streeter taught the district school in Norway Village in the winter of 1806–7, and preached there every other Sabbath during the school term. These meetings my father usually attended, riding horseback, for he had no carriage in those days of "grid-iron bridges;" but, it being nearly three miles from the homestead to the Universalist meeting, I seldom attended it. As I have said above, I was exercised by my revered and morally faultless mother, in the lessons of the "Westminster Catechism," and usually attended the Baptist meeting at my district school-house. From these sources, and from the general religious conversation which I heard, my mind was thoroughly imbued with the doctrine of future endless torments. I believed in the hell of sulphureous flames, as averred by the popular creeds, as really and literally as I believed in the existence of any place whatever on historical evidence; as, for instance, of London or Paris, *or Boston, even*, which then was to me but a



historical fact. And this belief, with my meditative habits, inflicted more or less of torture upon my sensitive nature daily, from as early in childhood as I can remember anything distinctly, to the influx into my soul of heavenly light, of which I shall speak shortly. It often rendered me very miserable. Frequently, when I retired to bed at night, my mind would be agitated by as tremulous a fear as it could have been if we were living on the border of a wilderness swarming with savage tribes in an Indian war, likely to rush upon us any night with murderous rage. I might die before morning, and then a plunge into hell would be my doom. And this fear of hell was not from the conviction of any vicious habit. I meant to be a good boy. I thought I was a good boy. And this was the general opinion. But I had human nature, with which I was born. And for the reason of my having been born with human nature I was, according to the creed, primarily and legitimately an heir of hell, from which I could only be saved by a change of nature. And this change was God's work. While trembling in the agitation of the most horrible fear of hell, I had no recourse available for relief; for I was human; human nature was the source of my danger, and I could neither put human nature off nor change it. I could only worry myself asleep into troublous dreams. I was faintly hoping that, some time before I should die, the necessary "change of nature," or "experience of religion," would take place, not by the educational culture of the rational and moral nature, but, unaccountably, as one catches a contagious distemper.

When I was twelve or thirteen years of age, as I well remember, I spent an autumnal evening at a juvenile *social party* at the house of Mr. Benjamin Herring, in

whose parlor was suspended a framed picture of hell. Mr. Herring was a Universalist; but the picture belonged to his mother, to whom it was presented by a friar in Canada. It represented a deep pit filled with flame, in the sides of which were various chasms, in which lay human forms broiling in agony, with ugly serpents coiled around their bodies and thrusting their heads down their throats. On the brink of the fiery pit stood a form designed to represent the Supreme Judge, plunging men and women headforemost into the pit; and at different stages below stood infuriated devils, God's workmen, with long, ugly pronged pitchforks, on which they were catching the victims as they descended, and tossing them down to the next below. I examined the picture with intense emotion; and, when I had turned from it, the very horrible in its influence would draw me back to another lingering gaze upon it. And what gave power to its influence on my feelings was the fact that, to my mind, that picture was as truly a representation of a fact as any map in my school atlas was a representation of a real place. On my way home that hell filled my mind, and I knew not how I went. It hardly permitted sleep that night; and what it did give place to was not balmy sleep to soothe the weary spirit.

And now, with regard to the moral influence of this slavish fear, I am sure that it never restrained a wrong or improper act, nor inspired a good and noble thought, disposition, or deed. The creeds did not impress me with the thought that it was by this or that course of conduct that I should expose myself to endless burnings; but I was described as suspended over the fiery pit on a brittle hair, the slender thread of life, by reason of being an unconverted person, *or, as before* expressed, for having the birth-



gift of human nature. I am conscious that the influence of this doctrine upon me was evil, only evil, and that continually. While it never restrained a wrong, or an impropriety of conduct, it orphanized me of my Father in heaven. It disabled me of the power to exercise pleasant and grateful and ennobling views of God. I possessed a sensitive nature, tenderly susceptible; and often the beauties of God's works and munificence of his providence would instinctively affect me with sentiments of gratitude and love. But whenever I would pass into *religious* contemplations, all was blackness and darkness and tempest.

But my reason was not passive, nor was my moral sense buried in inertia. While the force of early education and of surrounding influences impressed my mind with the doctrine of endless torments in hell as unquestionably true, my intellect quarrelled with its absurdities, and my moral sense with its barbarity. My profound reverence for the Infinite name was greatly and painfully embarrassed with the impossibility of harmonizing this doctrine with any just conception of honor and right in the self-existent and Almighty Creator and Governor of the universe, and with the moral attributes which all agreed in ascribing to the Deity. The common effort for removing the difficulty afforded no relief to my mind. It was this: not that God created any portion of mankind for the purpose of making their existence an endless curse to themselves (this figment of Calvinism was generally repudiated by verbal protestation, however it might be logically involved in the doctrines yet adhered to); but that they should be infinitely happy or miserable, as they should make themselves by the use of the agency he gives them, in the midst of the counteracting circumstances upon which he throws them. This explanation, which was intended to

vindicate the Divine character, seemed to me, first, if admitted as valid, shamefully to dishonor God; but, secondly, to be invalid from its assumption of an impossibility.

First, the explanation, if admitted to be valid, involves the irreverent assumption, destructive of all human confidence and hope, that God created man without a purpose; that the superior creation, the universe of created *minds* sharing God's own immortality, and crowned with his eternity, were thrown out into being by a sport of power, and tossed upon the eddying tide of time, with no great purpose, no Divine arrangement, as to what they should be, or in what manner their wonderful capabilities should be ultimately employed, whether to the production of infinite good or infinite evil. This seemed to me to undeify Jehovah, by imputing to him a species of folly which would belittle even the least of men. For if a man were to be found expending great effort and labor, without a plan or purpose, he would be regarded as idiotic or insane. But, secondly, this explanation is invalid by reason of the impossibility of its main assumption. They who prefer the apologetic explanation, believe in the infinite prescience of the Deity, — that, when he created man, all the results of human existence were present to his view. Of course, it was of his own choice that he called man forth from nonentity into being; and, doing this in perfect knowledge of the result, he intended that result. Accordingly, it appeared to me that the effort of Arminianism to harmonize with the infinite wisdom and goodness of God, a system of creation and government producing and immortalizing a race of intelligent beings for unending torment, is only a mystification. I could find no rest there. In passing hither and yonder from one modification of endless miserianism to another for rest and satisfaction, my case



was as that described by the prophet, "As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into the house and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him."

My mind was exercised on these difficulties with intensive labor. The preachers called them *mysteries*. But it was not as *mysteries* that they troubled me; for a mystery in divine truth is only that which is secret or unknown, which will commend itself to the reason and moral sense as fast as it becomes revealed. But the dogmas which so embarrassed and perplexed me involved moral principles, of which the mind of man is capable of judging; and of which we must form an enlightened judgment if we would be capable of rendering to God acceptable praise. Praise signifies approval, commendation. In order to render such praise to God, we must be enlightened into such knowledge of God's character and of the principles and purposes of his government as shall commend the whole to our reason and conscience as just and good. But the creeds by which my sensitive mind was shackled, ascribed the satanic principle to the Divine administration particularly in its judicial and executive departments, making punishment to be a final destiny of evil instead of a means of discipline to a beneficent end. The ministry of the churches all around me was a conglomeration of the irreconcilable principles of Calvinism and Arminianism. The former asserted that the Creator originally purposed the endless damnation of countless millions of his children. The latter denounced this as a blasphemous imputation of infinite malignity to the Deity, yet it ascribed to the Divine system of creation and government the same horrid result. And how, my anxious mind persistently inquired, how should it so eventuate? If God, as Arminianism

insisted, was infinitely good and well-wishing, and the creation of the human race was a motion of the Divine goodness, with the view to raise up a great family of children to be sharers with himself of infinite felicity and blessedness, how should the result be so fearfully different, instead of the divinely wished-for and intended scene of ultimate and universal moral beauty and blessedness, presenting the alleged remediless scene of moral desolation and ruin? Of course, it must involve the failure and disappointment of the Deity in the interests of his superior creation. Then the knowledge of the Deity must be limited; for infinite prescience could not be disappointed. And the same view limits the ability of the Deity, representing him as eternally unable to realize his highest wishes and intentions in the noblest department of his creation. Verily, the ways of the churches were labyrinthian ways. Often I would sit musing upon the mountain-top, and, surveying the broad expanse before me, recognizing the wisdom and power and purpose of God in the vast physical system of creation and government; and then my soul would refuse to acknowledge, as the truth of God, the theological dogmas which represented the superior creation as thrown out upon chaos without a purpose, and abandoned of the government of the Creator.

THE CONVERSION.

I was now, in the autumn of 1813, in the 16th year of my age. My mind was in an agony of travail for deliverance from the *hadean* darkness and *tartarean* perplexity of human theologies. On one Sunday afternoon a young Baptist preacher held a lecture in the house of our nearest neighbor, Willis Sampson, which I attended. His text



was Mark xvi. 15, 16: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." The preacher, according to the usual custom, involved the subject in utter confusion, confounding the gospel, or subject of faith, and the fruit, or reward of faith, all together. When his regular services were concluded, while a portion of the audience yet remained, I, though naturally diffident, approached the preacher for inquiry, when the following colloquy ensued: —

Sylvanus. Sir, I have listened to you with earnest attention, but am unable to understand you. You have said much about the gospel, and about believing and being saved, and the like. Now I desire you to inform me what I must believe in order to be saved.

Minister. Believe the truth.

S. What is the truth?

M. It is the gospel.

S. What is the gospel?

M. Why, this is the gospel: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

S. He that believeth *what* shall be saved?

M. The truth.

S. What is the truth?

M. It is the gospel.

S. What *is* the gospel?

M. Why, I have told you. "He that believeth shall be saved," &c.

S. He that believeth *what?*

And so we ran round and round in a circle, getting at no

starting-point, no definite truth upon which for faith to take hold. The gospel itself, which is the truth revealed as the subject of faith, was made to consist in the announced *fruit* of faith, which follows and cannot precede the exercise of faith. I needed what I could not obtain from that source, — a clear statement of the truth to be believed, which must exist and be revealed before faith, constituting the substance for faith to grasp, and the basis upon which it shall rest.

Soon afterwards I went over to my neighbor Sampson's, who was a Baptist exhorter, to obtain from him an explanation of some of the abounding difficulties. I pressed him with the disharmony of the parts of the popular creed with one another, and of all parts with the teachings of the New Testament. I had made myself familiar with the prominent doctrinal teachings of the New Testament; and the obvious violence and futility of his efforts to force those divine teachings into harmony with his creed, opened to my mind more and more clearly their true significance, spirit, and power. We continued in earnest discussion from early in the evening to two o'clock in the morning, during the process of which my mind took fast hold upon the great fundamental truths of the gospel, such as the universal Fatherhood of God, and his purpose of immortal life and good in Christ for the rational creation, to be consummated "in the dispensation of the fulness of times."* I had no sectarian name for this frame of mind. It was a state of rest in the Lord through faith in his Word. Having been for years enveloped in the fog of mysticism and confusion, vainly striving to create a truth by believing without a truth, and to construct a foundation of faith by

* Eph. i. 10.



a mock faith without foundation, how elate was my soul and ecstatic my joy on coming into the light of God's own eternal truth, "not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began; but is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."*

Then, no longer agonizing in the futile effort to make my faith to rest upon itself, I could adopt, with a zest, the royal poet's strain: "I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto our God." †

That was a clear autumnal night. And when I walked home, two hours past midnight, the starry heavens smiled down upon me, and the air seemed fragrant with the love of God. I had no conception of the "*ism*" under which the world would class me, but I confided the government of the universe to the infinite Wisdom, and rested its immortal interests upon the arm of almighty Goodness. My soul was at rest, and the world seemed a new world, radiant with the infinite Father's presence. *I was born again.* That night my sleep was sweet and refreshing, as I rested upon the guardianship of the great Father's love, as the confiding infant upon its mother's bosom. The troublous dreams of hideous devils grinning round my bed, which used to disturb my sleeping hours, annoyed me not that night, and since have annoyed me never.

* 2 Tim. i. 9, 10. † Psalms xl. 1–3.

The next morning my neighbor Sampson's apprentice, John Millett, 3d, called upon me, and reported that his master regarded my part of the night's discussion as an earnest argument for Universalism. But he supposed that my object was, not to vindicate that doctrine, but to draw from him explanations of the difficult points and the Scripture passages presented. I told my friend Millett that he might assure his master from me that whatever I *affirmed* on the preceding evening I religiously *believed*. I knew not what to call it but God's truth; and if that was Universalism, *I was there, there now and* FOREVER. Yes, on study and reflection I found myself there; and it was, and is, and is to be, UNIVERSALISM; "Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God;" * the peace of God in the soul. I was full of faith and love and zeal. I could not "silence bear." I must needs communicate my glorious discoveries to my young associates, and share to them my fulness of joy. My sympathy for fellow-beings was doubtless more aglow for my conception of the infinite fulness of the Saviour's love. Nevertheless, a marked characteristic of all Christian converts is a broad and lively sympathy for fellow-beings. Even when they bring with them the prejudice of a false religious education, which robs the Father and the Son of the beauty of universal love, on first receiving Christ as their Saviour they come into such a nearness to him as to receive the impress of his Spirit, which is impartial love. Accordingly all their hatred of man is gone, and they ardently desire that all others may see with them the beauty, and feel the power of Heaven's love. This is the spirit of every babe in Christ, every subject of the new birth. It is the spirit of heaven. Accordingly

* 1 Cor. i. 24.



the angels of God in heaven, in their ever-glowing sympathy for the whole moral creation, experience a thrill of joy from every step of human advancement in knowledge, purity, and blessedness. What an appalling decay of the spiritual life must the convert suffer when he shall essay to assure his soul of happiness in heaven, in view of the endless sufferings of his friends and fellow-beings; with the conception that he shall then and there be so like God, so free from the weaknesses of human nature, that he will be utterly indifferent to the allotment of others, and callous to sympathetic emotions! Ah, he mistakes the satanic for the Godly spirit. "God is love," and "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." The more we become like God the more perfectly shall we lose our selfishness and forget self in deathless love for our fellow-beings. And it is because of the contact of the new-born soul with this pervading spirit of Heaven, that he is filled with love to all mankind. How sad it is that this moral beauty of the soul should, in numerous instances, become marred by the strivings of satanic theologies. It is a cruel training through which the new-born child of God is forced to pass when it adjusts itself to the stays and skewers and lacings and thumb-screws of endless miserian theologies. How grievously marred is its spiritual beauty by the distortions of this process.

I was now in the light and liberty of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." And from the day of my deliverance from the prison-house of darkness, there has never been an occasion which tempted me to deny the faith, or even to prevaricate with regard to the fulness of my convictions of Christian truth. When I was in the company *of the* learned and fashionable of different sentiments, I *should have* been ashamed of myself, regarding it as

depreciative of my understanding, to have it understood that I entertained the contrary opinion. Universalism appeared to me to be so clearly the outspoken word of God, and commended itself so perfectly to my rational nature and moral judgment, that, in all circles of society, I regarded it as most creditable to myself to be known as holding it. In the ingenuous profession of it I invested my respectability. This habit of thinking, feeling, and acting, on my part, brought me into very frequent controversial discussions with devotees to other doctrines — clergy and laity. Thus was I exercised from the beginning, in the Christian warfare, which necessitated a familiar and earnest study of the Scriptures, and comparative analysis of doctrines.

During the ensuing winter, Dec., 1813, to March, 1814, advancing me the months from the preceding July in my sixteenth year, I attended, as usual, the district school, which, this term, was taught by Rev. Noah Cressey, the pastor of the Congregational church of Norway. Mr. Cressey was an excellent teacher; and I vigorously pushed on my studies in the English branches of literature and science under his instruction.

At the close of the school term in the spring of 1814, I returned to the assistance of my father in the robust profession of farming. The war with England continued. My oldest brother, Ebenezer, was a volunteer in the United States service, in the division of the army stationed on Lake Champlain. My next younger brother, Cyrus, had passed into the era of legal freedom, and was at work out on his own account. One brother who was my senior in age, Churchill, *then in his* nineteenth year, was with us at



home, and also the youngest of the family, Samuel, in his thirteenth year. My father took the "Eastern Argus," the first newspaper I ever saw, a weekly paper published in Portland, in the Republican interest. No daily paper was then published in Maine. We eagerly looked for the coming of the "Argus" every Saturday, for the *war news*. And as my father's sight had become somewhat dim, he usually seated himself the first leisure hour after the arrival of the paper (and that was generally *taken* at once), and devolved upon me the service of reading all the war news aloud. By this means I became very practically familiar with the art of reading.

As autumn approached, we had reports of a large British war fleet lying off the Atlantic coast, in a position to pounce upon either of our Atlantic cities which its commanders might choose. Gov. Caleb Strong, who had refused to call out the militia of the State, or a detachment thereof, upon the order of President Madison, now made a large draft of the Massachusetts militia, and ordered them to the defence of the sea-board. Maine was then a province of Massachusetts. In September, our entire regiment, of Oxford County, was mustered, and marched to Portland. After two weeks a draft was made, and both of my brothers who, besides Ebenezer, who was a volunteer in the army, were liable, by age, to military duty, were drafted for an indefinite time to remain in the defence of Portland. This took away Churchill, who was with us on the farm, and left the "fall work," as circumstances were, to myself, in my seventeenth year, and Samuel in his thirteenth year of age. *As circumstances were*, I have said; for father was confined to the house a considerable portion of the time, by a painful inflammation in one of his eyes. And Samuel *also was* disabled for labor a portion of the time, by a

typhus fever, thus leaving me quite alone. But I succeeded with what help Samuel was able to render me, to harvest two acres of corn and two acres of potatoes; and to "break up" a lot of greensward for planting the next spring. Assistance for the latter job, the "breaking up," I obtained from a neighbor, Deacon Herring, upon the system well known among farmers as "changing work."

In October, we learned that my brother Churchill, in camp at Portland, was on the sick-list. I procured a light wagon of Mr. Levi Bartlett at the village (for not many farmers had that luxury in those days), harnessed to it the old red mare, put in a bag each of corn and wheat, and ever-so-many packages of pies from the mothers of the neighborhood for their sons in camp, and away I went to Portland (forty-five miles) to market said cereals, feed the boys with dainties, and put myself into the army as a substitute for my sick brother, and send him home with the team. The first day's ride carried me to Major Cobb's tavern in Gray, within fifteen miles of Portland, where I put up for the night. In the morning the Major bade me welcome to the night's entertainment of self and horse, ascribing his liberality partly to his respect for my father, whom he knew, and partly to the public interest of my mission. And he sent a cash order by me to his grocer in Portland, for a few light articles of merchandise.

On entering the strange and branching streets of Portland, I felt a lonesomeness indeed. It was an embarrassing predicament for a bashful country-boy, pressed thus prematurely into the responsibilities of a man. But I was soon cheered up a little. I had driven but a short way down Main Street, when a gentleman beckoned me to stop; and, looking into the wagon, and learning by inquiry what I had in *those bags, he asked* me my price for the wheat

also at a proportionably high price, for ... the cash.

My marketable loading disposed of, I ma the encampment of the Oxford soldiers. I handsome swell of land commanding a view which was the site of Fort Preble. I found to return to duty; and he would not hear taking his place as a substitute. And as th not kept so neat and cleanly as to suit my ta inclined to press that arrangement at all.

At the camp I met with Thompson Hall, whose father, Major Isaiah Hall, resided in proposed to take a seat with me in my wag me to his home in Falmouth, and entertai night. I of course accepted the invitation, a another night without expense.

The next day I drove deliberately on h reached the parental mansion about nine evening, relieving my solicitous parents from ety about my safety. My report of myself afforded him serene satisfaction. On delive Cobb, of Gray, on my return-route, the

all expenses. Such returns were peculiarly interesting at that time, when there was a great scarcity of money.

As winter approached, the British fleet withdrew from our coast, and my brothers, with the rest of the drafted militia, returned home. (The treaty of Ghent, which terminated that war, was concluded in the succeeding December.)

On the ensuing winter 1814–15, our district school was kept by Rev. Noah Cressey, before spoken of, who was a superior school-master, and afforded me all the advantages of an academic term. I attended through the long four months' term. Mr. Cressey used often to invite me to tarry a while with him for special exercises, after the close of the school at evening. Generally these extra attentions were devoted to exercises in reading in the different styles, particularly the "grand" and the "pathetic." This was altogether of his own volition, because he perceived, as he explained the reason, that I was destined to fill some place as a public speaker. Of his kindness I entertained, and shall always cherish in memory, a high appreciation.

At the close of the school term, I returned to my accustomed diversified labors on the paternal estate.

On the succeeding winter 1815–16, I attended a long term of our district school again, under the tuition of the excellent Rev. Mr. Cressey. July 17th, 1816, I was eighteen years of age, and became subject to military duty under the militia law as it was. I attended the drills of the military trainings, armed and equipped as the law directed. Late in the autumn I went over into the south-east part of Waterford, but few miles from my paternal home, and engaged for a short term in the winter to teach a small district school. But before the designated term commenced this little district merged itself into another,



the Temple Hill District, which had its teacher engaged: and thus my debut in the profession of school teacher was postponed to another season.

ARRANGEMENT AT THE HOMESTEAD.

In December of this year (1816), my brother Cyrus, five years my senior in age, returned to the parental mansion, and took charge of the old homestead. The arrangement was entered upon by my suggestion. My father was in feeble health; I was becoming engaged in literary pursuits; and I proposed that Cyrus should have the whole estate deeded to him, subject to a small mortgage, provided he would make it his home, and nourish and sustain our parents during their lives. This arrangement was duly executed; and it placed matters at home in a pleasant condition.

1817. On account of the before-mentioned disappointment in regard to school-keeping, the opening winter months of this year were not improved to great advantage. Our district school was kept by a young man who was reared in an adjoining district, by the name of Nathan Noble. He was a worthy young man. But as he was not in advance of me in education, he could render me no assistance; and my attendance at the school, and reciting in branches with the first class, which were already familiar, was nearly a waste of the time. I should have been more profitably employed in pursuing advanced studies, and historical reading, and diversified compositions, at home.

The ensuing spring and summer months were devoted to farming; provided always that the rainy days or parts of *days (when* there was no work to be done in barn or cellar), and the evenings and the hour's nooning which my

father's philosophy usually took, and gave the boys, were improved in reading, writing compositions, and advancing studies.

This autumn I attended, a term of three months, at a private academy of the before-mentioned Rev. Noah Cressey, kept at his house, boarding in his family. Among my fellow-students was Henry W. Millett, of the same common school district with myself. It was, to me, a pleasant season.

I said on page 44, that, "from the day of my deliverance from the prison-house of darkness, there has never been an occasion which tempted me to deny the faith, or even to prevaricate with regard to the fulness of my convictions of Christian truth." My devotedness to the faith was well tested during this school term. I had no thought of purchasing the favor of my Rev. and learned Preceptor by feigning an agreement with him in religious opinion. One evening, at the supper table, in the presence of a dozen students, Mr. Cressey made a disrespectful remark of Rev. Tho. Barnes, of Poland, who preached Universalism in Norway once a month, and of the doctrine. I took him up on his remarks, and insisted on their injustice. An earnest doctrinal discussion ensued, which was adjourned from the table to the parlor, and continued through the night to 3 o'clock in the morning. The students remained as hearers; but after midnight they dropped off for bed one by one, and but two or three of them were present when the discussion was closed.

There was one "passage at arms" which greatly amused the students, and of which some of them have often spoken on our meeting in subsequent years. Mr. Cressey adduced Matt. xxv. 46, as proof of endless punishment. I commenced at *the beginning* of the discourse of Christ of



which that verse is the close, and was reading along to show that the subject of the whole discourse was a judgment which should take place in the end of the Jewish age in that generation. Perceiving the force of this exegetical method, he interrupted me with the exclamation, "You are running off to something else. I must confine you to this single verse." "Well," said I, "then it means nothing. '*These* shall go away into everlasting punishment.' Who are meant by *these?* This pronoun has no meaning without an antecedent." "O," he replied, "you may go back into the connection to find the antecedent of *these*." Then I struck in again at the point where he interrupted me, and read along as before. Shortly he interrupted me in like manner again, saying, "I'm going to confine you to this verse: 'These shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.'" "Then," I rejoined, "I give it up as unexplainable, and meaning nothing. If we may not seek an explanation of these words of the Master from the Master himself, by consulting the connections of his discourse for the general subject, it will be useless to waste time in a jingle on a detached expression." And so my preceptor consented to leave that passage.

We passed to the discussion of other Scripture texts; and, in an hour or more subsequently, he found occasion to quote the words of Ezekiel, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." I asked him what was meant by the death there referred to. "Eternal death," he replied. "And who are sinners?" I asked. "All men are sinners," he responded; "for 'all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.'" "Then," said I, "all men must suffer endless torment, and there is no hope either for you or me." "Why! why!" he exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

"Why, I mean what I say. The prophet says, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' You say this means eternal death; and that all have sinned. Then, by your own showing, all shall suffer eternal death." The following encounter ensued:

Cressey. But there is an atonement——

Cobb. No, this passage says nothing about an atonement. It says 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' And you say the sinners are all men, and the death — endless misery. There is no hope ——

Cressey. But Jesus Christ ——

Cobb. No, no. This passage says nothing about Jesus Christ. I am going to confine you to this single verse. I insist that you shall show me, *from this verse*, that any man can escape final wo ——

Cressey — (trembling with excitement, and elevating his voice). *But we must go to the general teachings of the Scriptures.*

Cobb. Good, good, my dear sir. Now that you have come to see that we must explain Scripture by Scripture, we will return to the 25th of Matthew, and I will show you from the connections the meaning of the verse which you quoted.

And he yielded to this demand with respectful attention, and I finished up my exegetical commentary on the 24th and 25th chapters, which he permitted to pass without further opposition. We continued our discussion for some time yet, touching different points of doctrine and different texts of Scripture, until about 3 o'clock A.M., when he proposed an adjournment to bed, to which I acceded. He came out late the next forenoon, saluting me jovially with



reference to our night's theological contest. He gave me no occasion afterwards to encounter him in defence of my faith; and, instead of withdrawing his attentions because of my ingenuousness in the maintenance of my religious principles, he manifestly held me in the higher estimation. I believe that young men will usually find it good policy as well as good principle, to be seriously and candidly faithful to their religious convictions, — faithful to their God as well as to their social relations.

In due season I engaged to teach the Temple Hill School District in Waterford the ensuing winter, for a term of two months, if I do not misremember. I believe, however, that private subscriptions extended the term to three months.

Saturday, Dec. 10, — I went over to Waterford, to be on hand to commence my school Monday the 12th, according to engagement. My designated boarding house was Joel Atherton's. He was the District Agent who contracted with me as teacher. In the afternoon I called upon the Chairman of the School Committee, Rev. Lincoln Ripley, at the Centre of the Town, for Examination and Certificate. He was down in his well, assisting his hired man in cleansing it. Not willing to leave so rare a job, he told me that he would assume the responsibility to set me at work for the ensuing week, postponing the examination to the next Saturday.

Monday, Dec. 12, 1817. — This morning at nine o'clock, I made my debut in the capacity of a school-master. The information I had received since coming into the place in relation to the past character of the school, had filled me with fear and trembling. The school had been for the last three winters in terrible disorder. The large scholars sometimes treated the master to threats of violence. I was

naturally diffident; and, being entirely without experience in this branch of business, I feared that I should fail, and wished myself out of the concern. However, I was there and would try.

Saturday, Dec. 18.—This was the day of trial at head-quarters. In the afternoon I went up to Parson Ripley's according to arrangement, for examination. After a brief trial of my proficiency in reading, spelling, grammar, and the rules of arithmetic, the parson turned his inquiries to the subject of religious doctrine. I answered his inquiries with the same directness with which I responded to his examinations in literature and science; making the Holy Scriptures, instead of Murray's Grammar, Pike's Arithmetic, and Johnson's Dictionary, my appeal for authority. This discussion was continued until an advanced hour in the evening, when my venerable inspector turned to his desk, and wrote the following:

This may certify that Mr. Sylvanus Cobb appears, on examination, to possess a competent knowledge of those branches of education which are usually taught in our common schools. He also has in his possession legal vouchers for his being a young man of good moral character. Agreeably to these testimonials he is hereby recommended as one qualified for an instructor of a common school.

LINCOLN RIPLEY,
Minister of Waterford.

WATERFORD, Dec. 18, 1817.

When he had passed this certificate into my hand, and I had placed it in my wallet, he pensively remarked that he regretted that I was coming into the town to disseminate Universalism among the children. I replied that, even if it were to be my business to teach Theology in Waterford,



the impartation to the children of the principles of my religion would be precisely adapted to their highest need. It would give them a Father in God, whom they could trust and love. "If, to produce reverence for family government at their homes, I should deliver to them a dissertation on parental discipline, alleging that, if they should disobey their parents, their parents would contrive and execute a mode of punishment designed to preclude their future improvement, and to compass their utter ruin, those parents would, and that with your approbation, drive me out of town as a defamer and a madman. And yet you are sad to think that I may inspire the children of my school with as adoring a conception of the principles of their heavenly Father's government, as you would have them entertain of the government of their earthly parents; that I will not petrify their souls with the thought that God, in his judicial administration, will make punishment an instrument of final ruin to his children, instead of a means of correction to a beneficent end.

"But," I continued, "it is not my business to teach theology in the common school. The voters of Waterford appropriate money to you, sir, as their teacher in theology. And the purpose for which a portion of them have contracted with me, is that of imparting to their children instruction in the rudiments of common learning. It will be my duty, of course, to inculcate, and practically exemplify, the morality of the gospel; and incidentally, to inculcate those principles of religious veneration in which all Christian denominations agree. But, *if I were of your religious opinions*, for me to take the advantage of my position in the school, to intrude upon the children theological dogmas on which their parents are conscientiously at variance, would be a reprehensible wrong."

The parson did not find how to controvert this position; but he said that with my leave, he would add a *Post Script* to my Certificate. I handed it back to him, and he appended the following:

P. S. Notwithstanding Mr. Cobb appears legally qualified as above, I could not consistently commit a child to the care of one of his religious sentiments.

LINCOLN RIPLEY.

WATERFORD, Dec. 18, 1817.

On receiving from his hand the amended Certificate, and reading the Post Script, I stood erect, full six feet and an inch, and assured him that he was doing me a favor which he did not intend, and inflicting on himself an injury, which I, as his friend, should regret; that I would earn the confidence and respect of the people, who would condemn him for his attempt to injure me for my religious faith.

There was I, a green country youth 19 years of age, on my first endeavor out in the world, in a town in which I had not been able to learn of a single person professing the faith which I cherished, knowing that the District Agent who engaged me as a teacher was a member of this Rev. gentleman's church, charged with the delivery to that Agent of credentials with the *attache* of an ecclesiastical anathama, which the clerical Committee-man, in his estimate of his own influence, probably believed would send me snivelling, back from whence I came. I wonder that I did not quail. But, in the integrity of my principle, I knew no fear.

As I was about retiring, Mr. Ripley expressed the hope that I should show that writing to the Committee at once. I assured him that it would be my pleasure to do so.



On reaching the house of the Agent, the Chairman of the District Committee, Joel Atherton, with whom I was then boarding, I informed him, before being seated, of the request of his minister, that I would at once exhibit to him my letters of approval and condemnation, at the same time placing in his hand my cherished Certificate and Post Script. He read, and squirmed, and scowled, and at length exclaimed, "I did not think that Mr. Ripley was so much of a fool." And the Bull of the "Minister of Waterford" met with a similar reception throughout the District. The week that I had been with the school by permission, before the Examination, had begotten a strong mutual attachment between me and all the school, and the parents of course, and Mr. Ripley's Post Script affected them with deep disgust.

And forthwith the working of this matter fully verified the admonition which I delivered to the parson on the first reading of his "P. S." The report of it, in connection with the fact that there was a Universalist teaching the Temple Hill District School, spread over the town like "wildfire." It brought up to the surface and exposed two or three confirmed Universalists who had not taken a public position as such; and it brought to me inquirers from different parts of the town. It being a farming town, many of the people were in the habit of tarrying at and near the Church Sunday noon. Numbers would often gather around the Universalist School Master, some approaching with inquiries concerning my views of religion, religious experience, &c. My custom was, to answer with reverent statements of the purpose of the Saviour's mission in general, and the spirit of his life, which was of course the spirit of his religion. And this was *love*. I would *take them* along with me in my estimate of this holy spirit

of Christianity, its influence upon the soul, and the sympathies and aspirations which it enkindled in our hearts for our fellow-beings, which could never be satisfied but by a hope corresponding with these sympathies and aspirations. They would unhesitatingly express their acquiescence in these views; and when I would tell them that *this is Universalism*, they would appear delightfully astonished, and one and another would frankly confess, "Then I am a Universalist." These conversations would lead to further inquiries, and to the study of the Scriptures; sometimes to the loan of some of my theological books.

THE SCHOOL.

But I was duly at work in the service of my new calling, as a School Master. Monday morning, Dec. 12, 1817, as before stated, I entered the Temple Hill School House in Waterford, to begin this responsible mission. I felt my dependence, and opened the exercises with prayer. I then addressed the scholars, explaining the purpose for which we had come together; the appropriation by their parents of money from their hard earnings for the support of the school, all for their (the children's) good; the responsibility which rested upon me, whom they had placed there as the governor and teacher of the school, to be faithful in my endeavors that their reasonable expectations should be realized. I expressed also my confidence that the scholars would cheerfully co-operate with me in the pleasant and profitable work before us. And as system was essential to success in such a business, I propounded a code of laws for their government. I attached no penalties to my laws. I maintained a course of remark which did not admit of the *suspicion that any one* would be disposed to disobey,



and introduce disorder, to the injury of themselves with the whole school. I left all penal discipline to be called in requisition and adjusted as circumstances should require. But it was seldom, hardly at all, that I found corporeal punishment requisite. I conversed with all the older scholars individually, ascertaining their stage of progress in education, and their wishes and intentions for that term, that I might class them judiciously; and I urged them to exercise the utmost freedom in the way of calling upon me for aid. The order of the school soon became perfect; and the same large boys, young men I may say, who had been named to me as having been insubordinate to the man who had acted in the place of master the three preceding winters, became my most respectful associates, aiding me by their example in the maintenance of order.

At the close of the term I had an "Examination," at which the Committee, including the before-mentioned Rev. Mr. Ripley, were present. Mr. Ripley spoke enthusiastically of the order and progress of the school, and pronounced it the best in town.

I will record the fact here, with reference to Rev. Mr. Ripley's "*Post Script*," that before the close of this term I was engaged to teach this school the next winter; and was also engaged, by Abel Houghton, a member of Mr. Ripley's church, Agent of the District in the North-west corner of the town, called "Blackguard," to teach that school also the next winter. This I was able to do, as the terms were but two months each in the two districts.

A. D. 1818.

I have already run my narrative three months into this *year, by* the sketch of my Waterford school. During the

spring and summer months I assisted my brother Cyrus on the Homestead, as I was obligated to do by the before-mentioned arrangement which I initiated.

In the autumn I took another Academic term of schooling under the tuition of the aforesaid Rev. Noah Cressey, at his house. The school of 12 or 14, was composed mostly of the same young men that pursued their studies together here on the preceding autumn.

In December, I returned to my school in Temple Hill District, Waterford. Starting with the mutual attachments, and the stage of progress, attained last winter, this was an exceedingly pleasant and profitable term.

In January, 1819, I entered upon my work in the Northwest District of the same town, my engagement with which is noted on the preceding page. This school, too, had suffered from defective government in times past; but it speedily came into order, and achieved advancement very satisfactory to the parents, and the Town Committee. I boarded a portion of the time with Abel Houghton, and a part with a Mr. Whitcomb.

Before leaving town I was engaged to teach this Northwest District again the next winter, and also the Temple Hill District. And the Committee of the "City District," in which Rev. Mr. Ripley resided, engaged me for that District also the next winter.

A. D. 1819.

Having closed my second school in Waterford, which ran three months into this year, I returned to the Homestead, and assisted my brother Cyrus on the farm, as per agreement.



TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD.

JULY 17TH; — *I attained to the age of* LEGAL FREEDOM; on which occasion I broke forth into song, as follows: —

1.

Now one and twenty years I've lived,
With countless blessings crowned,
And in my father's house received
Supplies for needs I've found.

2.

His table, house, and fields were mine,
Flow'rs and arborous shade:
Oft have I there at ease reclined;
Oft o'er the fields I've played.

3.

When I would walk the blooming fields,
Or pleasant verdant grove;
Or, for the beauties nature yields,
Would o'er the mountains rove;

4.

The little birds have merry been,
And cheered me with their song;
And with their soft melodious strain,
My voice I'd often join.

5.

From ev'ry side, east, west, south, north,
The laughing flow'rs would look,
And send their lively fragrance forth,
O'er mountain, field, and brook.

6.

And when I thus abroad have strayed,
No troubles would incline;
Of morrow's suff'rings not afraid; —
My father's house was mine.

7.

Whenever I should weary grow,
Or should there storms arise;
The furious winds tempestuous blow,
Or thunders shake the skies; —

8.

Or should the darksome night advance,
Or cold and chilling blast,
Or hunger e'er my wants enhance, —
I to my home would haste.

9.

There'd be a table richly spread,
And there a fire-side free:
I might recline on downy bed,
Or eat, and rise to play.

10.

But now another scene appears!
Let joy lie silent by.
Awake, my cares; awake, my fears!
Fate raises now his cry.

11.

Methinks he says, the day is come,
When none is bound to me,
To feed, or clothe, or find a home; —
There's nothing mine I see.

12.

What I before have called my own
Is now no longer mine.
May I not sit and grieve alone?
To meagre want resign?

13.

May I not suffer in the field,
As nothing I possess
That can to me assistance yield,
In hunger or distress?



14.

Whenever I shall weary be,
When winter's storms pervade,
Where shall I then for shelter flee?
Or where recline my head?

15.

Peace, peace, my soul! an angel speaks
In renovating strain!
What fiend with uncouth message seeks
To give your spirit pain?

16.

Why now distrust your guardian Friend,
Who rules in boundless love, —
Who makes a wise and glorious end
All dispensations prove?

17.

Your former home, delightful shade,
Your gardens, flow'ry fields,
Gay, pleasant pastures, where you've strayed,
All beauties nature yields;

18.

Your life, support, yea, all your joys,
From that great Fountain came,
Whose fulness no dire foe destroys,
Eternally the same.

19.

Your "heavenly Father," he commands
That you shall him address;
Your Friend at home, in distant lands,
In health or in distress.

20.

Yea, all mankind his offspring are,
Their fortune he'll control;
They shall his grace and mercy share; —
He's boundless love to all.

21.

Awake, my joys! *away*, my fears!
My great Protector lives!
His word, his name my spirit cheers,
And hope and pleasure gives.

22.

Now I can walk the blooming field,
And bow'rs in endless green;
Where flowers eternal fragrance yield,
Which grace the shining scene.

23.

My walks with richest fruits o'erhung,
Are lined and paved with gold;
Pure, living waters flow along,
The vales of peace unfold.

24.

Thus I in heavenly pleasures rove,
Or joyful sit and sing,
Beneath my heavenly Father's care,
My Guardian and my King.

25.

But, in my soul should darkness rise,
And unbelief awake,
And I against my king devise, —
Will he not me forsake?

26.

No: as a father, should his son,
While under his command,
In a destructive contract run,
Lets not th' agreement stand; —

27.

So should I covenant with death,
Or e'er with hell agree,



My King — Almighty Father, saith,
"Your contract void shall be." *

28.

Is such thy faithfulness, dear Lord?
And such thy tender care?
Then I will trust thy steadfast word,
Thy righteous law admire.

29.

And while I breath and being have,
In good or evil days,
I'll joy in thine unbounded love,
And try to live thy praise.

I had now fulfilled my legal obligation to my father, which was the rendering to him of my labor during the age of legal minority, taking only reasonable time for schooling. And this service, when the arrangement, by my suggestion, was made with my brother Cyrus, for his taking the Homestead, was, by my determined choice, transferred to him. The occupancy of the two preceding winters at school-keeping was but the use in my own way of the time to which I, in common with my brothers, was entitled for attendance upon the District school. But my terms, in the two preceding autumns, at Cressey's Academy, occupied time which my brothers, in their turns respectively, at the same age, devoted to the paternal farm. Therefore, to be even with them, at the close of my school-keeping terms, I asked my father what were the wages per month in the fall for a young man at farm work. On being informed, I counted out to him the money for the time absorbed by my Academic terms. He at first refused to accept it, and seemed grieved at my proposal to pay him for the time

* Isa. xxviii. 15–18.

taken for schooling. I told him that my purpose was fixed. I appreciated his kind feelings, and those of Cyrus, who also objected to my proposition, as it would accrue to his benefit. But I had taken to myself autumnal months which my brothers had devoted to farm work; and I would not accept any partiality in my own favor. I would be even with the rest of the family. And I carried out my will in the premises, and made all satisfied with it.

But now I was "TWENTY-ONE." I hired myself to our neighbor, Benj. Herring, for a month, at haying, for *twenty dollars*, which was considered, at the time, high wages. I had a great knack at mowing. It was the only branch of farm work at which I would engage in a *race*. I had a good and healthy constitution; but for chopping my muscles were not hard enough to work continuously with ease; and at hoeing and reaping my back would tire. But I have spoken of these things before.

After this month at haying on hire, I let myself to Gen. Wm. Parsons for another month, at miscellaneous farm work; at the close of which I entered upon an Academic school term on Paris Hill. Hebron Academy was burned some time before, and had not been rebuilt; and this school was substituted for the time. Stephen Emery, who has since been a Judge of the Supreme Court of Maine, was our Preceptor the first part of the term, and Elijah Hamlin, an older brother of Hannibal Hamlin, since Vice-President of the United States, succeeded Mr. Emery in charge of the school. I boarded with Maj. Russell Hubbard, son of Gen. Levi Hubbard.

During this school term I formed some interesting acquaintances, which were life-lasting; and some of my fellow-students have risen to eminent stations. John Otis, who went into the practice of law, represented the District



of Kennebec in Congress for at least one term; and Hannibal Hamlin, another of my companions of that school term, after good service both in the House of Representatives and in the Senate of the United States, and as governor of Maine, was elected (in 1860) Vice-President of the United States, in connection with the first four-year term of the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln. In 1865, he was appointed by President Andrew Johnson to the Collectorship of the Port of Boston.

But in all my positions and relations I was proud of my religious faith. I was never ashamed of my Lord and Master, the Saviour of the world. My love of the glorious faith of the gospel, conduced to a preparedness on the instant for its defence whenever occasion called. I will here note an incident illustrative of this remark. One morning I fell into company with several fellow-students on the Common, upon our way to the Academy. One of them was a candidate for the Orthodox Congregational ministry. We fell into conversation on doctrines of theology. The discussion settled down upon the term *aionion*, as applied in the New Testament to punishment. I assumed that its primary signification is duration of time indefinite, and is used both in a limited and unlimited sense; and of course that its sense in any given case must be determined by the nature of the subject to which it is applied. And as *punishment* is not an end, but a means to an end, it is of course limited in its nature, and the word *aionion* has no power to eternize it. My Orthodox companion conceded that the word is often used in a limited sense, being applied to things of time; but insisted that its primary and proper meaning is endless. The other members of the accidental meeting gave their voices in his favor.

At this juncture we saw Preceptor Hamlin coming, and agreed to submit the question to him. On his joining our company, the case was presented to him, and our positions respectively were stated. He unhesitatingly replied, that the primary and proper signification of *aionion* is *endless.* My companions were pleased; and I was not displeased, for I knew where I stood, and was confident of victory, even through our Preceptor's judgment. I replied to him, that it might appear pedantic in me, a student in Latin, who had not then even learned the Greek alphabet, to controvert the position of my learned Preceptor on the sense of a Greek word. But you, I continued, with a general knowledge of Greek, have not had your attention called to a critical examination of the derivation and use of this particular word. You merely float along in the common opinion concerning it. But what I know of it, I know certain. I have read most of the discussions of it, in which the learned of different religious sentiments have participated, — and I know that the primary meaning of *aionion* is *duration of time indefinite;* and of course that its sense must be judged of in each case of its use, from the nature of the subject. And now, said I, Preceptor Hamlin, I propose that you improve your leisure time between this and to-morrow morning at this hour, in a critical review of this subject, when we will meet again on this spot, and hear your decision. To this he assented, and all agreed.

The next morning we students were on the spot a little in advance of the hour; but, in due time the Preceptor approached, showing the white of his ivory from as far as we could see him. When he had come near enough to be heard in a conversational tone, he exclaimed, "*Cobb!* You've got it. You are right, Cobb, perfectly right. It is," he continued, "as you said. I had a general knowl-



edge of the Greek. I read the Greek of the New Testament in my Academic and College course; but my attention was never before called to a critical notice of the derivation and common use of *aionion*, even in the Classics. I am surprised on discovering how unquestionably the proper meaning of the word is *indefinite duration of time*, and how commonly the old Greek writers used it in connection with things and events of limited duration." None dissented from this decision, for it had the authority of a master upon examination of the record. It may be that I was somewhat pleased.

This school term was to me a pleasant and profitable one.

WATERFORD SCHOOLS — AGAIN.

On page 61 mention is made of my having engaged the schools in three of the Districts in Waterford, including the two I had taught before, and the Centre District also, including the family of Rev. Mr. Ripley. Such was my success at school-keeping in that town, notwithstanding the counter-effort of Mr. Ripley's POST SCRIPT. I commenced the Temple Hill school the middle of November, and continued six weeks, to the last of December; then kept the North-west school January and February; and the City or Centre school, March and April.

During this winter a small Universalist society was organized in the town, — not by my suggestion, but by several ardent believers in the universal Saviour, who desired to make provision for at least occasional preaching of the word. This released them from liability of taxation for the support of Mr. Ripley. I was present at the April town meeting, when the question came up as to the grant-

ing of Mr. Ripley's salary for another year. A member of the Board of Select Men, who was also a member of Mr. R.'s church, spoke against voting the salary, explaining that when Mr. R. was settled, it was by a vote of the town, and all the citizens were taxed for the payment of the salary. Subsequently a Baptist society was formed, taking off a portion of the tax-payers from the Territorial Parish; then a Methodist society, taking away another portion; — and now a Universalist Society had just been formed, releasing from the Parish tax another considerable number. And he protested against the annual imposition upon a third of the people of a burden which was originally assumed by the whole town. A majority of the voters appeared to be of the same opinion; for the proposition to assess upon the town Rev. Mr. Ripley's salary, was voted down. This was virtually his dismissal from the pastorate. He was left without employment. And this was the fruit of his bigotry and folly, in attempting, by a condemnatory *Post Script*, to turn the people of his Parish against a young candidate for the office of school-teacher, because of his religious sentiments. This act of would-be persecution by the parson raised and extended the young man's popularity, and proved his own overthrow. The formation of that society, which reduced to a failure the paying forces to Mr. Ripley's salary, was not the result of my direct labors. But that unlucky *Post Script* became the cause of an excitement which stirred up a spirit of inquiry that conduced to this result. And the whole case is a testimony to the doctrine, that it is the true policy as well as religious duty of a Christian young man to be always faithful to his God and his religion. One may injure himself and his cause by being meddlesome, and querulous; but a firm, modest, respectful and devout avowal and maintenance of the en-



lightened faith of the gospel, will gain rather than forfeit the confidence of the wise and good of all parties.

It is with pleasure that I am able to record the fact, that Rev. Mr. Ripley, after the discontinuance of his Parish salary, was taken into the patronage of the American Missionary Society.

A. D. 1820.

Having closed the third of my before mentioned Waterford schools the last of April, and returned to the paternal home, I forthwith brought to a point my decision in relation to the business of my life, so far as to enter upon preliminary arrangements for preparatory study for the Christian ministry. I wrote Rev. Sebastian Streeter, who was then Pastor of the Universalist society in Portsmouth, N. H., asking leave to make his house my home during the ensuing season. He answered me in tones of fatherly affection, and bade me come along at once, and enter upon my proposed course of reading. From this point I have recourse to a regular daily journal, which I commenced at this juncture, and will place the date of the years at the head of the succeeding pages of this work.

May 23d. — I started from my father's, in Norway, for Portsmouth, N. H. Arrived at Portland before sunset.

May 24th. — In the morning, took passage by mail stage for Portsmouth, where I arrived about noon. I forthwith repaired to father Streeter's house, where I was cordially greeted by himself and wife, and inducted into the room which was to be my Study for the season. I immediately entered upon the reading of ecclesiastical and general history; and the re-perusal of the Scriptures for more critically noting the bearings and connections of the parts with each

other, and with the whole; and the construction and writing out of sermons.

As soon as the second Sabbath in June, I commenced my Master's work as a preacher of the gospel; and that in Rev. Mr. Streeter's Church. I had it not in mind that I should commence preaching until I should have returned, in the ensuing autumn, to my native town. But in the next week after my arrival at his house, father Streeter said to me, "You must preach in my desk Sunday after next." "That," I replied, "is joking. I am incompetent to commence preaching so soon. And to make my debut in so large and popular a city congregation — it is out of the question." I spoke as I felt. I was naturally diffident and self-distrustful; and had only been conversant with country society. I had attended meeting there one Sunday, and viewed, as a child views wonders, the elegant and spacious temple, the far elevated pulpit, and the large and fashionably dressed congregation; and the thought of so soon exhibiting myself in that pulpit, before that congregation, in the capacity of a preacher, verily appalled me. "It is of no use," said I, "to talk about it."

"Well," said my imperturbable teacher, "I have engaged to preach on that Sunday in Guilford, N. H.; and my people hold meetings when I am absent on a Sabbath, and Br. Drown, or some one, reads a printed sermon, and leads in prayer. And they will require these services of you; and why may you not as well read a sermon of your own?" Sure enough, why might I not? Yet the reading of a sermon of my own would be *preaching*. And that was the idea which embarrassed me. And this question pressed itself upon my mind the week through, — *Shall I PREACH in father Streeter's desk Sunday after next?* It was urged that I should give an answer before the then



ensuing Sabbath, that definite notice might be given from the desk with regard to the services in the pastor's absence. I at length came to the conclusion that, sink or swim, I would undertake the work proposed. The following record of that day's service I copy from my Diary: —

"*June, Second Sabbath.* — I preached in Rev. Mr. Streeter's Meeting House; in the forenoon, from Acts xxvi. 22, 23; and in the afternoon, from Mark xvi. 15, 16. * * * In the morning I waited with trembling anxiety; — at length the Church bell called me forth. I entered the house of God, and, for the first time, ascended the pulpit stairs. I found myself seated before a large and enlightened audience, as a preacher of the gospel of the Lord Jesus. This is a new scene, and a time for serious reflections. Here am I, an inexperienced youth, about to arise and stand before the great congregation, composed of the aged, the middle aged, youth and children, to expatiate on themes divine. O, my God! be thou my Guardian and Teacher, — my Confidence and my Strength. Trembling I arose, and commenced the services of the occasion; — and soon my fears were fled, and the divine subject alone occupied my mind. My trepidation turned into enthusiasm, and I felt that, in answer to my prayers, the spirit of God was with me."

The last week in June Br. Streeter attended the Eastern Association, in Paris, Me. Having engaged to tarry over the succeeding Sabbath, the first in July, and preach in Norway, he left his pulpit services at home for that Sunday in my care. Br. De La Fayette Mace, of Maine, came along Saturday and tarried at Br. Streeter's over Sunday. By my invitation he preached in the forenoon and evening; and I preached in the afternoon. The congregations were large and attentive.

July 28. — Having received an invitation to spend two or three weeks in Rochester, N. H., I took a Dover packet at Portsmouth at 12½ o'clock this day, and arrived at Mr.

Nathaniel Ela's, Inn-keeper in Dover, N. H., at 3½ P. M. There I was agreeably entertained until the next afternoon, when I was called upon by Mr. Joseph Cross of Rochester, and conveyed to his house. Rochester is a country town, 22 miles from Portsmouth, and 10 from Dover. It contains a small village, pleasantly situated. Mr. John Smith's house was my home in this place. I preached in the Village School House the last Sunday in July, to a crowded audience, among whom were some of my Portsmouth friends, who witnessed my first endeavor in that city.

Here I had another severe trial, it being, in an important respect, another new beginning. When father Streeter informed me of the arrangement he had made for me at Rochester, he said, "Now, Br. Cobb, the Universalists in Rochester have come out from the Methodists and Baptists, and inherit their old prejudices against note preaching. Their ministers have told them that *r-e-a-d* don't spell *preach*. You must *extemporize*." It was a fearful undertaking; but I did not hesitate. I had made it my rule of action from early boyhood, to take hold, in earnest, of any good work assigned me, either by decisive circumstances or by my superiors, and that in faith; — and I never utterly failed. In this case, having gone up to Rochester Friday, I had Saturday for preparation. With my two manuscript sermons for the ensuing day, I spent most of Saturday among the tall elms in a recently mown interval, and committed them to memory as well as might be in so short a time. With this preparation, not forgetting my helper, God, I went into my appointed meeting at the ringing of the Sabbath morning bells, and entered upon the responsible duties of the day. In the forenoon, when I had proceeded some way in my discourse, having closed a sentence, the next my memory failed to grasp. I could not recall it,



and was for a moment, "out of my row," and my head commenced twirling. But instantly I bethought myself to repeat the last sentence with increased emphasis, as if to impress it more effectively upon the minds of my hearers. *I say* — said I; and proceeded with the repetition of what was then so familiar that, while uttering it, I could be employing my mind in feeling after what was to follow. And I caught it, and proceeded with increased confidence and freedom. And I have never, since (and I write this with the experience of forty-six years in the ministry), I have never, since, run upon a *hiatus*, or lost the thread of my discourse, in public speaking. And the task which father Streeter enforced upon me at this early day, has proved of incalculable benefit to me, and much to the cause. If there had not been a necessity for it, I might not have put myself to the requisite effort to qualify for extemporaneous preaching. By being thus early "broke in," I was the better qualified to adapt myself to the prejudices of the Universalists of Maine, whose primitive preachers were all extemporizers; and also to occupy the positions in which I have so often been placed, to speak in private houses, barns, groves, and from the doors of School Houses, with a portion of the audience in the house, and a portion in the yard. For about five years, I wrote most of my sermons in full, but took not even a "brief" with me in the delivery. I did not commit my sermons verbatim; but looked them over after writing, and gathered up the succession of points, and fixed these in my mind so that I could see the chain at a glance; and then, standing before the people with the spirit of the general theme in the heart, and a desire to possess their minds of the truths in charge, in their spirit and power, the lan-

guage in which I had written them came generally into familiar use.

I have spoken of this method as running through the first five years of my ministry in my native State. When I had been preaching, half of the time, in Waterville, Me., about that number of years, I commenced a course of expository sermons on the Bible in course, commencing at the beginning of Genesis, and treating on all the passages, in consecutive order, which seemed to me to have any considerable bearing upon doctrines, of faith or practice, through to the end of Revelation. The series was comprised in nearly a hundred discourses, — which, as I preached but half the time in Waterville, and generally delivered these only in the forenoon, run through nearly four years. These discourses, in which conciseness, and extensive reference, and comparison, and accuracy of expression, were indispensable, I delivered from manuscript. So, during the ten years of my regular pastorate in Malden, Mass., from 1828 to 1838, the difference in circumstances requiring an important difference in the style of sermonizing from that which was adapted to my itinerant and pioneer labors in Maine, more concise and classical, I usually delivered my newly arranged sermons from manuscript.

To return to my debut in Rochester, N. H. —— The Sabbath of which I was speaking passed pleasantly, and its experience afforded me much assurance of the Divine approval of my choice of the Christian ministry as my life-labor. I tarried in the place over the week; preached a lecture in the Court House Thursday evening; and held forth again in the School House the next Sunday, which was Aug. 6.

Aug. 7th. — I returned as far as Dover, and delivered a



lecture in the Court House in that place in the evening. I was called up at 1 o'clock the next morning to take the packet for Portsmouth, where I landed at sunrise.

I went on a second visit to Rochester the last of this week, and preached in the same School House two more Sundays, and in the Court House on the intervening Thursday evening.

On my return to Portsmouth, I preached another evening lecture in the Court House in Dover. A Dr. Dow attempted to disturb me in my discourse, by placing himself erect before me, but a few feet distant, staring me in the face, and often making an audible remark. At length I said, "If the gentleman wishes to make a disturbance, I will give way to him now." With his face crimsoning with mortification, he sat down. At the close of the service I was informed that the Doctor was a distinguished gentleman when sober, and that he was then partially intoxicated. Indeed he came to me the next morning with a handsome apology.

At the close of my discourse, I gave liberty for remarks or exhortation. A Freewill Baptist preacher arose and harangued vociferously. When he had occupied four or five minutes, I, perceiving that he said nothing which bore with any force against my sentiments, while he doubtless imagined that he was taking me down, as he said, "We must have faith; and faith is the gift of God." I shouted, "AMEN." This embarrassed him; and he sat down simultaneously with the utterance of these words: "But I know by experience that unless we believe in this world we must be eternally miserable." I then arose and remarked to the audience, that I could understand and receive all the gentleman's sayings except the last. How he could have experienced eternal, by which I took him to

mean *endless* misery, for not believing, in this world, I was unable to understand, and wished him to explain it. But he was silent — and I dismissed the meeting.

Sunday, Sept. 17th. — Br. Streeter being indisposed, and this being the last Sabbath I was to tarry with him in my preparatory studies, he persuaded me to perform religious services in his desk, and he occupied his family pew as a hearer.

MY RETURN HOME.

Saturday, Sept. 23d. — I went from Portsmouth, N. H., to Portland, Me., by stage. It was with saddened feelings that I left Portsmouth; for several circumstances concurred strongly to attach me to my friends in that place. Br. Streeter was an instrument in the hand of God of clearing obstacles from my way, strengthening my hands, confirming my heart, and moving me on in the work of the ministry. His amiable family was bound to my heart by ties of strong and enduring friendship, and also a large circle of brethren and sisters in the faith, with whom I had spent many pleasant social hours, who listened respectfully to my first public performance in the Christian pulpit, and whose conduct towards me on that and all occasions, strengthened and encouraged me in my new and responsible undertaking. However, I took the remembrance of them along with me, shook off the pressure of melancholy, and cheerily rode again to my loved Maine, and to the scenes of my juvenile years. Here I have the nearest relations and a host of the dearest of friends, and hither my Master's business calls me.



THE STAY AT PORTLAND.

But I must needs take Portland on my way; and Br. Streeter had sent an appointment for me to preach in that city on the Sabbath. I arrived at Portland about sunset this (Saturday) eve, and, according to Br. Streeter's direction, called upon Br. Horatio G. Quincy, who introduced me into the family of Br. Abraham Beeman, my assigned home during my tarry in town.

But I found father Wm. Farwell, of Vermont, at Portland, who had arrived there on one of his preaching circuits, and had given out an appointment for the coming Sabbath before the notice of my visit was received by the friends in that place. Of course I would not even divide the day with the old patriarch, but would hear his gospel messages in the regular services of the day. I consented, however, to preach in the evening.

Having been long absent from home, I had calculated on hastening thither Monday; but was prevailed upon by the solicitations of the Portland brethren to tarry with them over the week, and preach there the next Sunday, which was the first Sunday in October. We had happy meetings.

THE INVITATION.

Monday morning, before I left the city, a Committee called upon me, and informed me that they were deputed by an extemporaneous meeting of friends held on the previous (Sunday) evening, to confer with me on the question of my coming to them on the ensuing Spring, when I should have closed my school term for which I was engaged in Norway Village, and becoming their Pastor. They were a voluntary association, had employed different

preachers transiently, but were then without any arrangement for preaching.

I told them that their proposition distressed me; that the thought of tying myself down so soon to the Pastoral charge of a city society produced a stifling sensation; that I intended to evangelize over the hills and valleys of Maine several years, making the acquaintance of mankind and their wants, and gaining exercise as a gospel minister, before I would settle myself down thus. I never have regretted this resolution and the keeping of it.

Oct. 5th.—I arrived at the old homestead in Norway, again to meet with the kindest of parents, and affectionate brothers and sisters; and to roam, in the town whose air was the first I breathed, over the fields, hills and dales which were my earliest range.

On the following Sunday I preached in Norway, in the first Universalist Meeting House ever built in Maine. It excited me with indescribable emotions, to stand there in the pulpit of the Barnses, the Roots, the Farwells, and the Streeters, and, in the capacity of a minister of the gospel, face and address those who had borne me in their arms ere I could walk alone; neighbors who had been familiar with my ways from earliest childhood, including the old severe school-master who taught me to read and spell my abs, and boxed my ears for mistakes; my father, brothers, citizens of all religious denominations, and playmates of all grades. And, to add to my trepidation, there were seated before me the Preceptor of my previous autumn's Academic studies, and a party of his students, my schoolmates, with countenances indicating a disposition to listen as critics. I spoke without manuscript, and the Lord supported and blessed me. It was to me a great day.

And I may as well record at this stage of progress in my



narrative, what I am in duty and honor bound to place prominently on record, of my appreciation of the noble hearted kindness of the members, without exception, of the Universalist society in my native town. Several of the elder members expressed to me their desire and expectation that I should make the ministry my calling, before I had entertained the thought of doing so myself. And after I entered upon the work, they all gave me their sympathy and God-speed. There was never, even with those who had been my playmates and school-fellows, the least manifestation of envy, or spirit of detraction in any form. They all seemed to feel an interest in the honorable success of their own native townsman. Br. Ichabod Bartlett, one of the young men of the society, being Agent of the Village District, engaged me, on excellent wages for the time, to teach that school three months in the winter; the leading Universalist families in the Village gave me my board in rotation, permitting me to draw the board money from the Town Treasury in addition to my salary. At the same time the society kept me at preaching nearly all the Sabbaths, rendering me what, for the time and the circumstances, was a liberal compensation, three dollars a Sabbath. This, I say, was, for the time and circumstances, a liberal compensation. For the regular stipend per week, in those days, for the veteran preachers, the Roots, Barnses, Farwells, &c., was but five dollars. At that price the Norway society had only been able to have preaching one Sunday in a month; so that, to pay this stripling, who had come up among themselves, and was engaged, on good wages, in school keeping, three dollars a week regularly, was indeed generous. Altogether the funds which my friends here put me in the way of acquiring this winter, enabled me to pay up all arrearages of my

educational expenditures, and to start out into the world with an elastic step. God's blessing forever upon the Universalist society in Norway. Whatever of good may accrue to the world from my humble professional labors, is owing in a great measure, under God, to the early encouragement and support to their child, of the Universalist society in Norway.

I will now return to the point of my Journal from which I diverged for my panegyric upon the Norway society.

I had described my debut in Norway in the capacity of a preacher, the second Sunday in October. I preached there also on the third and fourth Sundays in October; delivered a lecture in Enoch Edwards' neighborhood in Otisfield on the 19th; and a lecture in Fryeburg on the 27th.

NOVEMBER, 1820.

FIRST MISSIONARY TOUR.

This month comprised my first missionary tour in the capacity of a Christian Evangelist. One of the primitive members of the Universalist society, Nathaniel Bennett, hearing that I purposed making such a tour, tendered me the use of a young horse, scarcely broken to the saddle, for the excursion in equestrian style. My purpose was to extend my tour eastward as far as Waterville, making calls on the way in Livermore and Winthrop, where I had been informed of the existence of Universalist societies. (I was in no danger of intruding upon any other preacher's charge, for there was not at the time a settled Universalist preacher in the State of Maine. Dr. Joseph Butterfield, who itinerated somewhat, was residing in Fryeburg; Fay-



ette Mace, of Strong, had preached a few times, but was doing nothing; and Wm. A. Drew, then teacher of an Academy in Farmington, had conducted Sabbath services a few times in that town. Fathers Thomas Barnes and Isaac Root, who were energetic and efficient laborers in their time, had passed away from this field of labor. Thus nearly destitute of public servants was the Universalist Zion of the "Pine Tree State," when I entered upon my ministerial profession.)

I started on my tour about the middle of the week, that I might have time to get up an appointment, with suitable notices, for the Sabbath. I had been furnished, by some Norway friend, with the name of Abijah Munroe, of Livermore, as a leading Universalist. He kept a tavern, and a minister's home. The name of Israel Washburn, Esq., was also given me, as a working brother in the faith. He was the father of Israel Washburn, Jr., who has represented his District in Congress several terms, and sustained the office of Governor of his State several years. Another of his sons has represented a District of Illinois in Congress a series of years. I called upon these gentlemen, and received a cordial welcome to the hospitalities of their homes. I found in them responsive spirits to the love of the gospel; and they arranged and duly notified for a meeting on the Sabbath, when I preached to good congregations.

Early in the week I proceeded on my way to Winthrop. Passing through Readfield, I called upon John Smith, Esq., an intelligent, wealthy and zealous friend of the cause. He made me feel at home at his house, where I tarried by his invitation several days. In compliance with his arrangements I preached two evening lectures in the large School House of the Village, which was called "Readfield

Corner." The acquaintance thus early formed with him contributed greatly to my subsequent benefit.

The latter part of the week I rode down to Winthrop, six miles, where I preached on the Sabbath. This was the second Sabbath in November, 1820. A snow storm prevailed through the day; but we had pleasant meetings in a Brick School House. Jacob Nelson, John Morrill, E. Snell, Abial Pitts, Perley, Fairbanks and Fillebrown were leading members of this society.

Nov. 14. — I delivered an evening lecture in a School House in Winthrop, near Br. Elliot Snell's.

15*th.* — I left Winthrop on my way for Waterville, via Hallowell. Br. Glidden advised me to go by the back road through Sidney, and call upon Capt. Nathan Sawtell, who was a prominent Universalist, and attended the meetings of our order in Waterville, where I proposed to get up an appointment for the next Sabbath. The following I copy from my original Journal, which is a transcript of the life of the day as it was: —

"The badness of the roads made riding slow and tedious. The shoes of my borrowed colt were smooth; the recently fallen snow and sleet had made the roads slippery; and the riding upon saddle was attended with some danger. I became uncommonly weary before I reached Capt. Sawtell's, and my spirits were sorely depressed. The prospect appeared dark; and clouds of gloom hung over my mind. I saw no beings but strangers; and none ahead knew that I was coming, — or even that such a person existed. (It was a new thing to go out into a strange country, and *introduce myself* as a preacher of the gospel. There was no denominational paper circulating in the State through which to notify appointments or proposed tours, or even to announce to the members of societies, and the believers scattered abroad, the advent of the new preacher. Nor was there even an older preacher in the State who could be of service to me in the way of my introduction to a field of labor.)



"To return to my narrative: — I inquired impatiently and looked wistfully for the residence of Capt. Sawtell. But when I had turned up into the lane leading to his house, I had sad misgivings; and seeing the old gentleman withing up the stakes of his pigs' pen, with a stern countenance and a face unshaven for the week, I expected a repulse. The following colloquy ensued: —

"'Is this Capt. Sawtell?'

"'My name is Sawtell.'

"'My name is Sylvanus Cobb. I am on my way to Waterville to spend the Sabbath, and Br. Glidden, of Winthrop, advised me to call upon you.'

"'What! are you a preacher?'

"'I have preached a little.'

"'Well, come, get off your horse and come in, and spend the night with me. You will find homely fare. But it will be good enough for you if you are a *Universalist* preacher.'

"I can report nothing more that was said, in detail, for I was enchanted with the scenes of a new state of being. The unstudied, unpolished address of the old Saint, which was the outgushing of the genuine spirit of confidence and love, toned by emotions of joy at the appearance of a young minister of the universal and efficient Saviour, instantly dissipated the cloud from my mind, banished my distrust, and made me a lively child at home. It would be difficult to decide which of us two was made most happy by our meeting together, and by the conversation of the evening. It was a pleasant occasion to me."

Nov. 16th. — It was now *Wednesday;* so that I had time to go up to Waterville, yet ten miles, and make the acquaintance there of several brethren, and get out good notice of the preaching, before the Sabbath. Capt. Sawtell furnished me with the names of several of the leading members of the Waterville society, among whom, in the East Village, were Alpheus Lyon, Esq., Maj. Richard Montgomery Dorr, Maj. Ebenezer Balcomb, and Elah Esty; and in the West *part of* the town, Thos. Cook, Mrs. Elizabeth McFarland, *and Elisha* Hallett.

Sunday, Nov. 20. — I preached in the East Village Meeting House in Waterville. Br. Thomas Cook, who lived about two miles out, took me home with him after the services, with whom I had a pleasant home for the night.

Monday morning. — Maj. Balcomb rode out from the Village early, that he might see me before I should start on my homeward way, and proposed inquiries in relation to the probability of my willingness to enter into a regular engagement with them on the ensuing season, after closing my Winter school in Norway.

Capt. Sawtell did not allow the opportunity to slip, for having a message from the young preacher in his neighborhood. He had an appointment for me to preach in his District School House this Monday evening. When I had closed my services, a young Baptist preacher by the name of Samuel Dinsmore charged me with speaking peace when the Lord had not spoken peace. I asked him to inform us when and on what conditions the Lord had spoken peace. But his only reply was a furious rush out of doors.

Tuesday evening, 22d. — I preached a lecture in Readfield. Thence I proceeded to the old home, terminating my first missionary tour, which furnished me with much work, an important quantity of experience, and valuable acquaintance which opened to me a field of abundant and permanent labor to be forthwith entered, on the ensuing spring, at the close of my previously engaged term of school-keeping in Norway Village.

Dec. 11*th.* — I commenced teaching in the public school in Norway Village, for a three months' term. It was, to me, an interesting school. I had the attendance of several young gentlemen and ladies older than usually attended the Common Schools, who were advanced scholars in the higher English *branches of* education. Yet my charge was



exceedingly laborious, — the number of scholars averaging about eighty, and the School House being cold, and the benches rickety, as it was about to be displaced by a new one, and therefore the Committee would not spend money to put it in decent repair.

1821.

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

I continued my school in Norway through these two months, and preached every Sabbath, and also some week evening lectures. Most of my ministerial labors were occupied with the Norway society; but I preached a few times in Paris and Waterford.

March 6th. — I closed my school in Norway. And this terminated my mission, in which I had taken great pride, and not a little pleasure, in the capacity of the SCHOOL MASTER.

And here, I will record my speculative and practical theory of school government, as it regards the use of *corporeal punishment* as a disciplinary instrumentality. I never emphasized it as a prominent governing force, nor *named* it as a fixed penalty for the transgression of any standing law. But I held it as my right and duty to employ such punishment at my option, whenever I judged it to be requisite to break down a stubborn and brutally insubordinate spirit. It was my *dernier resort*. And, in my four long winter seasons of school keeping, I administered corporeal punishment but in very few instances. I can now remember but *two* in all. And these were cases in which I was necessitated to it by extreme perversity and insolence, when I had exhausted "moral suasion," and further forbearance on my part would have been tameness

and submission. But I did not strike a blow (the ferule was the instrument), until I had, by affecting conversation, softened my indignation into tenderness, explained to the subjects of the punishment that they had forced upon me this painful service for their good and that of the school. And then I made thorough work of it, continued the application to the attainment of humble submission. Thus was my authority strengthened, and the school benefited.

But the general absence of beating and threshing did not involve looseness of school government. I did not and could not go on with the exercises of the school in disorder. The scholars were trained to a feeling and habit of oneness with me in the love and choice of order. They were a little self-governing republic. Whenever I was called to the outer door to receive and answer the verbal communication of a friend, the school would continue busied in their studies in the same beautiful order as when I stood in my desk with my eyes upon them. It was my happiness to enjoy the mutual confidence and love of master and school.

THE OPENING TO MINISTERIAL LABOR.

Some time during my school term, I received a letter signed by John Smith, of Readfield, and John Morrill, of Winthrop, as Committee of the Universalist Society of Readfield and Winthrop, informing me that the Eastern Association of Universalists was to meet in Winthrop the last Wednesday and Thursday in June proximo, and inviting me to visit them forthwith after closing my school, and preach with them regularly till the meeting of the Association. This call was an out-growth of my November tour eastward.

March 9th. — This day I left Norway for my new but



temporary field of labor, distinctively in the capacity of a Christian minister, in compliance with the call above noted. And, though I did not contemplate the movement in that light at the time, a recognition of which would have overwhelmed me with sadness, — it proved to be my final departure from my native town as my stated home. It fills me with indescribable emotions now, when I bring it before me at this writing, 45 years afterwards. Blessed home it was to my early years! A noble community was that town. I have borne only pleasant memories of it.*

On my way to my new field of labor, I preached an evening lecture at the house of Br. Joshua Whitman in Turner, and spent a Sabbath's labor in Livermore.

* NOTE BY THE MEMOIRIST.

Nearly half a century had elapsed when Mr. Cobb made his last visit to the scenes of those early days. He had, as often as was consistent with other duties, been in the habit of revisiting the old home, to draw inspiration from the hallowed influences that clustered about the place of that family altar where first he had been taught to raise his voice in prayer and praise to God, and where had been bestowed upon him the priceless inheritance of parental love. One after another of those whom he had loved had fallen asleep upon the verge of the dark valley, to awaken in the brighter realm beyond; but still there were loved ones left to welcome him whenever he came to his native town. When he made this last visit I had my home in the town of Norway, and of course it was beneath my roof that he sought shelter and repose. The old burial-ground, where the mortal remains of his departed kindred had been placed in sepulchre, away on the summit of a distant hill, he had not visited since the death of his brother Cyrus, and he expressed to me the wish that I would walk up there with him.

It was a calm, beautiful afternoon in October. The sun was sinking towards the tops of the White Mountains, that loomed up in the dim distance as though offering their bed of purple down to the departing monarch of the day, and the broad line of forest that flanked the adjacent fields was robed in its rich garnishment of beautifully varying and softly harmonizing autumnal tints. As we approached the hallowed spot our conversation was dropped, and when we came to thread the grassy aisles that wound around among the clustering graves our steps were slow and solemn. I caught my cue from the manner of him who led the way. Other graves were noted before we came to the gentle mounds that arose above the mouldering remains of those to whose resting-places the sweet sentiment of filial love would incline us. Here rested all that was mortal of a school-mate whom my father had loved in those other years; there reposed the remains of one who had been his friend and benefactor; and anon we came to a stone which bore the name of one who had received benefit at his hands. And

From this time I devoted my Sabbath labors constantly to the united society of Winthrop and Readfield, to the last of June, when the annual meeting of the Eastern Association was held in Winthrop.

May 8th. — By invitation of Samuel Locke, Esq., of Hallowell, I delivered an evening lecture in the "Reading Room" in that place, which was the first Universalist discourse preached in Hallowell. My text was Ps. lxii. 12: "Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work." On the succeeding evening, May 9th, I preached a lecture in a School House at the Forks of the Roads in Hallowell.

May 31st. — Journeying on the way to visit my parents

so we moved on, until at length we reached the marble slab that bore the name of my father's honored brother. And here he told to me how true and faithful that brother had been; and how, through all the days and years of their boyhood together there had not been one single passage of ill that could now give pain in the recollection.

Near at hand were two grey, mossy stones, one marking where reposed the ashes of "A Soldier of the Revolution," and the other, the resting-place of the remains of the companion. Two graves hallowed and sanctified! As my father slowly, and with reverent steps, approached them, I saw that his lips trembled, and that his eyes were flooded. His manner invited no mortal companionship, and I withdrew to a respectful distance to view the scene. A few moments he stood, with his head bowed, and his hand resting upon the stone that bore his father's name; and then he moved on a pace and leaned upon the tablet whereon was inscribed the name of his mother. Then I saw him uncover his head, and sink upon his knees; and, as even now while I write, the tears gather in my eyes, so they gathered then until my vision became dim and uncertain, and I bowed my head in silent sympathy with him whose soul was in sweet and holy communion with the spirits of another world!

The sun had sunk to its rest when my father arose to his feet; and silently we wended our way from the consecrated ground. Away upon the distant mountains, where the lord of day had taken his departure, the heavens were bathed in richest effulgence, giving to us token that the bright orb had lost none of its glory; and though the night was coming, yet beyond the verge of our narrow ken, new-born splendors were rejoicing other eyes.

In all the time to come I think there can be no memory of the past that shall throw around my father's form for me so much of simple grandeur and hallowed import, as shall the memory of that time when I saw him, with his head bare and bent, reverently kneel in prayer at the graves of his revered and ever honored parents!

S. C., Jr.



in Norway, in passing through Buckfield Village I was recognized by Dr. Bridgham, who prevailed upon me to tarry and preach in that village in the evening, and forthwith sent out notices of the meeting. We had a good gathering, in the Academy building.

June. — On the *Second Sunday* in this month I preached in Waterville, being invited by the Committee of the society there to do so, for the attainment of a further acquaintance with reference to subsequent arrangements. On my way out I visited Hallowell again, and preached two successive evening lectures, one on each side of the river.

THE EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

The following I copy from my Journal: —

"*June 26th.* — The following brethren, viz., Russell Streeter, Wm. Frost, Fayette Mace, Wm. A. Drew, and Joseph Butterfield, met me at the house of Br. Jacob Nelson, in Winthrop, and formed a constitution for the future regulation of the Eastern Association of Universalists.

"*27th.* The Association met as per adjournment of the last year. The public services were as follows: —

"In the forenoon, sermon by Br. Mace, from Rom. viii. 16, 17.

"In the afternoon Br. Streeter preached, from Isa. xxxv. 10.

"In the evening a discourse was delivered by Br. Levi Briggs, a visiting clergyman from Orange, Mass., from Eph. vi. 14.

"MY ORDINATION.

"*Thursday the 28th.* — In the forenoon, Br. Drew preached, from John xix. 30.

"After the sermon Br. Fayette Mace and myself were publicly and in due form ordained to the work of the Gospel Ministry.

"The Ordaining Prayer was offered by our most worthy Brother, Wm. Frost, of Lisbon.

"Charge, by Br. J. Butterfield, of Farmington.

"Right Hand of Fellowship, by Br. Levi Briggs, of Orange, Mass."

The following reflections I penned in my Journal at this point: —

"How great is the responsibility which we have taken upon ourselves. How important the work to which we are thus formally ordained, and in which we have thus solemnly pledged ourselves to be faithful. May the God of all power and grace hold our hands and keep us, 'so that we may finish our course with joy, and the ministry that we have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify of the gospel of the grace of God.'"

The following is my original Journal of the close of that Associational meeting: —

"After service we retired to the Council Hall, closed the business of the session, and adjourned to meet in Turner the last Wednesday and Thursday of June 1822. The ministering brethren found it an affecting occasion when they took leave of each other. But we hope to meet again on earth: if not we shall meet in our Father's kingdom above.

'Our hearts were warm, our bosoms glowed,
And tears of friendship freely flowed.
But then we turned our thoughts above,
And smiled for joy in Jesus' love."

At this point of time I had closed my engagement with the Winthrop and Readfield society. The Committee originally asked for my services up to the meeting of the Association. By a new arrangement I continued to preach for them about once a month the rest of this and through the succeeding year. But from this time, after a few weeks spent in visiting the scenes of my childhood, and preaching to the beloved people there, I took up my abode in Waterville, and made that my home for about seven



years. The Committee of the Waterville society came to the Association at Winthrop, instructed to engage me if practicable, to go and dwell with them, and preach for them one half of the time. Such an engagement was consummated.

But before passing on to the journal of the succeeding stage of my life labors, I must tarry and place on record my grateful appreciation of the friendships here formed, and an incident or two of my experience, in this first field of my pastoral services. During this three months' term, in the responsible ministerial charge of a religious society, I shared the undeviating fraternal sympathy and kind regards of the people of my charge, and the respectful attentions of the citizens of all denominations. I was informed that Parson Thurston, the Trinitarian Congregational clergyman of Winthrop, Pastor of the "Town Parish," for what ultimate purpose it is not necessary for me to hint, wrote his brother in ecclesiastical fellowship, Dea. Benj. Herring, of Norway, and of the School District in which I was born and reared, asking in relation to the character of the young Universalist preacher then in his field of labor. The answer was such that it was not deemed politic by the parson to make public report of it; but he showed it to some of his friends who reported to my friends, that Dea. Herring wrote in answer that the young man in question had been noted in childhood for manliness and virtuous living, admonishing the Parson that he would never succeed in diminishing his ministerial influence by any overhauling of his moral character. That he regarded as invulnerable. The reader may be assured that I was caused by this incident to profoundly appreciate the value to myself, my religious friends, and the cause of which I was an ambassador, of the character of my childhood and

youth. If that determined enemy of the great and glorious faith which I preached, had been able to pick up even a juvenile error or youthful indiscretion in my then past life, he would undoubtedly have reported it to my prejudice. Verily the *Universalist* preacher should be sanctified from the womb.

Another more important incident in the relation between me and Parson Thurston was the following: — I was spending an evening with Br. John Morrill, about a mile north-west of Winthrop Village. After supper he remarked to me that Parson Thurston had an appointment for a lecture that evening in the School House of that District, and proposed that we should go in and hear him. I cheerfully accepted the proposition. Mr. Thurston extemporized, and floundered about in the vain effort to address to the understanding the idea of the ability of totally depraved mortals to perform all the moral requirements of their heavenly Father, and thus secure by obedience the title to eternal salvation; while at the same time all self-reliance in relation to this great work is sin. After the benediction, Br. Morrill introduced me to Mr. Thurston. He seemed embarrassed by my presence, and apologized for his performance, saying that he came prepared with a sermon; but, on account of the smallness of the number present, and not knowing that I was there, he substituted an extemporaneous discourse on a subject with which he was not familiar, and on which of course he could not speak with ease. I assured him that I understood how to make due allowance for such circumstances; that I had no disposition to criticise his *manner;* that my only difficulty was with the *sentiment* of his discourse. He respectfully inquired what were my objections to that. I replied that I knew not that I should have any objection to the matter



of his discourse if I could understand it: that he had told us that God had provided in Christ a way of salvation for all men; and that way, the only way of salvation, was faith and repentance, which is altogether the gift of God, or the work of his grace, by the power of his spirit: yet he restricted final salvation to a small portion of our race. But if the way of salvation is provided in God's purpose of grace in Christ for all, and that way is the gift of faith and repentance, or of spiritual regeneration, through the effectual working of the Divine Spirit of grace, I could not understand how he could resist the faith of universal salvation. He rejoined that he would like to converse with me on that subject, and on religious doctrines in general. And he invited me to call and spend a day with him, at his house, in religious conversation. I respectfully accepted the invitation; and we agreed upon the day. It was understood that I should have a friend accompany me, call in the forenoon early, dine with him, and spend the day.

At the set time I was knocking at the parson's outer door, accompanied by a Br. Fairbanks, a most worthy member of my society, whose given name I do not remember. Parson Thurston received us cordially, and soon we were seated in the Study, and engaged in theological discussion.

The first topic on the tapis was the doctrine of innate total depravity. This he held as an essential doctrine of Christian theology; and he argued for it with much ingenuity. We continued the discussion of this topic all the forenoon. As I perceived that dinner was being laid upon the table, I said to the Parson that we had well-nigh exhausted the arguments, pro and con., upon that subject; and I desired to advance to the discussion of other important points of doctrine in the afternoon; and I would state

an illustrative case bearing upon this point, his decision of which should close this branch of the discussion. I proceeded as follows: —

Suppose a young man is passing by the garden of a neighbor, and his attention is attracted by the apparently delicious fruit with which a tree in that garden is loaded, and he desires to pluck and eat of it. But he is checked by the law in his mind, which has been imprinted there by education, forbidding theft as wrong. Now we will critically inquire, wherein is the sin if the young man yields to his desire, and partakes of the fruit? Is there any sin in the fruit? None. Is the young man's taste for good fruit sinful? Surely not. Is the act of eating fruit sinful? All will answer, no. Where then is the sin, if sin ensues? It is in the unlawful manner of obtaining the fruit, taking the property of another without his leave.

But before the youth yields to the temptation to partake of this fruit unlawfully, the law of the conscience yet holding him back, suppose he turns and looks upon his father's garden upon the other side of the street, and sees there a tree loaded with fruit every way as strongly inviting, to which he has free access by the kind permission of his father, and he knows that it will be gratifying to his father for him to enjoy himself in feasting upon that fruit. So there is nothing now to turn the scale, and determine the youth from which tree to gratify his strong and lawful appetite, but the law which had been holding him back from his neighbor's tree. "Now to which," I questioned my venerable opponent, "to which tree will he go for his repast?"

"Why," he replied, "as you have stated the case, he will of course resort to his father's fruit tree." "Then where," *I inquired, "is your* doctrine of innate total de-



pravity? If he were radically depraved, if he were naturally and constitutionally disposed to wrong, and in love with sin, the very fact that it is wrong to steal the fruit from his neighbor's garden would determine him to that act."

"Why," rejoined the Parson, "we never meant to be understood as believing in any such thing as *pure malevolence* in man; a choice of wrong for the sake of the wrong." "Very well," I replied; "I am perfectly satisfied to leave our discussion of this point, as I promised, with your decision on the case I would propose for trial. You do *not* believe in total innate depravity, or the natural love and preference for sin as sin. Man is induced by temptation, against his better nature, to violate the laws of God. As St. James says, 'he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed.' Much controversy results from the misuse of terms. Revise your theological formula on this point, and conform it to your real views which you have now exposed, and you and I will have no occasion for controversy on the subject of human depravity."

The afternoon was devoted to miscellaneous discussions. I put him up to hard efforts to harmonize his Hopkinsian Calvinism with the Scriptures and with itself; and he gave me the usual running catalogue of fragmentary Scripture quotations to explain in harmony with Universalism. Whatever of social intercourse subsequent opportunities afforded was mutually respectful and pleasant.

MY HOME IN WATERVILLE.

About the middle of July (1821), I took with me my team (horse and chaise), my little library, and my change of raiment, which constituted the whole of my inheritance,

and planted myself in Waterville as a citizen and a Pastor. I engaged to preach in Waterville one half of the time, two thirds of the half in the East Village, which is situated at the head of boat navigation on Kennebec River, and one third in the West Meeting House, four miles back, where there is a little business centre, sustained by grist and saw mills, and a few stores. The Meeting Houses were both owned by the town, and the worse for wear. That in the East Village was kept in a comfortable condition; but that in the West was greatly out of repair. As no particular society had control of it, my friends would only spend enough upon it to keep out the storms.

During this summer and autumn, what portion of the time I spent in Waterville, I received gratuitous board, by kind invitation, in the families of Maj. Richard M. Dorr, Maj. Ebenezer Balcomb, and others, in the East Village; and of Elisha Hallett, Esq., and others, in the West part of the town.

August. — On the first Sunday, after the usual public services in Waterville, I rode to Sidney, ten miles, and delivered an evening lecture in the Brick School House near Capt. Sawtell's. The Baptist Elder, Wilbur, his Deacon, and several members of his church, attended. After public service I had some conversation with Elder Wilbur, chiefly on the relation of all men to God as their Creator, and on the *creature* or *creation* in Rom. viii.; — subjects which I had touched upon in my discourse. Anxious to invalidate the force of this testimony in proof of the ultimate spiritual regeneration and glory of all of human kind, he first assumed that the creation, in that case, means all created things, animate and inanimate. I pressed him to say whether he believed the inanimate things are to become capable of enjoying the glorious liberty of the children



of God, and are to be raised into that dignity. He would not be so foolish as to say this; and then he varied his position, and interpreted the "creature" or "whole creation" of this chapter to mean the whole animate creation, human and brute. But he found it equally difficult, on reflection, to stand up to the folly of assuming that all *brute* creatures are to be elevated to the estate of sons of God; and he felt obliged to admit the view which I had taken of the passage referred to, viz., that the subject of the apostle is the *human creation*, who are the proper subjects of the Christian ministry, which proclaims this great emancipation as the purpose of God in Christ.

On the second Sunday in August (1821), I preached in LIGONIA, which is about twelve miles east of Waterville. The name of the town has since been changed to *Albion*. I delivered a lecture in the same place Saturday evening. This lecture was understood to be the first Universalist sermon preached in that town. I shall make note of my ministerial labors more extensively than would otherwise be appropriate, for the reason that I performed much pioneer service, and the Journal of my ministerial labors will furnish much material for a history of Universalism and the Universalist denomination in Maine.

THE OTHER PREACHERS.

During a few of the early years of my ministry, there was no other laborious itinerant Universalist preacher in Maine. Rev. Tho. Barnes, commonly called "Father Barnes," who was the first resident regular preacher of this faith in that State, had passed away. He commenced his residence in Poland, Me., in 1799; and received ordination in Gray, Me., Jan. 6th, 1802. For many years he

preached in Norway, Falmouth, New Gloucester and Freeport, about a quarter of the time in each place. His daughter says in her Memoir of him, "At the earnest solicitation of the Eastern brethren, he paid several visits to Belgrade, Waterville and Farmington, but never journeyed any farther eastward." He died Oct. 3d, 1816, aged 66 years.

Rev. Russell Streeter came to Portland in the winter of 1821, while I was school keeping and preaching in Norway; but his whole time was occupied there as settled Pastor, and he only went into the country occasionally, on a flying visit for a single appointment, by special arrangement. Dr. Joseph Butterfield, who came from the Baptists into our denomination, yet lived at Fryeburg, and preached a little, but was of no account in effective service. Fayette Mace, who was ordained with me at Winthrop, did nothing in Maine, nor much anywhere else. In a little while he became lost to our ministry, and buried in the society of Shakers. Rev. Wm. A. Drew, so well known as a long and faithful laborer in his Master's vineyard, commenced holding and conducting meetings in Farmington in 1820; but he had charge of the Farmington Academy for some time, which confined him at home. And when he had disencumbered himself of that charge, his health was so feeble that he could not go out into the field of hard itinerant labor. This work in the State devolved mainly upon me, who, with humble abilities, possessed great physical endurance, and ardent zeal.

EXTENSION OF MY FIELD OF LABOR.

In October of this year (1821), I made a preaching tour east of the Kennebec, which was introductory to a bi-



monthly series of tours in this region, widening in their extent, for five years. And soon these tours took in a line of lectures, outward bound, down the valley of the Kennebec, in Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner, Bowdoinham, Bath (sometimes in Brunswick); and in Wiscasset and Bristol on the way from the River towns into the eastern field. In my Journal I find the following entry, — which is a moderate specimen of the general run of my Diary, exhibiting the persistence and continuity of my labors during all the years of my ministry in Maine: —

"OCTOBER, 1821.

"*First Sunday.*—I delivered two discourses in Livermore.

"This week I visited Br. Wm. A. Drew in Farmington. He has charge of the Academy in that place, and preaches there on the Sabbath days.

"*Second Sunday.*—Preached two discourses in Readfield.

"15th.—An evening discourse in Hallowell, South Reading Room.

"16th.—An evening lecture in Hallowell, east of the River.

"17th.—Having received invitations from unknown friends in New Castle, Nobleborough, and Union, to visit those places and expound to them the word of Christian revelation, I now started out on a considerable tour east of the Kennebec. In these, as in all my subsequent and extended labors in this direction, I was acting the pioneer of our cause. Father Barnes, as his daughter says, never extended his missionary tours farther east than Waterville.

"*Third Sunday.*—I preached in New Castle two discourses; and a third discourse in Nobleborough, at Damariscotta Bridge.

"22d.—A lecture in Back Meadow neighborhood, in Nobleborough.

"23d.—A lecture in Bristol. The venerable Commodore Samuel Tucker, of Revolutionary memory, whose residence was in that neighborhood, was an earnest and tearful listener to the discourse, and took me to his hospitable abode, where he

insisted on my abiding over the succeeding day and night, and entertained me delightfully with spirited and life-like rehearsals of his naval exploits in our Revolutionary war with England."

From this time onward the several years that I continued my tours in this region, I delivered one or two evening lectures in Bristol on nearly every tour. And Com. Tucker, and his grandson, Hines, were leading spirits in the procurement and support of those lectures.

"*Fourth Sunday.*—Two discourses in Union.

"30th.—An evening discourse in Union, in a School House east of the Common."

Here ends that October; in which month I preached fourteen sermons, spread over a wide field, nearly all of which were addressed to congregations mostly composed of new inquirers, and in part of those who came out of curiosity to hear "strange things." And intervening, between the discourses, much private conversation devolved upon me.

But that tour extended a few days into November. So my Journal reports it.

"*November* 2*d.*—A lecture in Sweetland's (Baptist) Meeting-House in Hope. First Sunday (that is, in *November*), preached in Union."

"Though in this quarter they had heard false and evil reports of the doctrine of God's universal and efficient goodness and grace, and had heard but little of the truth of it, yet great numbers flocked together to hear the word, and many were so happy as to receive it into believing hearts."

The Diary adds,—"The remainder of this month I preached in Waterville."

My friends in Waterville sympathized with me in my missionary work; so that they cheerfully consented that I should so divide the time between them and the various



portions of my missionary field, as should best accommodate my work in its wholeness. They would have their half of the Sundays, of course; but not always in regular order. The variations, however, were exceptional. Usually I preached the first and second Sundays in each month abroad, and the third and fourth at home. This method was generally more convenient than would have been the preaching at home and abroad on alternate Sabbaths. For often I had two Sabbath engagements near together, yet both far from home, where they could be embraced in one tour to the saving of much travel, and an opportunity be afforded for lecturing on the intervening week evenings, in the region round about. For instance, during about five years, from 1821 to 1826, I generally preached in Union the first Sunday, and in Hope the second Sunday, of every other month. And on the week evenings between these Sundays I lectured more or less in East Thomaston, Camden, Lincolnville, Belfast, Castine, and other places. On my way to Union I would lecture, on each trip, in some of the towns of Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner, Bowdoinham, Brunswick, Bath, Wiscasset, and Bristol. And on my way home, by a more direct country route from Hope, after the second Sunday, in Belmont, Searsmont, Montville, Unity and Ligonia or Albion.

INFANT DEDICATION.

On the *second Sunday* of DECEMBER following (1821), I performed for the first time the service of infant Dedication, substituted by Rev. John Murray for infant Sprinkling. It was in my meeting in Waterville; and the subject *of it was* an infant son of Br. Levi Dow, an active member *of my* society, who a few years before removed from

Boston, where he was a member of Father Ballou's Church, in School Street. He instructed me into the form of words as nearly as he could recollect it, employed by Father Murray, and adopted by Father Ballou, which is the following: I receive thee as a member of the mystical church of Christ, to be baptized with his own baptism, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit; and I dedicate thee to Him to whom thou belongest, pronouncing upon thee the blessing which God commanded to be pronounced upon all the children of Israel. "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." Amen.

The *name* which Brother Dow spoke into my ear for his little son, when he passed him into my arms, was, *George Sylvanus Cobb*. An unexpected compliment to myself.

A. D. 1822.

January. — Having renewed my engagement for preaching half of the time in Waterville, I took regular boarding with widow Elizabeth McFarland, an excellent Christian woman, living about half way between the main Village on the Kennebec and the West Meeting House, in which I preached one third of the Sabbaths devoted to Waterville. The arrangement furnished me with a pleasant home, which I retained until I entered into the estate of matrimony in the ensuing autumn.

February. — On the first day of this month I started on a tour south and westward, which was extended to Boston, comprising my first visit to that city, which, in six years afterwards, was embraced in the neighborhood of my resi-



dence, and in about nineteen years, became my permanent life abode.

I went by way of Hallowell, and took aboard sleigh, as my companion on the route, *Miss Eunice Hale Wait*, who was my *affianced Bride*.

1*st*.—Went to Hallowell.

2*d*.—(Saturday) Took my travelling-companion aboard, and rode out (ten miles) to Winthrop, where I preached the next day, which was Sunday.

4*th*.—(Monday) We rode to Norway, where we remained until the 11th. While there I preached a lecture in Yagger; and a lecture also in the Village, and two discourses on Sunday the 10th.

11*th*.—Went to Falmouth.

12*th*.—Delivered a lecture to Br. Russell Streeter's congregation in Portland.

13*th*.—We proceeded on our journey as far as Dover, N. H., where we found a pleasant home for the night at Br. N. Ela's Hotel, which was always a welcome home to me when I was passing through Dover, and had occasion to make any tarry there.

14*th*.—To Portsmouth, where we spent the night with the family of father Sebastian Streeter, wherein I spent so many happy days in preparatory study for the ministry, in 1820.

15*th*.—To Ipswich. Here dwell the principal relations of Miss Wait, my companion. Her birth-place is Kennebunk, Me. But her father died when she was about five years of age, and her grandfather, Capt. Isaac Stanwood, of Ipswich, her mother's father, took the principal parental and educational charge of her until she was twelve years of age, when her mother married Samuel Locke, Esq., of Hallowell, Me., and gathered her children to herself. So

here, at Ipswich, I left Miss Wait, while I finished out my journey in its principal purpose, by extending it to Boston.

16*th*, (*Saturday*), I left Ipswich with the intention of going directly to Boston, and spending the Sabbath in that city, hearing Rev. Hosea Ballou one part of the day, and Rev. Paul Dean the other part. But, in passing through Salem, I must needs make a short friendly call on Rev. Barzillia Streeter, then Pastor of the Universalist Church in that city, with whom I contracted an intimate acquaintance in Maine in 1819, when he preached equal portions of the time in Norway, Turner, Livermore, New Gloucester, and Waterville. Br. Streeter prevailed upon me to permit him to put up my horse, to tarry with him Saturday night, and preach for him Sunday. After the afternoon service, he accompanied me, as companion and guide, to Charlestown, and introduced me to Rev. Edward Turner, who cordially invited us to abide with him over Sunday night. At that time Mr. Turner was Pastor of the Universalist Society in Charlestown. This was my first acquaintance with him. I found him a pleasant combination of dignity and geniality.

But my enjoyment of this evening's entertainment was somewhat abridged, by the matter and spirit of the principal conversation between Brs. Turner and Streeter. They were continuously discussing, as parties interested in the movement, the project which I found to my regret to be afoot, for a division of the denomination on the question of a limited future or *post mortem* punishment. The believers in such punishment were to go out and organize a distinct denomination, under the name of *Universal Restorationists*, or something similar. And these two brethren were very innocently calculating that the most polished



and literary of the denomination would go with them into the new organization.

We in the State of Maine had been baptized into the Spirit of God as the universal Father, and of Christ as the universal Saviour, and of humanity as a universal brotherhood. We regarded sin as the shame and curse of man, wherever it is; and labored to show our people this fact; that they might hate and discard sin, not only as dishonoring the God they loved, but also as degrading and cursing their own being. But we felt neither authorized nor disposed to extend sin's reign into the "life and immortality" "brought to light through the gospel." And to whatever of private speculations individuals might sometimes indulge their genius upon in relation to temporary evil in the land of promise, we gave no importance by giving it marked consideration. Indeed the moral power of our ministry was *the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.*

Feb. 18*th*, (*Monday*). Br. Streeter, still remaining with me as my companion and guide, introduced me, in his own house, to Rev. Paul Dean, Pastor of the Bulfinch St. Church in Boston. This was to me another new acquaintance. I found Mr. Dean a man of much social affability. But his mind also, as well as Mr. Turner's, had been measurably alienated, and his denominational feelings unfavorably affected, by unwholesome influences. The conversation here was similar to that at Mr. Turner's.

19*th*, (*Tuesday*). We called at a modest mansion on Hancock, near Myrtle Street, where we found Rev. Hosea Ballou at home. After the usual introduction, the venerable minister of the word placed me a chair by himself a little apart, and, with a fatherly interest, inquired into my labors, and encouragements, and the condition and prospects of the common cause, in the State of Maine. He had

been represented to me as more severe in his theological tone, and less polished in his manners, than the other Reverend Brethren whose acquaintance I had just made. But I found his soul mellow with the love of Christ, and his conversation to develop the tenderness and simplicity of a child. He regarded the faith of the fundamental principles of the gospel as an essential requisite to denominational ministerial fellowship; but on incidental matters of philosophizing he could tolerate individual freedom, and even smile at what he regarded as ludicrous blunders.

Waiting in vain, through that afternoon and evening, for Mr. Ballou to arraign certain other Brethren's difference of opinion on some of those incidentals, — or at least to introduce the subject of the disputations, disaffections, and threatened divisions of which others had said so much, I at length questioned him in relation to these things, directly. Said I, inquiringly, "I believe there is some difficulty between you and Br. Dean?" "None at all," he replied in a decisive but mellow tone; "if there is any difficulty, it is all on his side. I have never interfered with his affairs, nor regarded him with other than feelings of kindness. I understand that Br. Dean believes in a limited punishment in the immortal world. He has a perfect right to believe and preach it, if he has evidence of it satisfactory to himself. But when he requires of me the belief of it as essential to my claim of Christian fellowship, it is highly proper that I should demand the proof of it as a Christian doctrine. That is all. I see no occasion for any unkindness of spirit or alienation of feeling between us." So he spoke with apparent depth and sincerity of feeling; and the spirit of these remarks was uniformly manifested by that great and good man through the many



years of my subsequent intimate social intercourse with him.

20*th*, (*February*). I took leave of Father Ballou after breakfast, and returned to Ipswich, leaving Br. Barzillia Streeter at his home in Salem on the way. Here I met again with my chosen friend, Miss Wait, and tarried over night with her worthy uncle, Joseph Wait.

21*st*.—The weather was rainy, and the snow fast melting away, so that it was necessary that I should be hastening on my return route, that my sleigh might serve as my vehicle of conveyance. In passing through Salisbury I recalled an appointment made on my way out, for a lecture there this evening, and proceeded on to Portsmouth. Unpleasant as the weather was, I took the young lady whom I had in charge along with me, that I might deliver her to her parents in safety on my return to Hallowell. With a large Buffalo Robe, and a good umbrella, I kept her housed from the rain.

23*d*, (*Sunday*). I preached three times in Br. Sebastian Streeter's desk to-day, he being at Salisbury. I delivered a lecture for him also Saturday evening. His arrangements, as usual in like cases, kept me pretty constantly at work.

25*th*, (*Monday*). This evening I lectured in the Court House in Dover. The ground was bare much of the way from Portsmouth to Dover, and we had to face a cold north wind which blew furiously. But we persevered, and laughed at our hardships.

Notwithstanding my solicitude to be making progress homeward, both on account of the protracted term of my absence, and the rapid wasting away of snow for sleighing, yet, as I have it in my Diary, "the solicitations of the brethren prevailed upon me to stop and speak to them

again the next evening." I do not recollect the circumstances which rendered the brethren so desirous to receive, and which prevailed with me to tarry and give, another lecture. So far as I may judge from the subject of my second discourse, by reference to my text book, denoting Eph. i. 13, 14, as the text for the occasion, it was not the demand for an exposition of any particular passage of Scripture which the opposition had just been perverting in contradiction of our faith, which persuaded me to tarry, but an earnest and lively spirit of inquiry after truth in the love and joy of truth and righteousness.

In four days more of rough sleighing I reached my home at Waterville. The first day brought us to Portland; the second to Lisbon; the third to Hallowell, where I left my pleasant ward with her parents; and the fourth to Waterville.

I have introduced into this biographical sketch, notes of conversations, with me and in my presence, on the part of the prominent clerical brethren whom I visited in Boston and vicinity, because it is expedient that I should thus record my witness from behind the curtain, as to who were the prime operators in an historical movement in our denomination, which, in 1831, culminated in the secession of a party (*not* embracing Hosea Ballou), which organized itself under the name of "*The Massachusetts Association of Universal Restorationists*," which operated in a narrow sphere a little while, and in a few years was only to be found on record among *the things that were.*

I have also encumbered this memorandum of my first visit to Boston, with notes of my labors by the way, on the Sabbaths and numbers of week evenings, to show to my posterity, for whom I write these sketches, that my life was not that of a sinecure, but of a laborer; that the



Father conferred upon me the working man's mission. And in pursuing the Journal of my life, you will see that my labors and responsibilities multiplied and increased, until, in advanced age, my physical powers declined.

During this year (1822), I continued my circuit labors in the wide field before described in this Journal, widening it somewhat, by progressive degrees; — down the valley of the Kennebec, taking in Winthrop and some other towns west, and extending east over Lincoln, Knox, Hancock, Waldo and Penobscot counties; retaining Waterville as the base of operations, and the field of half of my Sunday services. There are some incidents, however, of peculiar interest, to which I am inclined to give a passing notice.

In *April*, having preached a lecture in Winthrop; and a discourse on Fast Day in the Baptist Meeting House in Hallowell; and a Sunday in Union; and a lecture in Appleton; and another Sunday in Union; and a lecture in Searsmont; I preached a Sunday in Ligonia (so the Diary has it, and this was nearing my home again), and here, in the evening, *I solemnized marriage between Mr. George Smith and Miss Celia White, both of Readfield.* This I note here for its being the first instance of my having been called upon to perform the service of marriage solemnization.

May.— Among my labors in this month I find the following entry: —

"*May 14th.* — Preached in a School House near Capt. Seth Wyman's, in Bloomfield. The Congregationalists, at a lecture in this house the Sabbath preceding, voted to keep the door locked against me. But they did not see fit to put their vote into execution. On the succeeding evening I lectured in another School House in the same town, near a Mr. Bigelow's."

This brief memorandum recalls to my mind all the

interesting circumstances of that occasion. Capt. Wyman was a highly intellectual and enterprising man, about forty years of age, with a young family. He had been educated into Calvinism, which was the dominant, indeed almost the only theology in Bloomfield. He had never heard Universalism preached, nor had he heard or read of it but as a dangerous error, defiant of the teachings of the Bible. Early in this month he was executing an engagement in Waterville Village in his capacity as a Stone Mason, to finish a small fraction of which he tarried in the place over a Sabbath. On Sunday morning he suddenly willed to hear me preach in the forenoon. He took his seat in a wall pew alone, and my attention was particularly arrested by his remarkable appearance. He sat, during the sermon, with his hands grasping his knees, his strongly intellectual countenance elevated, his eyes fixed upon me, and, in the absorption of his mind with the subject, often rising partially from his seat. In the afternoon he appeared in the same pew, and went through with the same attitudes. None of my friends knew him of whom I inquired coming out of meeting. But on Monday, before he left town for home, he called at my study; introduced himself; explained the manner of his religious education; his entire misconception of Universalism; how he happened to be tarrying in Waterville over Sunday; his sudden determination to go in and hear my morning's discourse; his delightful surprise; his wonder and admiration of the beauty and glory of the doctrine, and its harmony with the Scriptures as well as with reason. He felt irresistibly impelled by his spiritual wants to go in and hear me again in the afternoon, by which means he had become more deeply interested in the faith that I promulgated; and he must pursue his inquiries. He earnestly desired that his family also,



and his neighbors, should enjoy the privilege of hearing the same gospel. To this end he engaged me to lecture in his District School House on the evening above noted. On the intervening Sunday he attended the Congregational lecture at the same School House, at the close of which he gave public notice of my lecture to be delivered there on the evening of the 14th. Objection being made to the opening of the School House, Capt. Wyman enthusiastically expatiated on the great light which he had received from hearing the preacher whom he had announced, and declared his desire to afford them all an opportunity to receive the same benefit. And he advised that their ministers should attend the lecture, and, if Mr. Cobb was in error, expose him and put him down. A vote was carried, as above stated, to close the house; but Capt. Wyman told them that he had as good a right as any of them to the use of the School House for a religious meeting; but if they barred him out, he would open his own house. They were not able to shut the light out of town.

And so the lecture came off; and it was fully attended. None of the clergy, however, saw fit to be present.

Numbers received the word. The arrangement was extemporized after the sermon, and before the dismissal, and notice announced, for the lecture in the Bigelow School House the next evening.

A few lectures followed in Bloomfield, and they drew attendants from Skowhegan, a flourishing village, which was near, who arranged for my lecturing frequently in that place; which, from its convenience of location, and the number of men of influence and means there who came in with us, was soon made the place of meetings, as the common centre, for the fraternity of Universalists of that vicinity, including those in Bloomfield, and other parts of

Canaan, of which Skowhegan was then a portion. A regular society was soon organized, which has lived and prospered to the day of this writing, 1866, which is 44 years from the lecturing in Bloomfield of which I have just been speaking, which was the initiative of all this work of evangelization, and society and church construction, which will live and operate forever. That at Skowhegan is one of the Maine societies which are regularly represented by able and earnest men in the annual Universalist Convention of the State.

June 26th and 27th.—The Eastern Association held its annual session in Turner. The clergymen present, besides myself, were, Sebastian Streeter, Russell Streeter, Wm. A. Drew, Wm. Frost, Jabez Woodman, Asa Barton, and Joseph Butterfield. I was persuaded to preach in the forenoon of the first day. I was sincerely reluctant to do so. It was near the place of my nativity; I was comparatively inexperienced in the ministry; had been preaching more or less in all the societies round about which were represented in that Association; and I believed that *they* ought to do the preaching on such an occasion, who were differently circumstanced in these respects. But the Council refused to receive my excuses, and I consented to preach. My text was Eph. i. 13, 14: "In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory." The exposition of the several parts of this text furnished quite a full system of religious doctrine. 1st. There was a "word of truth," called also *the gospel of salvation*, the hearing of which preceded the act of believing and trusting in Christ. Of



course this word of truth was not the fruit of faith, for it preceded faith, and was the root and ground of it. It stands not in the will of man, but in the faithfulness and power of God. 2d. After believing in Christ, they were sealed, that is, confirmed and assured, by the holy Spirit of promise. 3d. This assurance was the *earnest* of their inheritance. *Earnest* is a part of the purchase money in a bargain paid in advance, as a pledge of the whole. So the believer in Christ enjoys, in his assurance, a foretaste of the immortal inheritance. — 4th. "Until the redemption of the purchased possession." So then, in connection with their own realization of their promised inheritance, they looked for the redemption of the purchased possession; even the purchased possession of Him who is "the head of every man," and "who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." That sublimely glorious consummation, the deliverance of the human creation from the bondage of corruption unto the glorious liberty of the children of God (Rom. viii. 21), will indeed redound to the praise of the glory of God.

Br. Russell Streeter preached in the afternoon of this day; and Br. Wm. Frost in the evening.

On the second day of the meeting Br. Wm. A. Drew preached in the forenoon; and Br. Sebastian Streeter in the afternoon. After the sermon ordination was conferred upon Br. Asa Barton; Brs. Butterfield, Frost, and S. Streeter, performing the usual parts of the service.

July and August were devoted to my usual broad round of ministerial labors, adding Camden, which is six miles from Hope, to my Eastern circuit. Several of the citizens of Camden, including Dr. Hues, and several of the Dillinghams, had been attending my meetings in Hope. By their invitation I preached an evening lecture in their

Village *June 7th.* And on the *second Sunday in August* I preached there two discourses; and in the evening, lectured at Ducktrap, in Lincolnville, which was still another new post of labor. I continued for years to share to these places, Camden and Lincolnville, a small portion of my labors, sometimes on the Sabbath, and at other times on week evenings.

By a review of my Diary, I perceive that two other important and noteworthy additions were made to my field of labor in these two months, by the introduction of the New Testament Evangelism into *Gardiner*, on the Kennebec, July 5th, and into *Belfast*, on Penobscot Bay, Aug. 16th. These pioneer visits to those thrifty villages, collected and put into action moral forces, which have provided for the continuance of the preached word, erected in each place a Meeting House, and established permanent religious worship. The Universalist societies in Gardiner and Belfast, are living and working institutions.

September 1822.—*Another step's advance as a pioneer.* On the 4th inst., I delivered a lecture in Norridgewock, in the Court House. Norridgewock is the Shire Town of Somerset county. I was invited to preach in the place by Esq. Gould, who held a county office, the Registry of Deeds I believe. I was entertained by a family by the name of Townsend.

THE NEW EPOCH.

September 10*th*,—at 8 o'clock A. M., I joined hands in Marriage with Miss Eunice Hale Wait, at the house of her father-in-law, Samuel Locke, Esq., in Hallowell. Rev. Eliphalet Jillett, pastor of the Congregational church, officiated on the occasion. This important relation was entered into with a good understanding of its sacredness,



interests and responsibilities, by both parties; and she has added largely to the value of my life. I have shared her sympathy and encouragement in my arduous and responsible labors; and she has cheered me with her presence in much of my journeying abroad. Though, with the increase of the number of our children (See p. 18), her domestic cares and responsibilities increased, all of which she enjoyed and faithfully acquitted, for she never failed to look well to the ways of her household, yet she managed her affairs with such system and skill, that, with great frequency, she could, with home all right, gratify her own and my desires, by taking a seat in my carriage, and accompanying me when I went out to spend the Sabbath from home, and in attendance upon our Associational and Conventional meetings. Of such a one there can be no doubt of Solomon's accuracy in the saying, "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord."

After the ceremony of Solemnization was duly executed, and we had become in law what we had become in affection and purpose, husband and wife, we forthwith started out on our journey for Warner, N. H., to attend "the General Convention of Universalists for the New England States and others." The first day's leisurely ride bore us to Lisbon, where we were entertained over night by Dr. Mace. The second day, Wednesday, brought us to Portland, where Br. Russell Streeter persuaded me to tarry and preach a lecture for him the next (Thursday) evening. The 13th advanced us to Dover, where of course our welcome home was at Father Ela's Hotel. Saturday we rode to Rochester, N. H., where I preached three discourses on the Sabbath. Remaining in Rochester over Monday, Tuesday the

17th, we rode to Warner, where we were put up, for the Conventional season, with the family of a Br. Courier.

September 17th and 18th.—The great Convention. Here I met the following ministering brethren; — H. Ballou, R. Streeter, S. Streeter, H. Ballou, 2d., M. B. Ballou, Elias Smith, Joshua Flagg, Robert Bartlett, S. C. Loveland, J. Whitnall, H. H. Winchester, Benj. Whittemore, K. Haven, Wm. Farwell, L. Willis, Dolphus Skinner, J. E. Palmer, T. F. King, L. S. Everett, J. Bradley, —— Parker.

The first sermon, Wednesday A. M., was by Br. H. Ballou, 2d., from Rom. i. 25: "Who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed forever." The second sermon, Wednesday P. M., was by Br. Elias Smith, from Dan. vii. 13, 14: "I saw in the night visions one like the Son of man," &c. The third discourse, Wednesday evening, devolved upon me. My text was John iii. 35, 36: "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." Br. Russell Streeter went into the desk with me and offered the prayer. Father Ballou also, being Moderator of the Convention, sat in the desk. When I raised some of the strong points involved in the text, Father Ballou, absorbed in his interest in the subject, and fearful that the young preacher had undertaken more than he would be able to accomplish satisfactorily, would occasionally whisper to Br. Streeter, or to himself more probably, with sufficient emphasis to be heard even in the pews which were near the desk, "Is it possible that he understands that now? Will he bring that out right?" Then, after listening the due time with breathless attention, he would exclaim yet in a louder whisper, I may



say an under tone of voice, "Yes! yes! that's it. Who does not see that? How plain it is!" When the services were closed, the venerable patriarch and renowned theologian grasped the young preacher's hand, and bestowed upon his labor encouraging commendation.

The fourth sermon, Thursday A. M., was by Br. Sebastian Streeter, from 1 John iii. 3: "And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." And the fifth and concluding sermon, Thursday P. M., was by Br. H. Ballou, from Ps. xlvi. 4: "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." It was a powerful discourse. The large audience was overwhelmed with the abundant waters of the river of God.

Father Ballou, and others of the elder laborers in the Master's vineyard who were present, were elated with unusual joy, sanctified with thanksgiving, by prominent circumstances of this meeting. The Convention was largely attended, and a spirit of love, sympathy, and Christian zeal prevailed; good news of the advancement of the cause was reported from East, West, North and South; and eleven candidates asked and received letters of Fellowship as ministers of the gospel: — viz., Thomas F. King, Linus S. Everett, Joseph Bradley, Lemuel Willis, Dolphus Skinner, Hiram B. Clark, Asa Wheaton, Massena B. Ballou, Hubbard H. Winchester, and George W. Brooks.

On the adjournment of the Convention, we (self and wife) accompanied a Br. Eastman to his home in Concord, N. H., where we were cared for over the night. Thence we journeyed homeward, spending a Sunday in Dover, N. H., and another in Norway, Me., on our winding way.

October, 1822. — Deferring for another month our debut *in the* practice of house-keeping, we made it our home,

through October, at my wife's parents in Hallowell. Rather, my wife domiciled there; and I kept up familiar acquaintance by means of personal visits, repeated as often as my engagements in the Master's business admitted. I was very busy on my broad, and yet broadening circuit. Two or three incidents of this month I deem it expedient to minute.

On the first Sunday, I preached in an old Meeting House at Boardman's Point, in Gardiner, — and had an appointment for an evening lecture in a westerly District School House in Gardiner, near Litchfield. The lecture had been appointed there by prominent citizens, who had no knowledge of any other engagement of the building for the same hour. But when we arrived at the place, we found a large congregation assembled, and were informed that it was the time and place of a semi-monthly Sabbath evening lecture of the Methodist Elder Hutchins. On entering the house I perceived that the Elder was sitting by the desk, prepared to commence his services. I introduced myself to him; informed him that my friends had given out an appointment for me there without knowing of his arrangement; and added, that, as his appointment had priority, and his friends had come expecting to hear him, and would suffer disappointment if an exchange of speakers were made, I deemed it expedient that he should proceed with his services.

"So," replied Elder Hutchins, "many have come expecting to hear *you* preach, and will be equally dissatisfied if they are disappointed."

"Then," I replied, "let them all be accommodated. We may both preach. As your appointment was prior to mine, and you are prepared to commence your services, *proceed*, make your *preliminaries* short, and your sermon



as brief as convenient; and then, if there are some who desire to tarry and hear me, I, too, will preach."

The proposition pleased the Elder; he proceeded with his services; the prayer and singing were short, and he preached with reasonable brevity from Rom. viii. 1: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit." It was a good, truthful sermon, practically applying the doctrine of the text. At the close of his discourse, I arose and spoke as follows: "I propose to proceed forthwith, omitting the form of prayer and the singing, to the delivery of a discourse. All who are either disinclined to hear me, or who, having come to hear but one discourse, cannot conveniently tarry to hear another, may now retire, and that without even the appearance of incivility." No one retired. Elder Hutchins and all his people remained. I took for my text the words of Jesus in John iii. 36: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." There was a look of strange surprise and earnest inquiry when I read this text; for it had generally been perverted to use as being contrary to Universalism. But I selected this text during the Elder's discourse, for its adaptedness to a valuable purpose. I explained it as a confirmation of the doctrine of my brother's text and excellent discourse, showing that the phrase, "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," expressed the same sentiment as the words, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus," denoting that justification and life which is *now* enjoyed by the believer as the fruit of faith; and that of course the opposite deprivation of life and subjection to wrath or condemnation, is at the same time

the fruit of unbelief and sin. But this is *not* a *final* state. Unbelief does not destroy the truth of God's purpose of grace which it discredits. Unbelief is not eternal. Unbelief is falsehood. Falsehood is not eternal. Truth is eternal. Unbelief is a dark cloud. Clouds and darkness are not eternal. Light is eternal, — and will prevail.

Profound attention was given to the discourse. Not a word of disharmony was uttered. Mutual greetings passed around. And it was the general opinion of my friends that the two parts of the exercises working together would prove productive of greater good than either part alone could have accomplished.

A little later in the month I went out again on my Eastern Circuit; and on this tour planted the Gospel Banner in three other first-class villages, where the gospel which is effulgent with the light of God's universal Fatherhood had not been preached before. These were Bath, Wiscasset, and Thomaston.

I took Bath on my way out. It was always by invitation that I entered new places with the ministry of Universalism. After my first ministerial tour in Nov. 1820 (see page 83), the hard necessity did not devolve upon me to *seek* opportunities to preach, or to "get up" the first meeting in any new place. I would not have hesitated to do this, if I had not otherwise a sufficient quantity of labor always furnished me. But I was invited into new towns and villages, sometimes by letter from some one who had heard of my labors in the region round about; and at other times by personal application at the close of a public service in another place, by one who was in attendance as a hearer there. The brethren who were among the original providers for my lectures in Bath, and one of whom had extended to me by letter the invitation to this visit, were,



Capt. Samuel Winter, Joseph Blish, Nathaniel Swazey, and Oliver Moses.

This introductory lecture in Bath was on the 11th inst. (Oct. 1822). My friends had made application for the Baptist Meeting House. The Pastor, Rev. Mr. Stearns, a man of a genial spirit, and two of the parish Committee, one of whom was Dea. Swanton, readily acceded to the request; and the appointment was published accordingly. But Dea. Low, another member of the Committee, on being informed of the arrangement, was so violent in his opposition to it, that even my friends deemed it inexpedient to insist on its being carried out, and changed the appointment to a large and commodious School House near the old Church on the hill; Rev. Mr. Whittaker, a Unitarian clergyman of New Bedford, Mass., was present, and by my invitation offered the Prayer. The meeting was well attended; and it initiated a continuous work, which prospered to the establishment of a permanent society of the first class of Universalist societies in the State. I continued to preach lectures there on week evenings occasionally until I removed to Malden, Mass., in the spring of 1828. Within a few months of that removal I preached two Sundays there; when the brethren in Bath proposed to unite their endeavors with those in Brunswick, where I had also raised a society, to engage my constant services with the two societies. But my engagement at Malden was too far advanced to admit of my compliance with these desires. The Bath society worked on, however; and, in December, 1839, it devolved upon me, then residing in Waltham, Mass., to deliver the sermon at the Dedication of a new Meeting House which they had builded. Since then the society has grown to the capacity to need and build another *and larger* Church, for which they abandoned the first.

This second is one of the most magnificent Churches owned by the Universalist denomination in Maine.

On the second Sunday in this month (Oct. 1822), I preached in Hope.

Monday, the 14th,—delivered a lecture in Thomaston (the part called East Thomaston, and since incorporated into the town of Rockland), situated on the sea-shore, about a dozen miles south of Hope and Union. This is another of my advances upon new territory with "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." I went by invitation of Maj. Spear, who had frequently attended my meetings in Union and Hope. Here, too, a perpetual Universalist organization hence proceeded, which in due time provided itself with a Church and a regular pastor; and, I trust, will abide through the ages.

The second day from this, Wednesday the 16th, I was lecturing away in Belfast, near the head of Penobscot Bay; and then, on the succeeding Sunday, preached in Union.

I took *Wiscasset* on my return route this time, and preached there Tuesday evening, the 22d, in the Town Hall. This is the other "first-class village" into which I introduced the ministry of Universalism on this tour. The audience was crowded, and interestedly attentive. J. W. Hoskins, who subsequently became a preacher, and Messrs. Damon and Hall, were among the originators of this movement; and the work was continued somewhat as in the other places where it was inaugurated.

Wiscasset is an important Port of Entry, and one of the Capitals of Lincoln county.



HOUSE KEEPING.

November 5th, 1822. — We moved, self and wife, with our economical household stuff, to our accepted home, Waterville. We boarded with Maj. R. M. Dorr two days, for the arrival and putting up of our furniture; and, on the 7th, entered as tenants into N. Gilman's little new "green house," on the lot near Ticonic Falls, called the *Nursery*. A new and happy mode of life, for the development of true man and womanhood, and the highest enjoyment of the most sacred relations.

Of course, having been making this place my home, and the society my pastoral charge, between one and two years, I had formed a pretty familiar acquaintance with the people, and hence had learned to esteem them for their brotherly kindness. But now that I had settled down among them in the family gear, in the more completeness of manhood by the attachment to self of my "better half," which is the manhood constituted primarily of God, who created man in his own image, male and female, — now I seemed to them more as a fixture in the pastoral relation; and their fraternal affections and kind and respectful attentions were more fully developed and visibly drawn out.

THE WIFE'S RELIGIOUSNESS.

And then the enlightened faith and living religious zeal of the wife, combined with her naturally sympathetic and social habits, constituted her a help-mate indeed to me in my official Christian labors. Her whole soul was imbued with the love of Universalism, as the perfect form of Christianity; and her interest was not second to mine in the *upbuilding* and the honor of the Universalist denomination,

for the glory of God and the good of mankind. In her childhood she had received a strictly Calvinistic education; when sixteen years of age she was a subject of marked religious influences, and was with consent proposed as a member of the Calvinist Baptist Church in Hallowell. But difficulties in the creed of that church presented themselves to her view on reflection, and increased in their consequence as she examined them; insomuch that she asked for a postponement of action on her case. Her father-in-law had, a little while before, been moved by circumstances to a *de novo* study of the Scriptures, by which he had advanced into the light of Universalism. But, being alone in his faith in that town, and himself but a new-born babe in the light, he did not deem it expedient to interfere with the religious convictions of his step-daughter. Nevertheless his example doubtless had an important influence in encouraging her to a like candid search of the Scriptures. By this process she soon became an enthusiastic convert to the faith of Christ as the impartial and efficient Saviour of the world. She withdrew her application for membership in the Baptist church, giving and vindicating her reasons for this change of purpose. It was not until two or three years after this that I made her acquaintance. And I did not misjudge, upon acquaintance, in my opinion that in her was a mind that would sympathize and co-operate with my own in the work of building Zion; and which would be a life-long light and joy of my home.

Our Home in Waterville, with regard to its social relations, was an eminently desirable one. I had had boarding places which I called my homes for the time being, because they were respectively my dwelling places. But, in the true sense of the word, this was my *second* Home, — the *first* after leaving the parental mansion. It



was *my* home; and it was in the midst of my people. Of our own society, the older members were as parents to us. At their houses and tables we were as children. And the younger members were as faithful and affectionate brothers and sisters. And with all the citizens, of the various religious denominations, we maintained unvarying pleasant and mutually respectful relations. The same may be said of our standing with the Baptist College Faculty and Students. *Waterville College* was originated by the Baptist denomination; and it was accordingly officered from members of their communion, and conducted in their interests. Puplic worship on the Sabbath was conducted by some member of the College Faculty. On the Sabbaths when my meeting was in the village, as I occupied the Meeting House, they occupied a School House; and on the other Sabbaths they worshipped in the Meeting House, which was an old building belonging to the town; and was, in those days, the only Meeting House in the Village. The Baptists, however, built them a commodious Church before I left the place; and the Universalists a few years after.

December, 1822. — This month I went again on my regular Eastern circuit, and extended it to the inclusion of Castine, a seaport in Hancock county, on a peninsula on the east side of Penobscot Bay, opposite Belfast. Lecturing in Belfast, and in Waldo also, a town near, in the week between the first and second Sundays in Union, on Wednesday, the 4th, I crossed the Bay by packet to Castine, where I preached in the Court House in the evening; when an appointment was extemporized for another lecture, which I delivered, the next, which was Thanksgiving evening. The lectures were fully attended, and put into operation working forces which procured repeated visits from me, running through the remaining years during which I con-

tinued the charge of this circuit. My home, when here, was generally with the family of Esq. Howe.

A. D. 1823.

January. — At Skowhegan Falls, at a lecture on the 18th of this month, an incident occurred which it may be instructive to notice. On entering the desk, I found a slip of paper lying upon it, addressed to me, referring to Matt. xxv. 46: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal." I of course understood that this imported a desire that I should make that passage my text. When I came to the point of beginning the sermon, I read the billet, and remarked, — That I did not hold myself under obligation to comply with requests put in in that manner, because it did not imply in the originator of the movement an honorable desire to promote Scripture knowledge. For if he either desired instruction himself, or wished it imparted to the people, he would have addressed me a note some days before the meeting, communicating his wishes, that I might have opportunity to review the text and all its connections, to prepare myself for giving the most clear and profitable exposition of it. I thought it obvious that his design was to embarrass me. Nevertheless, as I was familiar with the subject, and the connections so fully explained the text, — and as there were many there (for there was a crowded assembly present) who might not be able to avail themselves of so favorable an opportunity for hearing a fair and legitimate exposition of this much controverted portion of the sacred Record, I would proceed at once to the work placed before me.

Commencing, at the beginning of the preceding chapter,



with the opening of the discourse of Christ to his disciples which is closed with the words of the text, I showed, in a discourse of two hours, that it referred to the judgment of that age, which before that generation should have passed away (xxiv. 34), would terminate the Jewish polity; when the enemies of Christ, generally, would suffer the direct calamities, and the evils abide for ages, signified by the term *aionion*, rendered everlasting, — and the servants of Christ would be emancipated from the oppressions which had borne upon them, into an enlarged enjoyment of the everlasting life of the gospel. The great audience gave breathless attention throughout; and my friends were impressed with the conviction that the labors of the evening would prove profitably promotive of Biblical knowledge.

THE WIFE'S SYMPATHY, ZEAL, AND ENDURANCE.

In the last half of this month (Jan., 1823), and the first half of February, my wife accompanied me on my eastern circuit, which also I considerably extended up the Penobscot River. It will be borne in mind that those were not days of rail-roading. I drove my own team then; and the vehicle on those winter tours was the open sleigh. To set forth the fortitude of the young wife, I will sketch this tour somewhat in detail, as follows: —

Jan. 22*d.* — I started on an eastern tour, with Mrs. Cobb in company. Went as far as Sidney, and delivered an evening lecture in the Brick School House.

23*d.* — Went to Gardiner, and preached in the evening.

24*th and* 25*th.* — Reached Thomaston.

Sunday the 26*th.* — Preached in Thomaston.

30th. — A lecture in Hope, at the house of Mr. George Bowley.

February 1st. — An evening discourse in the Baptist Church in Union. Our meetings in Union are generally held in the Town Meeting House, at the Centre.

Sunday, the 2d. — Preached two discourses in Union; and after the second discourse we rode ten miles, to Searsmont, where I delivered a lecture in the evening.

4th. — Took passage, by packet, across Penobscot Bay, from Belfast to Castine, where I preached a lecture in the Court House in the evening.

5th. — Preached again in the Castine Court House. Were kindly entertained at Esq. Howe's.

6th. — Attempted to recross Penobscot Bay by the faithful little daily packet. But we had to face directly a cold heavy wind, which sometimes blew a gale. The Captain was anxious to make his trip; and six hours he beat against the strong wind. The waves several times dashed over the deck, throwing some rather uncomfortable quantities of water down into the cabin. At length, night drawing nigh, the Captain relinquished his purpose, to the joy of us all, and set his course back to Castine, which he reached, running with the wind, in less than an hour.

7th. — Wind and weather continued to be such that we kept comfortably housed with our kind host in Castine.

8th. — At half past 11 A. M. we again entered the packet for Belfast. The vessel was often taken and carried out of her way by large floats of ice, — so that we did not arrive at Belfast until 8 o'clock in the evening (Saturday). This put over to Sunday morning the ride which I would have taken this evening, to meet my Sunday's appointment at Hope.

Sunday, the 9th. — I left Mrs. Cobb with our old friend,



Master Edmands, in Belfast, and took out my team which he had kindly kept during my absence at Castine, and rode eighteen miles to Hope, where, notwithstanding the weather was very cold, I met with and addressed a full audience, in the Baptist Meeting House.

10*th*, *Monday*. — Returned to Belfast; and preached in the evening, at the "Head of the Tide."

11*th*. — We rode up the Penobscot to Hampden, where I preached in the evening. Hampden is situated on the west side of the Penobscot, six miles below Bangor, a port of entry, with good educational provisions, and mechanical and commercial thrift. This was my first visit to the place; and, if my information is correct, it was the first proclamation there of the gospel of Him, in whom, according to the pleasure of the Father, all fulness dwells. We were entertained by Capt. Grant, and called by invitation upon Gen. Jedidiah Herrick, who, I believe, was the correspondent whose note of solicitation procured this initiatory visit.

12*th*. — Preached in Bangor, which is a city at the head of navigation on the Penobscot. We were kindly entertained by Br. Chick, Inn-keeper. I believe my invitation to this pioneer visit was received from Br. Burton, a printer. This I call a pioneer visit to that city. I have an impression that some travelling Universalist preacher had, some time before, stopped and given a discourse in this place; but no abiding and working influence proceeded from it. Nor could I now add this place to my already over-expanded circuit, to give it any regular attention. I visited them again the next summer; and, soon after, from some source, they obtained the preached word, and grew into a regular society, which, in a few years, became permanently established with a new Church and settled pastor.

13*th.* — We journeyed from Bangor to Ligonia, where we took lodgings with E. Farnum, Esq.

14*th.* — Returned, in health and happiness, to our home in Waterville.

And now, I submit it to my children, whether the qualities of mind in my young wife, which inspired her blithely to step into my sleigh for such a tour in the middle of a Maine winter, and to laugh at all its hardships, should not have been expected to develop *their mother's* energy of character, and extensive religious and social influence.

March, 1823. — Besides the usual routine of labor, I this month introduced the ministry of Universalism into two other towns near each other. Newport and Palmyra, the former of which is in Penobscot, and the latter in Somerset county. To the former place I was called by Dr. Wright; and to the latter by Esq. Lancy.

Passing matters of common interest, I have to note an exciting and important event of June 5th, which was

The Birth of Our First Child, a Son. All well.

The Eastern Association of Universalists met in Waterville also on the 25th and 26th of this month, June, 1823. The following ministering brethren were present, besides myself: — Hosea Ballou, Russell Streeter, Wm. A. Drew, Fayette Mace, Jabez Woodman, Wm. Frost. Brs. Alvin Dinsmore of Winthrop, and Haskins of Wiscasset, received Letters of Fellowship as preachers of the word. Five discourses were delivered during the occasion, two by Father Ballou, and one each by Brs. Drew, Mace and Streeter.



THE BAPTISM.

On the second day of the Association, Thursday, June 26th, our infant son was publicly dedicated by Father Hosea Ballou, by the name, SYLVANUS.

Mrs. Cobb's parents, and mine also, were with us during this term of the Association, which was to us a great occasion. Especially was the visit of my mother a rare treat to me; as she had scarcely ever journeyed beyond the limits of her own immediate neighborhood, since she moved from Middleboro', Mass., to Norway, Me. For this visit she made a journey of about 50 miles. But she had good weather and good care, and suffered no harm.

In July I made an extended Eastern tour; preaching in Union, Hope, Lincolnville, Belfast, Castine, Eddington, Bangor, Hampden and Unity. On one of the Sabbaths embraced in this tour, I performed a severe day's work, — the first which seriously fatigued me. In the forenoon I preached in Eddington, in the house of Widow Sibley, commencing at 9 o'clock. I had preached two lectures there in the preceding week; but now, on Sunday morning, a large concourse of people were assembled, some having come fifteen miles or more; but few of them had ever heard Universalism preached, and they generally wanted the whole system of doctrine, and its harmony with the whole Bible. I preached from 9 o'clock to 11. Then I rode ten miles, to Bangor; dined, and commenced service in the Court House at 2 o'clock P. M. Here, too, I must needs deliver somewhat more than a thirty minute essay. I did well in the line of brevity to get through all the services at 3 o'clock and 45 minutes: when I took my carriage again and hastened to Hampden, six miles from Bangor, to meet an appointment in the Congregational Meeting House

there at 5 P. M. I arrived just in time, and found a large congregation assembled.

An amusing incident occurred here, which I will record. Professor Smith, of Bangor Theological Seminary, Calvinist, occupied the pulpit of this church in the day. Gen. Herrick sent him a note to be read from the desk, as follows: "Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, of Waterville, will preach a lecture in this house this afternoon, at 5 o'clock." The Professor, at the close of his afternoon service, held out the notice with his thumb and fingers, and spoke as follows: — "I have here a notice, signed by a respectable name, with the request that I should read it; announcing that Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, of Waterville, will preach in this house this afternoon at 5 o'clock. Who this Mr. Cobb is, or what he is, I do not know. He is not a Congregationalist; for we have no society in Waterville. Nor is he a Methodist; for neither is there a Methodist society in that place. And I am acquainted with the Baptist clergymen connected with the Waterville College; and there is no one of that denomination there by the name of Cobb. It must be that he is a *Universalist;* and I will have you to know that I will not give out an appointment for a Universalist preacher!"

The dear man, it will be seen, announced the whole fact at the outset. And this queer and ludicrous method of getting out the notice produced much amusement for the people; and it was doubtless instrumental in bringing out an increased number of hearers. At the close of this meeting I felt uncomfortably fatigued.

For the remaining five months of this year (1823) my Diary is filled with the records of abundant labors; — parochial duties, examining candidates for school keeping, visiting schools, &c., at home; and travelling through sunshines and storms, and preaching on week evenings and



Sundays, over a wide area, East, West, North and South. These were my ordinary labors, in which nothing occurred which I deem important to note here, except the following incident: —

My Eastern tour, embracing Belfast and Castine, was to be made in September. My friends in Belfast were inquiring for a place in which to hold their meeting. Dea. McCrillis, of the Baptist church, proposed that he would open to me their Meeting House, on condition that I would preach from a text which he would give me. I was forthwith written on the subject, and accepted the proposition of course. The text selected by the Deacon was, Gen. iii. 4: "And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die." On the day set, Sept. 11, I was at hand, and in the Baptist Pulpit at the appointed minute. The house was crowded, and there were as many hearers outside as in, clustered around the open doors and windows. The Deacon probably supposed that the text so precisely represented the Universalist position, that I should either refuse to accept his challenge, or falter under the effort to speak upon it if I should undertake the business. But, to his disappointment and discomfort, he found the tables turned upon his own school. I stated the common opinion, that the death in that connection meant endless misery as the punishment of sin; and showed that, as Adam sinned, and "all have sinned," Adam and all men must suffer endless death to make the Divine threatening true with this construction. Then I showed that they who so interpret the term death in this connection and yet maintain that millions of the human race will by some means escape endless death, do so far take the serpent's position, "ye shall not *surely* die." That is, they deny that Adam

and all men shall surely die the death which they themselves assume was meant in the threatening.

Then I showed what is really the death meant as the penalty of God's law, that is, the death which is the wages or fruit of sin, — viz., moral death, including all the incapabilities of happiness, and the positive evils, which are involved in a state of sin; and that this death is *surely* and necessarily suffered by all who sin, while they are in that moral state. The apostles had suffered it when they were in sin; for St. John says, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Again, "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death." And St. Paul, — "To be carnally minded is death." And all the church were in this death when they were in sin; for St. Paul says again, "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." It was therefore plain, that our doctrinal opposers not only deny the truth of the word of God in the context, "In the day thou sinnest thou shalt surely die," in its general application, with their own definition of the term death; but that, by denying the doctrine of a just retribution for sin in the state of sin, they are found also on the serpent's side in relation to the certainty of the death threatened when incurred, when taken as that which was really meant, and is always in the Scriptures meant as the wages of sin. They say to sinners, "*In the day* ye transgress," "ye shall *not surely* die." Universalists only maintain, with firmness and fidelity, the undeviating truth of God's word, that whenever and wherever men will live in sin, they shall linger in death; that "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished;" that it is vain to imagine that they may sin with impunity; that in the day they transgress God's laws,



they shall *surely* die. Of course we nail the lie to the Serpent tempter at every step.

The discourse produced much excitement. In the evening, after the lecture, which was at 4 o'clock P. M., and the next morning, small gatherings of people were seen at various street corners discussing the lecture. I think I had not an invitation to occupy the Baptist pulpit afterwards.

A. D. 1824.

January. — In the opening month of this year I again perambulated my Eastern circuit. This being only in my usual line of labor, I refer to it here only for the purpose of taking occasion for the record of an incident which may involve profitable practical instruction. I had an appointment to preach in the Unitarian Church in Belfast on the afternoon of the 5th inst. (*January*). I preached in that Church on my November tour, and the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Frothingham, accompanied me into the desk, and offered the long prayer. This January lecture was engaged by me to my friends at that time; and subsequently the Unitarian Church was engaged by them for the lecture, of the proper authority. But after my arrival, and when the hour for the meeting was near, the house was not opened, and it was ascertained that a member of the parish Committee, who had the same day obtained the key, was out of town. My friends immediately sought entrance into a School House near by; and they were informed that the same retired Committee-man had taken with him the key to that also. There was no other convenient room known for the meeting, and the people, large numbers of whom were wending their way along the streets towards the Church, learning that the Church was barred, and there would be

no meeting, were turning homeward. Then a man came to me with the word that a gentleman who had a large new store, not yet occupied, would, if I would preach in that, have it furnished with settees and chairs in ten minutes. I declined the proposition, because there was great excitement among the people; many of them had got beyond the reach of notice for the new arrangement; and I did not believe that a meeting then and there would be useful. I believed that the affair as it had occurred and was coming off would be overruled of the good Lord for the advancement of his cause. And it was so.

The next day I went over to Castine; and I lectured there the two succeeding evenings. While there I had my attention called to a notice in a Belfast paper published the day after the disappointment, calling a meeting of the Universalists of Belfast for the purpose of organizing a regular society. The society was organized, and has lived to this day (1866).

In justice to the memory of the Unitarian society I will here put down the opinion that the action of the Committeeman who plotted and executed our exclusion from their Church, did not represent the spirit of the parish; for so general and decisive was their disapprobation of the trick, that the Church was voluntarily offered for my use on my next bi-monthly visit, in March. But, for then existing reasons, my friends chose to decline the acceptance of it. They cherished none other than feelings of kindness towards that society; but they had legally organized themselves into "The Christian Society of Universalists in Belfast," — had arranged for the time being for the use of a hall for their meetings, for which they would be laid under no obligations, and chose to act independently. And they prospered to such a degree that, in one year from this



time, January 1825, they were able to procure the pastoral services of Br. Wm. A. Drew for one half of the time. The other half of the Sabbaths he devoted to preaching in other towns in the region round about.

February. — During the February of this year (1824), I visited for the first time Piscataquis County, and preached a Sunday in Guilford, and week evening lectures in Palmyra, Dover, Sangerville and Parkman. This tour was made by arrangement with Br. Wm. Frost, who was laboring in that County. Br. Frost was a worthy Christian man, and a substantial and useful preacher, who, a few years before, came from the Baptist denomination into our faith and ministry. On my return from this visit I preached a lecture in Athens, Somerset County.

In *April* there was also a rare occurrence in the course of my round of services, which it may comport with the interest of this work to record. I copy from my DIARY.

"*April* — 3*d Sunday.* Preached at Tuttle's Mills in Canaan. Though I mailed a letter announcing my appointment a week before, yet on account of the absence of Br. Corson to whom it was addressed, it was not opened until Saturday afternoon. Rev. Jotham Sewell, Calvinist, of Chesterville, had given out an appointment for the occupancy of the same School House in which I had proposed to preach, at the same time, just before my letter was opened. But the date of the letter was so early, that it was agreed, by both Mr. Sewell's friends and mine, that my appointment had the priority. This School House was the only building in the village which would serve for a public meeting. Rev. Mr. Sewell called upon me Sunday morning, and with an air which indicated the presumption that I might relinquish my claim wholly to him, asked me whether I expected to occupy the School House that day. A mutual explanation followed, when I proposed to him that we should all meet in the School House; and that, in regard to the preaching, we should divide the day between us. He declined accepting my proposal,

and left me in the mood of assent to the prevailing opinion that mine was the prior appointment. But shortly after he sent me word that he would accept my proposition. I forthwith called upon him, when he informed me that, though he had thought of preaching in a private house, he had concluded that, upon the whole, it would be best to have but one meeting, and that in the School House. If I would consent to it, he would preach in the forenoon, provided he should not be held under obligation to attend my meeting in the afternoon. I replied that I was willing that he should preach in the forenoon, and I should of choice hear him; and he should be held at liberty to act his pleasure about attending in the afternoon. His text was Luke xiv. 17: 'Come, for all things are now ready.' The nobleman's feast he regarded as a representation of the gospel provision, made for the whole family of man. The call upon those who were bidden to come to the great entertainment, was the call upon all men to repent and believe the gospel; or, in other words, to accept the gospel provision. Their refusal represented the disposition and conduct of all men in a state of nature, in rejecting the offers of Divine mercy. And the declaration of the master of the house, 'None of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper,' represents the final rejection and endless exclusion of all who reject the offers of the gospel.

"In the afternoon I was in the desk in due time; and, though Rev. Mr. Sewell was absent, I was informed by those who knew, that nearly all his friends, who heard him in the forenoon, were present in the afternoon. I spoke from Mark xvi. 15, 16. Having shown that the gospel is the revelation of the purpose of God's grace given us in Christ Jesus before the world began, making all men heirs of immortal life and good; and that this purpose stands in the wisdom and power of God, and is neither made a verity by the belief of men, nor thwarted by their unbelief; and that men, by faith in the gospel, come into the enjoyment of its salvation as the legitimate fruit of faith, — and by unbelief and sin are self-excluded from this great good, and abide in condemnation while their unbelief continues; I then offered a brief review of the discourse to which we listened in the morning.

"I showed that, if, as the Rev. gentleman alleged, the first general invitation to the feast in the parable, were the offers of



the gospel to all men; and the refusal of those bidden signified the conduct of all men in their state of nature to refuse the gospel offers of grace: and the saying, 'None of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper,' signifies the final exclusion of the parties denoted; the inevitable conclusion is, that none of the human race shall ever taste of salvation.

"I then proceeded to offer my own exposition of the parable, as follows: — The first invitation of many to the supper, represents the ministry of the gospel to the Jews, to whom it was first promulgated. The Jews' rejection of the gospel, is represented by the treatment of the invitation of the householder by those who were first bidden to the feast. The sending of the servants into the highways and hedges to compel them to come in, denotes the sending of the gospel to the Gentiles, and their being gathered into the fold of Christ; — as Jesus said to the Pharisees, 'The publicans and harlots shall go into the kingdom of God before you.' When Paul and Barnabas heard the contradiction and blasphemy of the Scribes and Pharisees, they waxed bold, and said, 'It was necessary that the word of God should first be spoken to you. But seeing ye put it from you, and deem yourselves unworthy of *aionion* life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles.' This exclusion of the Jews from the riches of the gospel feast for the time, is what was signified by the words of the parable, 'None of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.' But the interdiction was not final; for St. Paul says, 'Blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And all Israel shall be saved.'

"I had an audience attentive as it was large; and my friends were of the opinion that the services of that day were rendered much more instructive and profitable by means of the confluence of the two clerical appointments."

June 2d. — Against this date my Diary has the following entry: — "Commenced hewing timber for a house." I was encouraged to undertake this piece of work, the erection of a dwelling house, by the offer of numbers of my parishioners to render me gratuitous aid in labor and rough materials. Br. Alexander McKeckney bade me welcome to cut all the timber from a large timber-lot of his. And

a good gang of hewers and choppers volunteered to prepare the timber; and it was hauled and mostly framed by volunteers also. But the stone work, sawn and rived lumber, carpentry and masonry, cost me considerable. I purchased a half acre lot of Timothy Bowtwell, Esq., on the most westerly long street in Waterville Village, since named High Street, a pleasant site, on which I built a convenient two-storied house, and a barn to house my horse, cow, and carriage, and made a fine productive garden.

June 23d and 24th. — I attended the Eastern Association in Farmington. The ministering brethren present, besides myself, were, Wm. A. Drew, Russell Streeter, Jabez Woodman, Fayette Mace, Wm. Frost, Alvin Dinsmore, George Bates, — Dolliff, and Henry Hawkins. Sermons were preached by S. Cobb, J. Woodman, G. Bates, Wm. Frost, and R. Streeter. Ordination was conferred on A. Dinsmore, and Letters of Fellowship were granted to G. Bates, H. Hawkins, and Dolliff. Five new societies also were received into fellowship, organized in Eddington, Belfast, Palmyra, New Sharon and Canton. The first two named were reared, as the journal of preceding pages shows, by the writer's humble labors.

On the Sunday following I extended my ministerial labor to another new village, Anson, pleasantly situated on Seven Mile Brook, about half a mile from its junction with the Kennebec, which is 27 miles above Waterville.

July. — Being out on my Eastern circuit the first half of this month, and in Hope on the Fourth, I officiated as Chaplain at the public celebration of Independence in this town.

July 13th. — I took a tramp, with several gentlemen, up the high mountain in Camden, which stands back of the estate of Mr. Lemuel Dillingham. From the top of



this mountain it was pleasant to look down over the perpendicular precipice upon the flat summit of the lower mountain on the south, which summit contained about 25 acres, level and well wooded. From the elevated peak we had also an extensive view of the Bay, and a portion of the Atlantic, and numerous islands south and east; and of the country north and west. Under the inspiration of the occasion, I pencilled the following letter in rhyme to my wife, who, though often out with me on these missionary tours, was now at home.

TO MY WIFE.

When on the tall mountain I stand,
By the mouth of Penobscot's broad Bay,
And yonder white sea-beaten strand,
With the army of islands survey; —

You'll receive the assurance, my dear,
That then my fond thoughts embrace thee:
Oh, that my companion were here,
To share sublime pleasures with me.

But though we are distant apart,
Yet you, too, have pleasures, at home:
And this moment perhaps your fond heart
Sends your thoughts for your husband to roam.

How unspeakably happy and blest!
Our hearts of true love the abode; —
Pure friendship aye warming the breast,
And praises ascending to God.

On the Third Sunday in this month (*July*), after my two regular services in the Brick Meeting House in East Thomaston, since made a separate town by the name of Rockland, I delivered a lecture in the large School House at Mill River, the principal village in Thomaston. Rev.

Stephen Lovell, the Methodist preacher who had officiated that day in the same house, was present. My text was Eph. i. 13, 14: "In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession unto the praise of his glory." After the discourse I invited Rev. Mr. Lovell to offer the concluding prayer. He said he would do so provided he were permitted to offer a few remarks. I bade him speak freely. He expressed approval of the discourse in general, but said he differed from me in regard to the conclusion. All who had heard him could witness that he had been as explicit as I had been in maintaining the universality of the atonement, involving the idea that all men were the purchased possession of Him "who gave himself a ransom for all," and "tasted death for every man." But the atonement did not save men. It only placed them in a salvable state. It restored to them the opportunity for salvation which sin had forfeited.

I asked him what he understood by the term *redemption* in the text. "Oh," he replied, "final salvation, to be sure." That is sufficient, I rejoined. You have expressed approval of my view that "the purchased possession," for whom Jesus gave himself a ransom, are all men. Now you agree that the term *redemption* here means final salvation. And the apostle gives us the result, the final salvation of the purchased possession, i. e. of the whole family of our great and beneficent Father. The seal of the Holy Spirit to the true believer is an earnest of our inheritance through the assurance of this result.

The Rev. gentleman placed his hand upon his forehead in the attitude of a degree of confusion, and offered prayer



as I had invited him. I pronounced the benediction and hastened away as I had twelve miles to ride that evening, and it was then growing dark.

On returning home from this circuit, I entered the following memorandum in my journal: —

"This was a pleasant tour. The meetings were all well attended, and profitable. I had the pleasure of conversation with several who had recently been redeemed from the bondage of partialism; and it was gratefully affecting to hear them, with their hearts overflowing with love and gratitude, testify of the wonderful salvation and glorious rest which they have enjoyed, since, by the grace of God, they became believers in the Lord Jesus Christ as the impartial and efficient Saviour of the world."

August. — Under the date of AUGUST, I find in my Diary the following memorandum: —

"*Second Sunday.* — I delivered two discourses in Capt. Fowler's barn, in Unity. The audience was very numerous, said to be the largest that was ever collected in that region on any occasion. The whole audience appeared very serious and attentive. I rode five miles further after the second meeting, and delivered a 5 o'clock lecture in a School House near Dr. Burnham's. After the lecture I rode home, twenty miles; and arrived a little past midnight."

I do not copy this memorandum to fill space here with multiplied demonstrations of my industry, — for everybody who knew me knew that I was always at work. But I seek occasion for a description of that meeting, which was in some respects singular. Capt. Fowler's barn was new, capacious, and clean throughout. And it was nearly empty; not having been finished in season for the storage of all the July hay crop. There were a plenty of boards, and planks, and joists, on the premises, to construct seats throughout the broad barn floor, the lintels, the unoccupied

scaffold, and the large yard in front. My stand, with chair and table, was near the open "great doors." Thence I addressed the mass of people filling the yard, and those crowding the area of the broad floor, and of the lintels and the scaffold; and the scattering individuals who sat astride the cross-beams. These were interesting occasions. I felt as proud to be preaching the gospel to that immense concourse of people in and around that magnificent BARN, as ever an aspiring clergyman felt on addressing a fashionable congregation in a costly and elegantly finished church, from a mahogany, gold-laced and tasselled pulpit.

THE REVIVAL IN TURNER.

On the *Fifth Sunday* in this month (AUGUST, 1824), I preached for the first time in Turner; and the meetings of this day were the commencement of a great revival in that ancient town. This town was favored with Universalist preaching nearly as early as any town in Maine. The Fathers, Barnes and Root, preached here in their day more or less; and a society was early organized. There were a few noble members of the old circle of believers remaining; but some had passed away; others had become incapacitated for active service by old age; and but little had been done for some time. But this day it seemed as if the Spirit of God moved upon the hearts of the people, especially of the younger class. Our meeting was held in the forenoon in the large Bradford School House, and a much larger number flocked together to hear the word than could sit and stand in the house. The discomfort for the want of room in the house, and of sitting accommodations out in the yard was so great, that, obtaining leave to occupy the Congregational Meeting House after their afternoon serv-



ices, our afternoon meeting was put off to be held in that house at 4 o'clock. The large Meeting House was filled with attentive hearers. Agreeably to an engagement made this day at noon time, I appointed to preach again in the Bradford School House on the first Sunday in October succeeding. At the time set I was in my place in the before described School House. And on this occasion likewise, the audience was so large that the female attendants nearly filled the house; and we again adjourned to the Congregationalist Meeting House for our second service.

During this visit I entered into an engagement to preach in Turner one quarter of the time, apportioning my appointments as would best comport with my other engagements, — sometimes preaching here one Sunday in each month; and at other times two Sundays in succession, and then passing over the succeeding month. This engagement was for an indefinite term of time; but it was extended through more than two years. Though my time was all engaged before, and I had many invitations to preach which I could not comply with, I was able to carry out this arrangement with Turner, by transferring a small part of my Eastern circuit to Br. Wm. A. Drew, who, as I anticipated, as noted on page 140, was induced to remove to Belfast in the ensuing January, and take pastoral charge of our society there, and labor as he might have opportunity in neighboring towns. Indeed he soon entered into regular engagements to preach one fourth of the Sabbaths in Camden, and the other fourth in East Thomaston (now Rockland), which were also embraced in my Eastern circuit; so that I was happily relieved also of the care of those societies. And as Br. Drew was now a resident in that region, he could conveniently attend to transient lecturing in numbers of those places which I, by a zig-zag

course of travel, had embraced in my route through that portion of the Master's vineyard.

Furthermore, a worthy young man by the name of Haskins, of Wiscasset, who commenced preaching in 1822, but, by reason of youth and modesty, made himself but little known for some time, had now become strong and energetic through study and experience, and was at this time doing good and regular service in Castine, Frankfort, Hampden and Bangor; which was a further relief to me.

The interest in our meetings in Turner continued. My Diary says of the meeting on the 3d Sunday of February 1825, the fifth month after the commencement of my labors here: —

"As there were nearly two hundred people who could not get into the School House in the forenoon, we lengthened our intermission again, till the Congregational afternoon meeting was out, and held our second service in their Church. There was extensively prevailing an earnest, living zeal for the cause of Christian truth in its purity and fulness. Great numbers of young men and women were intelligently and religiously interested. One of these, *Zenas Thompson*, was moved in spirit to enter upon the responsible work of the gospel ministry, and in the ensuing spring (1825), commenced his preparatory studies with me at my home in Waterville. He remained with me during the season; and in the meantime commenced the work in earnest, — and has continued to this writing (1866), a zealous, devoted, and useful minister of the everlasting gospel."

Though the crowds attending our meetings in Turner continued even to increase, in pleasant weather we were able to get along with tolerable comfort without adjourning to the Congregational Church, having preparations made for readily constructing seats to any needed extent in the front School House yard, where, in such weather, hundreds could be decently accommodated. Even on pleasant win-



ter Sabbaths, the out-door half of the audience, being gentlemen with thick boots and overcoats, sat very comfortably. In those cases I took my position in the outer door, whence I could directly address both divisions of my audience. When the weather was so unpleasant as to render sitting out-doors seriously uncomfortable, of course the attendants were not so numerous, and all could gain ingress into the house.

In the spring of 1825, into which year I have now been reaching over with my memoranda of meetings in Turner as far as *February*, the society in this town commenced preparations for the erection of a large Meeting House on an eligible site presented by Br. Asa Bradford, near his dwelling house. The work was conducted economically by a small gang of workmen, including some members of the society who turned their hands to this business when they could be spared from their usual employments; so that the house with all its appurtenances was not completed for the dedication, to the last touch of varnish and the last stitch of upholstery, and the mounting upon the spire of the great image of the "angel flying through the midst of heaven," until the passing of about two years. But we usually occupied the house with our monthly meetings, after the boarding, shingling and clap-boarding of the outside. The workmen, on the Saturday evenings before the meetings, were in the habit of leaving the floor of the house in a condition to accommodate the audience.

INTO MY NEW HOUSE.

There is one important event in my domestic affairs, which, that I might carry through without interruption the journal of the "Revival in Turner," I omitted to record

in its due order of time. On the 25th of November in this year (1824), we removed from our little green hired house near the head of Tyconic Falls, into our new house on High Street. This was an agreeable exchange. I always had a penchant for building, and a strong natural taste for living in a house of my own. Besides this in Waterville, I built a house in Waltham, and this in which I now live in East Boston. These are the only places in which I have made settled homes, except Malden, where we must needs occupy the old Parsonage.

IMPORTANCE OF A RULE OF WORK, WITH PUNCTUALITY AND PERSEVERANCE.

December. — For the first Sunday, which was the 5th day, of this month, I had an appointment in Anson, which is nearly thirty miles from Waterville, in a northerly direction. Saturday, the 4th, was ushered in with a severe northeast rain-storm, with appearances indicative of its continuance through the day at least. How should I get to my appointment? The road was too muddy for the use of my chaise; and I must either face that cold December northeast rain-storm horseback, my horse wallowing through the deep mud, or disappoint my friends in Anson. What should I do? At 11 o'clock A. M. I bridled and saddled my horse, hitched him in the shed which connected my house and barn, and went in, and buttoned up my overcoat for the start. But when I returned to the shed, the storm had increased in fury, and I had misgivings. And my weakness pleaded against my perseverance, that the journey would be too severe, and perhaps the people would not expect me to come through such a storm, or the storm might continue through the Sabbath and prevent the meet-



ing. But I recalled my fixed rule, which was that I would meet all my engagements if possible, and that I would not regard the work *impossible* until my determined efforts should fail. Then I forthwith sprang into the saddle, opened and braced under my right arm my sturdy umbrella, and with my left hand grasped the reins, and beat my way merrily along. It was not until near night that I accomplished the first fifteen miles, to Norridgewock, where I called on my old friend Capt. Bodfish, warmed myself and took supper. Then, as there was a faint light from the moon behind the clouds, I mounted dobbin again, and rode on. When I had ridden about five miles, the storm had become sleety, and my umbrella soon became so coated with ice, that I could neither bear it up with my arm, nor shut it down. I rode up to a house, and called one of the inmates to the door, who took it in and thawed it by the fire, when I could clasp it in my hand. Reaching Weston's Ferry by which the Kennebec was to be crossed to Anson, ten miles above Norridgewock, I was obliged to put up with the accommodating ferry-man for the night, because the run of ice in the river rendered it impracticable for him to cross that evening.

Sunday morning, though the boatman could not navigate his *ferry* across the river, he proposed to keep my horse in his stable to my return, and set me over by a canoe. After crossing I walked a mile and a half, to Mr. Joseph Savage's, who kindly gave me breakfast, and a ride the other mile into Anson Village, where my home was with James Collins, Esq. The weather soon became fair and mild; a large concourse of people assembled, some riding ten miles and more; and I realized truly the value of a fixed rule of work, and a will to honor it. What a serious disappointment, and loss of good, would have been the consequence,

if I had yielded to the pleadings of my weakness to dodge my responsibility.

A. D. 1825.

January. — The bare recital, over and over, of the times and places of my appointments on my customary and repetitious missionary circuits, would be of no interest to my readers. But a man's industry is an important feature of his character; and his performance of a vast amount of labor belongs to his history. Now it is impossible, by an abstract description, to give any just view of the continuity and severity of my labors. Such a view can only be imparted by a simple matter-of-fact memorandum of the labors as they transpired, which shall conduct the reader's mind along as an attendant and a witness. With this understanding I will here, at the risk of incurring the charge of wearisome details, copy from my Diary the following journal of another of my Eastern tours. And this journal will again, as that copied upon pages 130–133, exhibit somewhat of the zeal, enterprise and endurance of Mrs. Cobb. She often accompanied me also on my routes in more pleasant seasons of the year; but it happens that I copy here, as in the other case referred to, a memorandum which presents her with me on a severe winter tour.

The Journal of the tour commences with Dec. 30th, thus: —

"Started, Mrs. Cobb in company, to go eastward. Dined at Mr. Dyer's, in Sidney. We went on and took supper at father Locke's, in Hallowell. Then proceeded to Gardiner, where I preached in the evening.

"31*st*. — I had an appointment for this evening in Wiscasset; but finding that the going was such that I could not get along in that direction with my sleigh, I went on the direct road to



Union, to meet my forthcoming Sunday's appointment. Put up at night with Mr. McKurdie, in Washington.

"*January*, 1825. 1*st*. — Went to Capt. N. Bachelor's, in Union.

"*First Sunday*. — An uncommonly boisterous and driving snow-storm. We did not assemble at the Church to-day; but by request I left an appointment for a meeting the next Friday evening, when I should be on the way from my appointments in Bristol and vicinity, to meet my next Sunday's engagement in Hope.

"3*d*. — We went to Bristol. It was uncomfortable riding, as the weather was cold, and the road much drifted, and in some places not broken out.

"4*th*. — Held meeting in the new Meeting House at Broad Cove. We tarried in Bristol until the afternoon of Thursday, the 6th inst. Spent much of the time at Commodore Samuel Tucker's; visited also at Mr. Turner's, Mr. Palmer's, and Mr. McLean's.

"6*th*. — Spent the night at widow Thompson's in Waldoborough.

"7*th*. — Fulfilled my appointment for an evening discourse in Union.

"*Second Sunday*. — I preached in Hope. Visited in this town at Esq. Hobbs', Esq. Sweetland's, Dr. Dakin's, and Capt. Crane's.

"11*th*. — I preached a lecture in a School House near George Hall's. Spent the night at Mr. Hall's. He is very zealously engaged in the cause of gospel truth. He knows how to prize the blessed peace of the gospel, having been lately converted from Calvinism.

"12*th*. — We went to Thomaston, and dined with Maj. Spear. After dinner we went, in company with Maj. Spear and wife, and visited the Maine State Prison. It contained about fifty prisoners. * * * * * * I delivered an evening lecture in the School House near Maj. Spear's.

"13*th*. — We rode to Camden, and called at Dr. Heus'. But the Doctor and his wife were away from home; and we went to Br. N. Dillingham's.

"15*th*. — We went to Duck-Trap, Lincolnville, and put up



with Esq. Whitney, with whose amiable family, we tarried over this (Saturday) night.

"*Third Sunday, January.*—I preached in Lincolnville Meeting House. After meeting we rode to Searsmont.

"17*th.*—Returned as far as Albion, where I preached an evening lecture.

"18*th.*—Returned home. During our absence we left our house and little boy in the care of my matronly sister, Susan."

This memorandum of a single tour I copy here, as I have said, as a sample of my continuous habit. Wherever I was, there was work for me to do; and a disposition, and, thanks be to God, generally physical strength to do it. Whenever I went abroad to spend a Sabbath, all the way out and in there were week evening lectures. When I spent two or more Sabbaths away on the same tour, the week evenings between those Sabbaths were occupied with lectures, in circles of towns and neighborhoods marked out in the vicinities of the Sabbath appointments. And even on the weeks of my Sunday labors at home, evening lectures, weddings, and funerals furnished me with much employment in the surrounding localities.

VISITING THE SICK.

All ministering servants of Jesus have more or less responsible service to perform in the way of kind attentions to the sick and suffering. But so great was the length and breadth of my field of ministerial labor, that the share of this service devolving upon me was by no means inconsiderable. The following extract from my Diary will afford an example. It is the closing section of my journal of services in Turner on the third Sunday in April of the current year (1825):—

"After meeting I called, by his request, on Mr. Jones, who is



about 88 years of age, and was expecting soon to pass away from the earthly life. I prayed with him; and when I had concluded my prayer, the old gentleman, in feeble but devotional accents, exclaimed, 'I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and trust in him. I love the Lord God, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.'" (Ps. cxvi.)

"I then called on an aged and infirm gentleman by the name of Bryant, and, by his request, prayed with him. A Miss Hood, also, an amiable young woman 18 years of age, sent to meeting by her father a request that I should call on her. I found her pining away in distress. The disease originated in a slight hurt of the ankle. Several of the young people of the neighborhood came in to hear our conversation, and were deeply affected by it. Miss Hood expressed but little hope of recovery; but her mind was calm and placid in the serene peace of gospel faith. She spoke with good understanding, and expressed the happy assurance that, whether in health or in sickness, in life or in death, in time or in eternity, she was in the hands of a kind Father and Friend, who would never fail to do that for her which should prove to be best."

ANOTHER DEBUT.

My Diary has it:—

"*May 9th*, 1825.—Rode from Searsmont to Palermo, and met my appointment in the Centre School House in that town for a lecture at 4 o'clock P. M. No Universalist ever preached in that town before. Therefore, as might be expected, the people generally appeared as if they had come out to hear some new and *strange thing*. As my custom is on such occasions, while I endeavored to commend *myself* to every man's conscience in the sight of God, I did not *preach myself*, 'but Christ Jesus the Lord."* That is, I did not devote my entire discourse to an exhibition of the fact that *I*, *I* was in favor of good morality. I had read a series of articles in a religious journal, addressed by

* 2 Cor. iv. 5.

an aged Universalist or 'Restorationist' clergyman 'To young Universalist Preachers;' recommending that, on preaching for the first time in a community unacquainted with Universalism, they should withhold our distinctive doctrines, and give a purely moral discourse. This course, it was urged, would overcome the prejudice of the people, and show them that Universalists hold to virtuous living. But in my judgment the effect of this non-committal policy would be the reverse of what that writer opined. 'Ah,' the opposition would sneeringly exclaim, 'that man knew better than to expose his distinctive *doctrines* here. He only preached what all sects of Christians, Infidels, Jews and Heathen agree in. For they all profess to be in favor of good *morality*, according to their respective moral standards.'

"But I ever regarded it as my duty as a minister of the gospel, to show the people who were unenlightened on the subject, not merely that *I* was in favor of virtuous living, but that the *gospel*, of which I was a minister, was the source and fountain of the purest morality. To do this, I must of course preach the gospel, in its essential principles of faith, that I might logically deduce therefrom its legitimate practical graces. In this way something is done in the work of commending to the people the gospel of Jesus Christ, both as a biblical and philosophical faith, and a practical moral force.

"NOTE. This introductory visit at *Palermo*, on the return from my Eastern tour, required me to make quite an elbow northward from my usual road."

THE SECOND-BORN.

June 11th. — Our second son was born, whom, on the first Sunday in June, 1829, we publicly dedicated in regular form, by the name SAMUEL TUCKER, after the venerable Revolutionary patriot, Commodore Samuel Tucker, whose house had always been our home whenever we passed by way of Bristol, his place of residence, on our Eastern tours.



The Eastern Association was held in Wayne, the 6th and 7th of July, about two weeks later than the usual time of its annual meetings. Sermons were preached by Brs. Wm. A. Drew, Dolloff, S. Cobb, Massena B. Ballou of Massachusetts, and R. Streeter. Brs. Bates, Dolloff and Hawkins received ordination, after Br. Streeter's sermon. The Ordination Prayer devolved upon me; the Charge upon Br. Wm. Frost; and the Right Hand of Fellowship upon Br. A. Dinsmore.

I had the rare privilege of meeting my venerable father at this Association, and of having his company to my home, and a good visit there.

My discourse on this occasion was delivered on the forenoon of the second day, Thursday. The text was Acts xvii. 30, 31. The view which I took of the judgment of Christ, as being, in its highest sense, his spiritual reign, and, in its more restricted application, a co-operative branch of his reign, — was new to the people, and drew forth their most earnest and interested attention. At noon, on returning to the Hall of the Council for a public collation, there was a general desire expressed by the ministers and delegates, that the sermon should be published in pamphlet form; and a subscription was started and extensively signed for copies of the pamphlet. I yielded, and procured its publication as requested.

GENERAL CONVENTION AT HARTLAND.

September. — This month I attended the General Convention of Universalists in Hartland, Vt. I journeyed to and from with my own team, and took my student, Br Zenas Thompson, in company with me.

We left home on the 10th, and took Lewiston on our route, where I preached on *Sunday*, the 11th. Monday, the 12th, we went to my father's in Norway. Tuesday, the 13th, through Waterford, Lovell, and Sweden, to Fryeburg, and put up at Mrs. Osgood's Inn, whose sign bore date, 1762. Wednesday, the 14th, we proceeded on through Conway, N. H., Eaton, Tamworth, Sandwich, and Centre Harbor Village, to Holderness. Here we tarried till the morning of Friday, the 16th, I having been invited to preach a lecture in the place Thursday evening. Maj. Blair was foremost in the arrangements for this lecture.

16*th*. — Leaving Holderness in the morning, we forded the Merrimac river, and passed through Plymouth, Hebron, Groton, Dorchester, Canaan and North Enfield, to Lebanon, — where we called upon our Rev. Br. Lemuel Willis, who was Pastor of the Universalist society in this place. I accepted Br. Willis' earnest invitation to abide with him until Monday, and preach in his desk on the Sabbath.

19*th*, *Monday*. — Leaving Lebanon, we crossed the Connecticut river by Lyman's Bridge; forded White river in Vermont, and spent the night with Elder Elias Cobb, a distant relative of mine, a "Christian" preacher, in Woodstock.

20*th*. — We reached Hartland, and were on hand to participate in the services of the "General Convention of Universalists" on the two succeeding days, Wednesday and Thursday, the 21st and 22d. Of the services of the Convention were sermons, preached by Brs. Sylvanus Cobb, Hosea Ballou, Wm. Morse, Sebastian Streeter, and Paul Dean. Brs. Wm. Bell and Massena B. Ballou, received ordination, in the administration of which it devolved upon me to deliver the Right Hand of Fellowship.



On my return from Hartland to my home in Waterville, I went by way of Boston, and, on Sunday, the 25th, preached for Br. Paul Dean in his Church on Bulfinch Street, Boston.

Leaving Boston on Monday the 26th, we reached Cathance Landing, in Bowdoinham, Me., in the forenoon of Thursday, the 29th. Here I was enticed to my old habit of lecturing by the way. Two prominent citizens of the place, Mr. Henry Sampson, and Dr. Tinker, who knew me by reputation, learning that I was bating my horse at the Hotel of their Village, called upon me there, and urgently requested that I should give them a lecture in the Village Meeting House at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of that day. I complied with the request; and notice was spread quickly over the place. To the great surprise of myself and the projectors of the meeting, the house was filled at the appointed hour, and the concourse of hastily gathered citizens were eager listeners. While the third hymn was being sung, Brs. Sampson and Tinker conferred together, and with a few others, and one of them came up into the desk, and requested me to appoint to preach there again in the evening, by candle-light. I complied, of course, and we had an increased audience in the evening. This was the commencement of the Universalist ministry in Bowdoinham.

30*th*. — After an absence of three weeks, I found all well at home.

For the remaining months of this year, my Diary exhibits only my regular pastoral labors in Waterville, and my usual travels and ministrations on my broad repetitious tours East, West, North, and South. It closes up its records of the year, Dec. 31st, with the following cheerful valedictory: —

"Another year has passed, during the whole of which I and my family have been favored with constant health, peace and prosperity. I have been diligently employed in the work of the gospel ministry, and trust that, through the favor of Heaven, my labors have been productive of much good. How rapid and stately is the march of truth. God says, 'Let there be light,' and there *is* light. I see the human mind rising out of chaos into order; the Sun of Heaven shining; the rain of Heaven falling! — I hear the soft notes of the birds of Paradise, breathe the fragrance of the flowers of Eden, and eat the rich clusters from the mountains of Zion. We wish not to go back. We will cheerfully step forward into another year, trusting in God; and we will tread the path of wisdom for glories ahead. ARM OF GOD! be our Guide and Protector evermore."

A. D. 1826.

January. — The journal of this opening month of another year exhibits me again indefatigably evangelizing in my great Eastern circuit. There was the labor of preaching a Sunday in Union; a Sunday in Hope; a funeral service, including a sermon, in Union; a lecture in Bristol; a lecture in Thomaston; a lecture in Camden; and a Sunday in Lincolnville.

On the evening of the 19th of this month I delivered an Address in the Masonic Hall in Waterville, on occasion of the public Installation of the officers of the Waterville Lodge of Free Masons. The next morning I received the following note: —

TO THE REV. SYLVANUS COBB:

SIR, — The undersigned, committee of arrangements at the Installation of the Officers of Waterville Lodge for the current year, would express their unfeigned thanks, for your truly Ma-



sonic Address, and request that the same may be published, for the benefit of the *craft*, and others.

ALPHEUS LYON.
R. M. DORR.
NATH'L GILMAN.

In compliance with this request I committed the production to print in pamphlet form. I had committed to print several communications, some of them controversial, in public religious journals: but this was my second publication in book or pamphlet form.

FEBRUARY.

THE BOWDOINHAM AWAKENING.

For an account of my unpremeditated ministerial debut in Bowdoinham, and the marked attention which it elicited, see p. 160. I lectured there again on my way upon the Eastern circuit, on the evening of Dec. 27th, three months from the first visit, and found that a goodly number had "received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether these things were so." And now I find another visit at this place, in my original record, memorandumized thus: —

"*Feb. 15th.* — Went to Cathance Landing (Bowdoinham), to meet my evening appointment there. Put up with Br. Henry Sampson. As the weather was very cold, and there was no stove in the Meeting House, we concluded to hold the meeting in the School House. But the concourse of people that gathered in and around the School House was so numerous, that we found it necessary to adjourn to the Church. This is the third time that I have visited this people, or that they have ever been visited by a preacher of the gospel of impartial grace. The word preached has taken good effect, and the number of believers, especially of earnest inquirers, has wonderfully increased. They

would like now to obtain Sabbath preaching one fourth of the time."

MARCH.

THE CHALLENGE IN BATH, AND ITS ACCEPTANCE.

On the 11th of this month I went out on my eastern circuit, going directly to Hope to meet my appointment there the next day, which was Sunday, and taking in Bath on my return route. On the evening before I left home, I received a letter from Br. Swazey, of Bath, informing me that it had been reported there, that I was requested in Wiscasset to preach from Isa. xxviii. 14, 15, and that I refused: that considerable handle had been made of the circumstance in Bath: and that Dea. J. B. Swanton, Baptist, had asserted that no Universalist would venture an attempt to speak on that text, — and pledged himself that if I would preach upon it in Bath, he would attend and hear me. I answered Br. Swazey by return mail, that I would deliver a discourse in Bath upon the proposed passage of Scripture on my way homeward from a tour eastward upon which I was preparing to go out. And as I was to preach in Wiscasset, which is near Bath, on the evening of the 14th, I named the 17th as the time for the challenged expository lecture.

17*th*. — I was on hand in due time; and the meeting was held in Concert Hall, which was densely crowded. Dea. Swanton was present according to agreement, and occupied a front seat. The discourse was more than an hour in length, and received throughout the earnest and noiseless attention of the large and crowded audience. The occasion was one of a good degree of interest, and the subject



of much subsequent conversation. But the worthy Deacon who challenged me never offered, as my friends could learn, a disrespectful or dissentient remark.

My Bath friends must needs have this discourse printed in pamphlet form; and they subscribed for a large number of copies. Of course I gratified them.

THE DEPARTURE OF MY FATHER.

May 12th, Friday. — This evening I received a letter from Dr. Danforth, of Norway, informing me of the death of my father. He died at about 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening, the 9th inst., and was to be buried on Friday, this very day, in the afternoon. The distance being fifty miles, I could not attend the funeral. He endured several weeks of distressing sickness with Christian fortitude and resignation: and in the closing hour expressed the fullest confidence that he was going to his heavenly home; where, in due time, he should meet all the great Father's family in a redeemed and perfected state. His disease was the Asthma, and *Angina Pectoris*. His age was 67.

He was a kind and provident father; and great love and affection subsisted between him and all the members of his family. Industry, prudence, economy, and integrity, characterized his life. The lamp of wisdom led his steps in paths of faith, virtue and peace.

The following brief obituary notice, which was published at the time in the County paper, and was copied into the "Christian Intelligencer," is *multum in parvo*: —

"In Norway, Mr. Ebenezer Cobb, aged 67. He was an upright Christian Universalist, and perfectly resigned to God during a painful illness. Many opposers of his doctrine who visited him, acknowledge that he was a good and happy man."

MY FIRST CHURCH.

May 28th, Sunday.—I preached in the Waterville Village Meeting House. During the intermission several brothers and sisters met at my house, and we organized ourselves into a church, to be known by the name of "*The Universalist Church in Waterville.*" As this was the first church that I ever organized, and the first *Universalist* church, as a church of communicants distinctively, ever organized in the State of Maine, I will here record the names of its original members, this day banding themselves together in this interesting relation. Sylvanus Cobb, Eunice Hale Cobb, Nathan Sawtell, Sarah Ingalls Sawtell, Elizabeth Blackwell, Hamden Keith, Levi Barrett, Rebecca Barrett, Abel Wheeler, Thankful Wheeler, Sumner A. Wheeler, Cyrenus C. Wheeler, Erastus O. Wheeler, Mary M. Wheeler, Mary Eaton, Elizabeth McFarland, Benj. Courson.

Capt. Nathan Sawtell was elected First Deacon of the church. Subsequently Hamden Keith, Esq., was elected Second Deacon.

June 15th.—This day I visited the homestead the first time since the departure of my father a month before. I entered the room where my father usually sat during the leisure portions of the day,—but he was not there. My mother said, "You will find your father here no more." Oh, the solemn force of these words—though I knew the fact before.—"He died happy," she continued; "but he lotted much on seeing you before he died. Many times a day, in some of his last days, when he awoke from a drowse, he would ask, 'Has not Sylvanus come? I thought I saw him coming. I thought I heard his voice.'" I had before experienced much regret that I had not the privilege of seeing my father, to bless him with the tribute of filial affec-



tion and love, and receive his parting benediction, in his last sickness. But now my regret was really painful. But I was always pressed with public duties; and I did not expect his departure so soon. All in the room was weeping; — yet all was bliss! *Delightful melancholy!* While grief swelled our bosoms, and gushed from our eyes, with it was mingled the blissful hope of immortality; and upon those rivers of tears were being reflected the brilliant and lucific rays of the Sun of peace. That calmness and serenity which clothed my father's mind in sickness, to the closing moment, seemed to be cast, as the mantle of the departed, over the minds of his family.

The forenoon of the next day, I walked the fields which had been converted from the wilderness state by my father's labor, and where I had attended his footsteps during the circuits of many a summer's sun. Never did I spend a day in the indulgence of deeper grief, and perhaps not in the enjoyment of greater and more exalted happiness. Though, with the vivid memory of that loved and venerated presence with which I had so long enjoyed companionship in all those rural scenes, the thought that I should no more enjoy that presence on earth was prolific of grief, yet every recollection of his life was dear and precious. Every object that called him to mind, brought before me his industry, his kind and provident care of his children, his dignity of deportment, and his chaste and upright life and conversation.

In the afternoon I took my sister Susan into my chaise, and rode to the Burial Ground. We stood by the grave of the departed parent, and lingered around the spot. There seemed to be a divine enchantment there. Seemingly some angel spoke to my spirit, "His earthly form sleeps sweetly there. So Jesus slept. So you will need to sleep in your turn. But Jesus has arisen, and giveth you the assurance

that the morning succeedeth the night, when you too will all awake, and never need to sleep again."

THE EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

This Association held its annual session for this year, in Union, the 28th and 29th inst. (June). Sermons were preached by Brs. Geo. Bates, Wm. A. Drew, Zenas Thompson, John B. Dods, and R. Streeter. Br. Dods was educated for and initiated into the Orthodox ministry; and this was his first appearance at any Universalist Association as a participant in its fellowship and services. His sermon, for its power of argument and eloquence of utterance, produced very marked and general satisfaction. And the Committees of our societies in Union and Hope, knowing that I was desirous of transferring my services the portion of time which I had labored with them, to other societies, and that he was disengaged, soon after engaged Br. Dods to devote his whole time to them, making his home in Union.

Of the places which I was able to accommodate more fully by this transfer to Br. Dods, one was Bowdoinham. See the statement of the want of the brethren there, on page 162.

THE NEW MOVEMENT IN DRESDEN.

The following memorandum I extract from my Diary: —

"*July. Second Sunday.* — I delivered two discourses in the Meeting House of the First Parish in Dresden, and a lecture in a School House near the Upper Bridge. No Universalist had preached in this town before; but all of the goodly number who attended the meetings, so far as I could learn, were well affected by the discourses.



It was my regular turn for to-day in Waterville West Meeting House, where I procured Br. Bates to preach for me; and it happened to be my regular day for Hope, for the evening of which I had also an appointment in Montville, to which places I sent as my substitute Br. F. A. Hodsdon, who was in study with me for the ministry. All this pains was taken because of the importance of my preaching in Dresden at this particular time. Rev. Mr. Parker, Congregationalist, the former settled minister of the Parish, had resigned his position; the House stood unoccupied; and it was deemed a favorable time for introducing the gospel of the perfect Saviour. Geo. Hoodlett, Esq., was chairman of the Parish Committee, and took me to his own house as my Dresden home."

MRS. COBB AT TURNER, WITH THE MEASLES.

On the *third Sunday* in this month, *July*, I preached in Turner. In the morning Mrs. Cobb's face was thickly broken out as if by a humor, and was very red, and she was regretting that she should not appear fit to attend Church that day. The whole affair was a wonder. But Dr. Philip Bradford, a constant attendant of our meetings, and brother of Asa Bradford with whom we were stopping, called in as he came to the meeting in the morning; and, on examination, pronounced my wife's disease the *Measles*. The exposure and fatigue of the long day's and evening's ride with this disease latent in the system, added virulence to its forces; and on its development Monday, and to its crisis Tuesday noon, she was seriously and dangerously sick. But she had become so comfortable Thursday, that it was deemed expedient for me to leave her in the care of the aforesaid good Doctor, and the kind family with whom we were having entertainment, and return to the oversight of the little family at home, and to the fulfilment of my ministerial appointments.

July, Fourth Sunday.—This was the first "Communion Day" of our infant church. At the close of the afternoon public service, which was in the Waterville Village Meeting House, I administered to the church, and invited participants, "The Lord's Supper." It was a solemn and happy season. We all regretted the absence of Mrs. Cobb, who was sick at Turner as above noticed; but we trusted that she too, though personally absent, was present with us in contemplation, and was feasting on the bread of life.

Early in this week Mrs. Cobb had so well recovered her health that I went to Turner with my carriage and conveyed her home.

AUGUST.

DRESDEN ADVANCING.

From my Diary of this month I extract the following:—

"*First Sunday.*—Preached in Dresden. This is my second visit to D. There appears to be quite an awakening here, and a 'season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.' Two of the three Parish Committee had before agreed to employ me to the amount of the parish funds; but they apprehended opposition from the other, who was a member of the late pastor's church, and did not attend meeting at the time of my preaching here before. But he attended both services to-day; and as he passed out of the Church at noon, he exclaimed, 'I am a Universalist, and am not ashamed to own it before the world.' So he was desirous, with his associates on the Committee, to obtain my labors for a portion of the time during their year's term of office."

I will here add, that, by transferring to Br. Dods, as noted on page 167, a portion of my old Eastern circuit, comprising Union and Hope, and surrounding neighbor-

hoods for transient labor, I was able to accommodate the Dresden Parish personally in part; and to procure for them, in some instances, the services of other denominational evangelists. For, by conversions from other denominations, and the entrance of a few young men in the ministry, it was becoming possible for me to call in assistants in some cases of need.

MY DEBUT IN-BRUNSWICK.

Fourth Sunday, August. — Having preached in Bowdoinham morning and afternoon to-day, I delivered an evening lecture in *Brunswick*, of which my Diary remarks as follows: —

"It is the first time I ever preached in this place; and, on account of the representations which had been made to me of the inertia of the common mind here in respect to religious inquiry, and of the ill success of former meetings for Universalist preaching in the place, I was *much* disappointed in the meeting this evening. Contrary to all expectation of mine, Rev. Mr. Mead's Meeting House (Congregational) was opened to me, and about five hundred people were thought to be in attendance. It was an interesting occasion. I was entertained by Mr. McLellan, the Post Master. That the divine blessing crowned the word here with success, may be judged from the circumstance that arrangements were made which procured my services quite often; and on not a few Sabbaths, while I remained in the State, a year and a half nearly; and the brethren here subscribed their portion of salary for my pastoral settlement with them and the societies in Bath and Bowdoinham, about the time when I engaged to remove to Malden, Mass., in the spring of 1828."

ELDER SAMUEL HUTCHINSON'S CONVERSION.

September 16th.—Being bound to Norway, on a visit to my parents, preaching on my winding way, I met this afternoon a previous appointment for a lecture at the house of a Mr. Perry in Buckfield, near the residence of Elder Samuel Hutchinson. This appointment was procured by letter to me from Elder Hutchinson, of whose conversion to Universalism the following history may interest my readers:—

On the 17th of February, 1825, I preached a lecture in Buckfield Academy. Dr. Bridgham, by whom I was entertained, informed me that Elder Samuel Hutchinson, who was confined to his bed by sickness, and did not expect to recover, had committed to him a message for me, requesting that I should call upon him while in town. I had long known the Elder by reputation, as a substantial and highly respected Free Will Baptist preacher; and why he should request a call from me because he regarded himself as near the close of life, I could not imagine. Did he wish to dissuade me from my faith as a dangerous error?—On the morning of the 18th, Dr. Bridgham introduced me to the venerable Elder. He lay upon his bed in a feeble state of health; but his voice was firm, and his mind strong. After the introduction, he led off in the conversation in the following strain:—"You may think it strange that *I* should request a call from *you* at the present time. But I will, in the best manner I can, explain to you the cause. Since I have been lying here upon my bed, not expecting ever to go out again, I have been reviewing my theory of religious faith. And I find a serious discrepancy between my theory of faith, and my spirit. The spirit of my mind is *love* to all mankind, as children of one Father,

and members of one family. This love clings to them all, with earnest desire for their ultimate salvation from sin, and fellowship with the Father in the likeness of his spirit; — and *it cannot give them up*. But the creed of my faith *gives up* countless millions to endless ruin. There then is a discrepancy between my faith and spirit. And, as they oppose each other, they cannot both be right. Impressed with this fact, I have solemnly inquired, which is right? and which is wrong? And I find that the *spirit* is right; that it is the spirit of God manifested in Jesus Christ, and shed abroad in my heart; for love is of God; 'and he that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God, * * for God is love.' And this love is universal; for it is attested by the blood of Christ, 'who, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man.' These self-examinations, and trials of the spirit, have brought me to the conclusion that my theory of faith, which is in opposition to the spirit, *must be wrong*. Yet there are some passages of Scripture which *seem*, as I have read them, to favor that theory. And I have felt that I would like to have a little conversation with you, thinking that you might help my mind on that class of Scripture texts. And learning that you were to lecture in the Academy last evening, I committed the message to your friend, Dr. Bridgham, which he communicated to you."

Well, I replied, adduce a few of those passages which have seemed to you most difficult to harmonize with the spirit of Christ in your soul.

He proceeded — adducing first Matt. xxv. 46: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."

I entered upon our usual exegetical method of exposition, commencing to read from the beginning of the dis-

course of Jesus of which the verse referred to is the conclusion. As I was reading along in Chap. xxiv., emphasizing those expressions which bore explanatory relations to other expressions relating to the *nature* and *time* of this judgment, the Elder at length interrupted, saying, "You need not read farther. I see it all. Strange that I had not understood it before. Merely your *emphasis* upon certain important expressions has opened the sense of the whole, in its connection, to my understanding." He then took up the work which he had committed to me, and proceeded to explain substantially as I would have done, the time and nature of the judgment which was in those chapters the subject of discourse (the judgment of the end of that age), and the sense in which the events of that judgment would elevate the church of Christ into a higher and more permanent inheritance of the *aionion* life of the gospel, and subject the persecuting Jewish tribes to *aionion* punishment.

The Elder's next reference was to the 6th chapter of Hebrews. I commenced reading it; but had only pronounced the 1st verse, with the proper emphasis, when he interrupted me as in the other case, saying, "You may stop there. Your *emphasis* again opens the sense of the whole chapter to my mind." My emphasis was as denoted by the *Italic* letters in the following reprint of verse 1:— "Therefore leaving the *principles* (the *rudiments*) of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying *again* the *foundation* of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God ——" Here he interrupted me as above noted, and added, "Your emphasis of the word *principles*, which means rudiments, and of *again* and *foundation*, enables me to see clearly that St. Paul's meaning was to admonish his Hebrew brethren not to tarry longer in

the sole consideration and ministerial employment of those rudimental principles derived from the Mosaic economy, through which they, by initiatory steps, had been inducted into the gospel; assuring them, as in verses 4–6, that those who had fallen away after being converted to Christianity by the instrumentality of those *rudiments*, could not be recovered by the reiteration of those same rudiments which had lost weight with them. They must advance to the employment of the broader and more exalted principles which were developed in the advanced stage of Christian progress." And I added, that the reference, in verses 7 and 8, to the burning of the rubbish from the thorny and briery land to render it productive, seemed to indicate, in a figure, that some of those Hebrew or Jewish apostates might be made to taste of the fiery judgment upon their nation in that age, to bring them to their senses.

The venerable Elder brought forward but few more passages, on which his mental perceptions were equally felicitous, before he seemed to be reasonably satisfied that there was no Scripture testimony, rightly understood, which favors the theory of doctrine that contradicts the spirit of universal love shed abroad in the heart of the disciple by Jesus Christ. He expressed great satisfaction with our interview, and hoped that I would call upon him again when I should pass that way, if he should remain in this sphere to that time.

In October, 1825, eight months after this first interview, I made a moment's call into the Elder's house while journeying hurriedly past. I had barely time to listen to his announcement that he had "become a firm believer in the final accomplishment of the purpose of God in Christ, in

the salvation of all men, and preached it when he was able to speak in public."

But now, Sept. 16th, 1826, I had the privilege of a happy communion, in word and spirit, with the progressive saint. As I said, this lecture which I delivered near his residence, was procured by his agency. He was feeble, but able to walk over to the meeting; sat in a rocking chair directly before me, his long white hair flowing over the chair back as he leaned his head upon it, and his lustrous and oft moistened eyes fixed intently upon me during the discourse.

After the services I walked with him to his house, and had a short time for conversation. Sitting in his great armed-chair, and leaning himself back in an easy posture, he thus gave expression to his thoughts and feelings: —

"Br. Cobb: You remember when, a year ago last February, you called upon me here by my invitation, and found me upon my back on that bed. I described to you the painful discrepancy which I saw and felt to have obtained between my theory of faith and the spirit of Christ in my soul. Now, blessed be God, that discrepancy is removed, and all is harmony and peace. When I indulge in meditation on the wants of my soul, for myself, and fellow beings whom I love; and on the perfectness and fulness of the gospel provisions, in the infinite abundance of God's grace revealed in Jesus Christ, to fill and satisfy all these wants; I am sometimes obliged to stop thinking, or my heart would burst of its fulness of wonder, love and joy."

The good old man lived several years after this, was able to preach considerably, and wrote and published several small books in maintenance of his enlarged and perfected faith.

VISIT TO CALAIS AND ST. STEVENS.

October. — This month was devoted to a missionary visit on the Eastern border of Maine, and in the western or adjoining section of New Brunswick. Going with my private team to Belfast, preaching all along by the way, and that way bending well down towards the sea, I left my team in the care of Col. Stanley, in Belfast, on the 12th; and, at 10 o'clock A. M. took the steamer Patent, Capt. Cram, whose regular trips were between Bath and Eastport. At 10 o'clock in the evening we anchored in Cranberry Island Harbor, where a heavy north-east storm of wind and rain detained us two nights and days, over to Saturday evening. The weather cleared off Saturday evening, and the full moon shone with all its soft effulgence. Our steamer went out on its course for Eastport. For thirty miles, across Frenchman's and Dyar's Bays, the roll of the sea was grand and majestic; and the reflection of the moon-beams from the rolling ocean billows far as the eye could reach, presented a scene of awful beauty. I enjoyed the view most hugely, for I was not sea-sick. I was never sea-sick.

We were out all the day, Sunday, when, by appointment, I was to have been preaching in *Calais*. The disappointment of my friends there was serious of course; for they had long been urging a visit from me, and now were very solicitously awaiting my coming. We arrived at Eastport at 8 o'clock Sunday evening. I was met at the wharf by Henry Hobbs, a son of my friend Micah Hobbs, Esq., of Hope, who conducted me to his home.

16*th*, *Monday.* — I tarried in Eastport this day, and, by invitation, delivered a lecture in the Unitarian Church.

17*th*, *Tuesday.* — I took stage, driven by my friend

Thomas McFarland, from Waterville, and rode to Calais, 30 miles. Here my principal home was the house of Maj. Redding.

I spent two weeks in that region, during which I preached two lectures in Eastport, Me., one in the Unitarian, and the other in the Free Will Baptist Church; two lectures in Robbinston, and two week evening lectures and two Sabbath days in Calais, Me.; and two lectures in St. Stephens, and two in St. Davids, N. B. I found many worthy friends on both sides of the boundary line between United States and British territory, whose kind attentions added much to the pleasures of my visit. The closing services of this mission were those of the second Sunday in *Calais*. The weather was pleasant, and the assembly was large, and, in the afternoon especially, the whole audience appeared to be melted under the influence of gospel truth. As I was to start homeward immediately after meeting, numbers of the brethren called in at Maj. Redding's to take their leave of me. It was an affecting occasion. The presence and labor among them, even for so short a time, of a minister of the gospel in its fulness which satisfies the soul, was a matter of rare interest; and this interest was a promoter of the strength of the personal attachments so quickly contracted. When I felt the emotional grip of their hands, and saw flowing from their eyes the signs of deeply agitated feeling, which almost denied their lips the utterance of their kindly sympathy and blessing, I could not pronounce my own adieus and responses in a firm and steady voice.*

* As a testimony of the estimation in which Mr. Cobb's services during his brief visit at St. Stephens and vicinity were held in that region, the memoirist takes the liberty to present here in a note, the following extract from the *Gospel Banner*, of the Editor's journal of a ministerial visit to the same community in August, 1865, thirty-nine years subsequently. After giving a sketch of the eminent talents and worth, and the popular standing with the public, of Hon.

As the steamer did not leave Eastport at the time which would enable me, by that medium, to reach my earliest engagements in Kennebec, I made the fact known; and a friend in Calais who had been pasturing a young horse for a man residing near Belfast where I left my team, proposed that I ride him to that place. I accepted the proposition, thereby accommodating my friend with a free transfer of the colt to its owner, and myself to a long free passage homeward. But my passage was a colt-back ride, much of the way through a lonesome wilderness. I turned off at Robbinston from the St. Croix river road, into the narrow path in the wilderness, riding in a quiet rain-storm under my umbrella. But as the darkness of night came on, the storm became a heavy gale; and often a tree was blown down across the road just before me, around either the top or root of which I was obliged to feel the way in the woods, dismounting and leading my horse. At length, about 8

JAMES BROWN, of St. Davids, Rev. Mr. Quinby, the above named Editor, under the head of "The Early Proclaimers of our Faith in St. Stephens," says:—

Mr. Brown was familiar with the history of our cause in St. Stephens from its beginning, and gave us information relative to the early labors of our brethren in that section, of which we had never before heard. Father JOSEPH BUTTERFIELD, from the western part of Maine, was the first preacher of Universalism who visited the Province of New Brunswick for the purpose of preaching. He was a man, said Mr. Brown, who always spoke extemporaneously; was a kind, social man, rather pleasing in his address, plain in his method as a preacher, but not a man of much power or talent. JOHN BOVKE DODS was the next minister of our denomination who visited that region. He preached in churches, school-houses or wherever an opening offered. He was, said Mr. Brown, a deep, acute, subtle reasoner, and irresistible in his argument — was at home in any place and fit for any kind of service, or any kind of fare.

Rev. SYLVANUS COBB (now D.D.,) next came to St. Stephens for the purpose of preaching the everlasting Gospel. Mr. Cobb, by his dignity, sincerity, scholarly attainments and great knowledge of the Scriptures, carried conviction to the hearts of his hearers wherever he preached. He, said Mr. Brown, was the deepest thinker, best reasoner, and really a man of more true eloquence than any of the early promulgators of our faith in New Brunswick. All these men made proselytes by their labors. The church of St. Stephens, of which Rev. Mr. Philbrook is now the successful pastor, the meeting at Moore's Mills — the existence of Universalists all through that region, are fruits of the seed sown by those *early itinerants*. — "See *Gospel Banner* of Sept. 23, 1865."

o'clock, I espied a light in a log hut by the way, and called in. I modestly explained the danger of travelling that wilderness-way in the darkness and storm, and amidst falling trees, thus pleading their kind consent to afford shelter for the night to myself and beast. An affirmative answer was promptly given. The horse was forthwith comfortably housed and well fed; a passable supper was provided for me; and in due time the gentleman and lady of the cottage clambered up a ladder, through a scuttle, into the attic, and left to me for the night their comfortable bed in the lower room, which was entry, kitchen, sitting-room and parlor, all in one. I lay awake an hour or more thinking of robbers; and then slept soundly until 3 o'clock in the morning. The storm had passed off, the full moon shone brightly, and I arose, called mine host from the attic to assist me in getting out my horse, and to receive remuneration for entertainment; and I sprang into the saddle, and made speed westward. (By the way, I will remark that, on going out in the morning, I saw by the moonlight, on a piece of board nailed to a corner of the cabin, the inscription painted in large letters, ENTERTAINMENT. I perceived hence that I had blundered into an Inn. And this accounted for the prompt and unquestioning compliance, on my arrival, with my petition for a night's shelter.)

31*st.* — I rode thirteen miles, to West Machias, in season to breakfast at Hill's Inn. Then, pushing forward to the distance of fifty-four miles from my log tavern, I put up at an Inn kept also by a Mr. Hill.

November 3*d.* — Diligently pressing forward, exchanging the colt I had in charge for my own team in Belfast, I reached home this day, and found all well. The following which my pen then and there inscribed upon my journal, was the song of the heart. "Wherever we go the kind care

of God is over us, his rich bounty supplies us, and his right hand sustains us. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.'"

The remaining weeks of this year, NOVEMBER and DECEMBER, were appropriated to my usual round of labor, — lectures as plenty as ever. One event of December, however, I will note here; which is my *Valedictory in Turner.* This extract from my Diary discloses it: —

"*December, Third Sunday.* — I preached in Turner. In the afternoon I delivered my *Valedictory Discourse*, closing a series of engagements for a quarter of the time, covering two years. It was an affecting occasion. We had enjoyed together many times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; large numbers had punctually attended at our places of worship, and by their earnest and often tearful attention evinced that they felt deeply interested in the principles and purposes of the gospel, and in the use of the appropriate means of religious culture. The hearts of children, youth, middle aged and aged, had often melted together beneath the efficient power of truth and love divine, and we were strongly united in bonds of brotherly affection. For most of the time we had crowded in and around a School House for the exercises of public worship. But now we sat in a commodious edifice, erected and finished the past season, for ourselves. Indeed many circumstances conspired to render this occasion productive of deep emotions. I was taking my leave of this people for the present, under the impression that I should not find it expedient to renew an engagement with them in the future. I could not bring my mind to the conclusion that I should find it expedient to accede to the generally expressed desire that I would remove my family to that place, and take the permanent pastoral charge of the society; and on this account I judged it best for them that I should leave them in a condition which would prompt as well as permit them to be forthwith seeking them a pastor. Furthermore, I wanted, for the ensuing year, the portion of time which I had been devoting to Turner, and more too, for additional Sabbath services in Bowdoinham, Brunswick, Bath and Dresden."

A. D. 1827.

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

Most of these two months I spent in Portland, as a Representative of Waterville in the Maine Legislature, which then held its sessions in that city. I was much surprised when I was informed by a committee of my friends, just before the election, that they had it in contemplation to send me to the Legislature. There was no danger of my consenting to such a candidacy, or accepting the office of Representative if conferred upon me by the people, exciting any harmful political animosity with any of my parishioners. For there was no political excitement at that time, and no question was asked me in relation to my political opinions. The community had hardly outgrown the quietude of the Monroe administration, when all were Federal Republicans. True there was considerable excitement at the Presidential election of 1824, when John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson were the opposing candidates, at which election no choice was effected by the people, and Mr. Adams was elected by Congress. But new party lines were hardly yet defined, and general quiet reigned. Timothy Boutwell, Esq., the most popular lawyer of the town, had represented Waterville in the Legislature several years; and I was elected in opposition to him, by more than a three quarters vote, if I rightly recollect. He was a Federalist of the Hartford Convention and Caleb Strong times; and I was a Republican of the same times. (See my political record in the sketch of my juvenile days, pages 31, 32.)

I was at my post in the House in the morning of the first day of the session, Jan. 3d. Enoch Lincoln, of Paris, was

Governor; and, in the organization of the Legislature, Robert P. Dunlap, of Brunswick, was elected President of the Senate; and John Ruggles, of Thomaston, Speaker of the House. My wife abode with me, in Portland, during this term; and our boarding was with the quiet and pleasant family of Capt. John M. Knight. Our two little boys, Sylvanus, Jr., and Samuel Tucker, we boarded with our kind friend, William Wyman, in Waterville.

The only business of legislation which came before this session devolving special care upon me, was the location of the State *Capitol*, to be subsequently built, which involved also, of course, the locality to be appropriated as the State *Capital*. Mr. Boutwell, my predecessor in the office of Representative, put into my hand a deed of an eligible site for the public buildings, to be offered as a gift to the State provided they would locate them in Waterville. *Augusta* had, earlier and from the beginning, been urging its claims to this distinction, and was inserted in the Bill reported by the Committee on the location of the Capital. I moved, in the House, the striking out of Augusta, and substitution of Waterville. I described its superior beauty and pleasantness of locality; its better centrality between the northern and southern boundaries of the State, and its equal centrality between the eastern and western. And I predicted, in view of the levelness of the route, and the advancement of settlements in the north-east, that it would, within a few years, be taken in on the principal thoroughfare east and west through the State. This prediction was fulfilled several years ago, by the building of the great Maine Central Railroad, from Portland to Bangor, and thence eastward to Eastport, passing through Waterville.

To the general surprise, the vote came within three of passing my amendment. But Augusta had the advantage

of much early work in her interest, and not a little "log-rolling;" and it was at length made the seat of the State government.

I found the Legislature a good school for instruction in Parliamentary rules of business in organized bodies, with which I have since had much to do; and for the study of human nature.

With regard to my ministerial labors in these two months, I preached the *first Sunday* in Charlestown, Mass.; the *second*, in Portland, on exchange with the pastor, Br. Russell Streeter, who preached for me in Bowdoinham; the *third*, in Brunswick; the *fourth*, in Turner; the *fifth*, Feb. 4th, again in Portland; the *sixth*, Feb. 11th, in Bowdoinham; the *seventh*, Feb. 18th, in Poland, New Meeting House, — where I had the happiness of meeting with my brothers Cyrus and Samuel, from Norway; the *eighth*, Feb. 25th, in Wiscasset. I also, during the same term of time, delivered week evening lectures in Portland, Brunswick, North Yarmouth, Gray Corner, and New Gloucester.

From Wiscasset, where I preached as above noted on Sunday, Feb. 25th, the session of the Legislature being about to close, and I, that I might not be under the necessity of returning to Portland, having obtained leave of absence, and *pay*, hastened directly home on Monday, wife in company of course, and, after an absence of eight weeks, had the happiness to meet again our lovely boys, in health and good cheer. No wonder that I sat down to my Journal, and perpetrated the following verse: —

Great God, we thank thee for thy love,
And thy protecting power;
Thy rich and constant blessings prove
Thy goodness every hour.

March.—I have nothing to record of the labors of this month, outside of my usual ministerial duties. But I will transcribe here the following memorandum which I find in my Journal of March 19th, in relation to an accumulation of

"PAROCHIAL CALLS.

"This week I received a letter from Rev. Thomas Whittemore, of Cambridgeport, in behalf of the Universalist society of Watertown and Newton, Mass., inviting me to make them a visit with reference to a future settlement with them, offering 600 dollars per year. But a few weeks ago I received a letter from Mr. Joseph P. Bosworth, of Duxbury, Mass., in behalf of the Universalist society in that place, inviting me to settle with them; stating that they would pay me $500 for the first year, $600 for the second; and could probably continue to increase the salary further if necessary. Mr. Bosworth had formed such acquaintance with my labors in Maine, that, upon his testimony, the society voted a call for a settlement without the usual candidacy. I likewise received an invitation a few months since, from the Committee of the Universalist society in Charlestown, Mass., to stand a candidate for them when their present Pastor's time with them shall have expired, which will be next June. In this State, the societies in Wiscasset, Dresden and Bowdoinham have, unitedly, made arrangements to have me settle with them on a salary of $500. And the Turner parish has renewed its invitation, proffering me the same salary on a pastoral settlement in that pleasant and wealthy agricultural town.

"But the society in this place (Waterville), have voted to raise my salary from $400 to $500, and to employ me at that rate three fourths of the time or more. And now, my attachment to the people here, and my impression in respect to moral obligations at the present, hold me yet to my present post. I cannot bring my mind to the determination to leave this people the present season, especially as their new arrangements insure so fair a provision for my family. As it regards the portion of the time for which my Waterville friends pledge the support of my labors, three fourths of the time is as much as I wish or *ought*, under existing circumstances in the community round

about, to preach in this place. Even by this arrangement, I must disappoint many fraternities of believers and inquirers in other places, who look to me for ministerial visits."

ANOTHER WELCOME VISITANT.

April 15th. — This morning our *third child*, the *first daughter*, was born; — whom, on SUNDAY, July 8th, we publicly dedicated by the name of EUNICE HALE. All well.

THE EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

This body met in Livermore *June 27th*, and remained in session two days. Present, — R. Streeter, Jabez Woodman, Wm. A. Drew, J. B. Dods, Wm. Frost, S. Cobb, F. Mace, Henry Hawkins, —— Dolloff, George Bates, F. A. Hodsdon, —— Wilbur, and Whittier. Sermons were preached by Brs. Woodman, Dods, Frost, Cobb and Streeter. License was granted Br. Wilbur; and Ordination was conferred upon Brs. Woodman, Dods, Hodsdon and Whittier. The occasion, altogether, was one of deep interest.

MY FIRST VISIT TO MALDEN, MASS.

Having received an invitation from the Committee of the First Parish in Malden, Mass., to preach a few Sundays in their Parish Meeting House at my earliest convenience, and desiring to visit my friends in Massachusetts, I accepted the invitation, and appointed to preach in that place on the *first*, *second* and *third Sundays* in *August*.

I made the journey to meet this engagement with my own team; arrived in Boston Aug. 2d; dined that day with

Br. S. Streeter, and the next day with Dr. A. R. Thompson of Charlestown. During these two days I made the acquaintance of Br. Thomas Whittemore of Cambridgeport, by whose advice the Malden Committee extended to me this invitation, and several other worthy friends, and visited places of interest in the city, and in Charlestown. On the evening of the 3d, I preached Br. Streeter's Preparatory Lecture in his Vestry.

August, First Sunday. — I was on hand in *Malden*. But I did not preach in the First Parish Meeting House, as I was invited to do. THE STORY IS THIS: — Rev. Aaron Green, who had been the minister of that Parish thirty-six years, had resigned the Pastorate, and the Parish, at a meeting called for the election of a Supplying Committee, elected upon that Committee a majority of Universalists. It was by the ruling of this majority that I was invited by the Chairman to supply as above noted. This was the "Territorial Parish," as the First Parish in each town was denominated under the Parochial laws of Massachusetts in her Colonial and early State capacity. And as all the citizens of a town had been regarded as members of the Territorial Parish, who had not contracted membership in a "Voluntary" or "Poll Parish," it was supposed that the members of Poll Parishes, by withdrawing from such Parishes, fell back of course into the Territorial Parish as members. Under this view of the matter, another meeting was called of the First Parish for the purpose of adding to their Supplying Committee; and a sufficient number of members went through some form of withdrawal from the Baptist and Methodist societies, and voted at this second meeting of the First society, to make a majority against the Universalists; and a sufficient number of our opposers *were* added to the Committee to change the character of

the majority; and the action of the Committee in relation to me was countermanded, and the old Church was not accessible to me.

But my friends were none the less desirous that I should fulfil my appointments in the town; and our meetings were held in a large School House Hall.

This week, after the Sabbath, I improved in visiting, for the first time, my relatives in Middleboro', 35 miles South of Boston, from which place my father, with all the family older than myself, moved to Norway in 1797. My first call there was upon my uncle Levi Cobb, my father's youngest brother, who occupied the old homestead. The visit to this old mansion, which had been the home of several of my progenitors, was fraught with thrilling interest. I called also upon all my father's surviving brothers and sisters, who, besides Levi, were James and Isaiah; and Rebecca and Lydia, the former of whom married a Perkins, and the latter a Shaw. On Friday evening I preached a lecture in the house of my Uncle James. Saturday I returned towards my Sunday's field of labor as far as Boston, and spent the night with Br. Hosea Ballou. He presented me with the following letter, which he had received during my absence at Middleborough, from the Committee of the Universalist society in Hartford, Ct.: —

"HARTFORD, Aug. 7, 1827.

REV. HOSEA BALLOU:

DEAR SIR, — Regarding you as the great apostle of truth of the present day, and knowing the interest you have ever manifested for the prosperity of the Universalist Society in this city, we make no apology for addressing you on a subject connected with its concerns. Having been informed by Mr. Ruggles that you named Mr. Cobb of Maine as a man whom you thought might be profitably employed in the ministry here, and Mr. Cobb being also well reputed by Mr. Wright and others, we were

induced to write him at Waterville requesting him to visit Hartford to preach three or more Sabbaths as soon as he could conveniently leave home; and suggesting that, if the people should be pleased with his performances in the pulpit and with his personal deportment, the society might make him an offer of permanent employment, should he desire it.

"In answer to the letter we have received one from Mrs. Cobb of the 3d inst., informing us that her husband was absent, and that he was to preach in Malden on the first, second and third Sabbaths in the present month. As Malden, we believe, is but four or five miles from Boston, we presume so much on your goodness as to request that you would see him, if convenient, in our behalf. We are anxious that Mr. Cobb, if he should conclude to come on here at all, should be here on the third Sabbath in this month, and have supposed that he might get some one to supply his place on that day in Malden. Whether he can come then, or at any subsequent time, we wish to be informed as soon as possible.

"We salute you as friends and brethren.

"JOHN M. NILES,
"J. P. RAMSEY,
"WILLIAM BENTON, } *Committee.*"

The next morning (Sunday), I went out to my second days' service in Malden. During the intermission I read to a collection of my friends there the Hartford letter, and conferred with them on the question of their relinquishment to the Hartford society of their claim on my third Sabbath service with them. We deliberated in view of the following plan on the part of my Malden friends: — The enlarged and discordant Parish Committee were in office for the balance of the fiscal year, to the next annual March meeting. My friends were confident that then the Parish would elect me as their pastor if I would come and preach a few Sundays in the Hall, before the Parish meeting; and they desired that I should hold myself in a situation which would admit of my doing so if I should then be so disposed. I,

on my part, stated to them that I was of the opinion that I should not be pleased to remove to Hartford, even if I were invited; that I was not inclined to spend with them there the several Sundays which they asked on candidacy; but I would like to visit that city, and thought it best that I should go and spend the next Sunday there, by which means I could probably dismiss the idea of further negotiations with that society. With these views consent was given to relinquish the next Sabbath's preaching by me in Malden; I forthwith wrote the Committee accordingly at Hartford; and preached in the Universalist Church in that city on the THIRD SUNDAY IN AUGUST. I had a pleasant visit, and left the Committee without any engagement for another visit; but with the understanding that they would communicate to me on their affairs at a future time. Soon afterwards the Chairman of the Committee wrote me that Rev. Menzies Rayner, an Episcopal Clergyman of good order of talent, had just avowed himself a Universalist; that he had been pastor of the Episcopal Church in Hartford, and had many warm friends in that city; and that many members of the Universalist society were of the opinion that it would be greatly to their advantage to settle him as their pastor. To this posture of affairs my heart responded, Amen. For though the Committee kindly suggested that I might, nevertheless, receive a call from the society, I was now happily free from all thoughts of negotiation in that direction. My renewed engagement with Waterville, and the work on my hands elsewhere in Maine, forbade my removal within that year, from the State of Maine, to any place. And the general understanding that I should again represent Waterville in the Legislature the ensuing winter, constituted a tie upon my pride and selfishness to hold me back from a sudden removal. And I

entertained the opinion that, if I should be inclined to change my situation the next Spring, I should find accessible to me the Parish in Malden, a pleasant suburb of Boston, to my mind the most desirable of all cities in the world.

So I returned to my family in Waterville, and to my people there and everywhere else in Maine, cheerfully resuming my evangelical labors, and carrying out my assumed obligations.

THE SERVICE I DID NOT PERFORM.

On my return homeward from Hartford, I reached *Portland* about noon. On my arrival, I was at once informed that Rev. John Bisbee, the newly elected Pastor of the Universalist society in that city, was to be installed into that office at 3 o'clock P. M. of that day; and that the Committee had assigned to me the delivery of the Installation Sermon. They had been informed of my absence, and had written to several places westward, but none of their letters had reached me. I learned that Br. Bisbee, having nearly given up all hope of my presence, not having heard from me, commenced, the day before, preparing himself for the part assigned me. He, nevertheless, was solicitous that I should preach. But as I had arrived at so late an hour with no knowledge of the arrangement, nor of the Installation, and was of course, then, when the time of service was just at hand, without any preparation, I respectfully declined; and Br. Bisbee preached a good sermon. Br. Edward Turner, then of Portsmouth, delivered the Charge; and it devolved upon me to offer the Installation Prayer, and deliver the Right Hand of Fellowship.

THE DEDICATION AT FARMINGTON.

September 6th. — Agreeably to previous assignment by the appropriate authority, I preached the Sermon on occasion of the Dedication of a new Universalist Meeting House in Farmington. Dedicatory Prayer by Br. Geo. Bates.

INTRODUCTION TO MADAM ANN ROYAL.

October, Second Sunday. — The celebrated Madam Royal, stopping over the Sabbath at Dowe's Hotel in Waterville, attended our meeting in the forenoon, and was introduced to me after the services. She had travelled much, had spent much time in the City of Washington, and also in foreign Capitals, called much on professional men in the places which she visited; and kept, and occasionally published a Journal, which she called her "Black Book." Her Black Books contained very pointed and pungent observations on men and manners which she noted by the way. The following is an extract from her notes of her visit at Waterville, published in her next subsequent issue of her Black Book. It may seem indiscreet in me to copy it here: — but — pshaw, it belongs to the life-story: — let my posterity have it.

"In the forenoon, on Sunday, went to hear the Universalist, one of the first orators of the State. He was a young man in the vigor of life; very handsome person, and very engaging aspect. He spoke like one who set a just value on the independence and liberty of speech, and the freedom of religion. His voice was fine, and language pure and simple. He represented hypocrisy and empty show of religion in their true colors, and in the most undaunted language."

THE DEDICATION AT READFIELD.

By assignment agreeable to vote of the proprietors, of different sects, I preached the Dedicatory Sermon at the Consecration of a new Union Meeting House in Readfield, *November 15th.* Rev. Mr. Williams, Methodist, offered the Prayer of Dedication.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

I copy from my Journal: —

"*December 31st.* — An evening lecture in Bath.

"So another year has passed away; and its last evening I spent in the labor which is my pre-eminent delight, preaching the gospel to the wanting children of men. During the year just past, I and my family have been blessed with uniform health; and happiness beyond the power of language to describe has been a constant inmate of our home. Love to one another is the element in which we live; nor has it ever been darkened with clouds, or perturbed by storms from the pervasion of jarring elements. The highest glory of each has been the doing of something to promote the happiness of the other; and thus we have been under the government of what may be justly termed *the perfect law of liberty.* And while mutual confidence and mutual love have yielded us a constant flow of purest pleasures, those pleasures have been exalted by a grateful remembrance and constant veneration of the God of love, whom we trust and adore as the Author of all our blessings. So even those blessings which seem to be the fruit of our own virtues, we, without boasting, ascribe to God as their source, humbly confessing in the interrogatory strain of the apostle, 'For what have we that we did not receive?'

"With regard to my public labors, I believe that their effects have been visible to a considerable extent, as tending to the improvement and happiness of mankind."

A. D. 1828.

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

Having been re-elected by the citizens of Waterville as their Representative in the State Legislature for A. D. 1828, I spent most of these two months in Portland, where that body yet held its sessions. Enoch Lincoln was Governor, Robert P. Dunlap President of the Senate, and John Ruggles Speaker of the House, as last year. Our attention was chiefly devoted to the ordinary affairs of legislation in a new and growing State, relating mostly to local interests.

I boarded with the same family as the previous winter, that of Capt. John M. Knight. During the session of the Legislature I preached the *first Sunday* in *Brunswick;* the *second* in *Bath;* the *third* in *Brunswick;* the *fourth* in *Bath;* the *fifth* in *Brunswick;* and the *sixth* in *Portland:*— and delivered evening lectures in *Freeport*, *Brunswick*, *Portland*, in Freeport again, New Gloucester, and Gray Corner.

The Legislature adjourned Feb. 21st. On the morning of the 22d I started from Portland for my long ago promised ministerial visit to Malden, Mass. Mrs. Cobb, with our babe, Eunice Hale, then ten months old, accompanied me. Being desirous that she should be with me on this important trial visit at Malden, I had sent for her to join company with me in Portland two weeks previously, at the same pleasant home where we boarded together during the whole Legislative session the previous winter. We went to Malden by stage, over an uncomfortably muddy road, and reached the point of our destination the 23d. Our regular boarding place during this visit

was Br. .Uriah Chamberlain's. Our calls, and evening social sittings, however, were very extensively distributed among the members of the Parish.

My special mission at this juncture was, by preaching in the Town Hall the four Sabbaths preceding the annual Parish Meeting, to educate a sufficient additional number of the members of the Parish into the light and love of the gospel in its fulness, to procure a vote at that meeting which should undo the wrong committed by a minority last Summer by the aid of foreign votes, and permanently commit the Parish to the interests of our cause. I preached in that Hall, to large and deeply interested audiences, the last Sunday in February, and the first three Sundays in March.

March 20th. — This was the day of trial between the two theological divisions of Malden's First Religious Society. It was the day of the annual Parish Meeting. There had been much electioneering — probably on both sides. But there had been so much fairness and honor in the course of the Universalists, at the time of, and since, the strife of last Summer, when there was so much trick and injustice practised by their opposers, that they had, to a great extent, the sympathy of the candid of different religious societies; and the opinion seemed to be prevalent that the better justice would take place, and the greater good accrue to the town, by the success of the Universalists in electing their officers, and obtaining possession of the Parish Church, Parsonage and funds.

Late in the afternoon a messenger came to my room with the good tidings that my friends had succeeded in the election of their candidates to officer the Parish throughout, and had instructed their Committee to contract with me for a year if they could do so on reasonable terms.

And the election and instruction of Committee were passed by votes of 30 majority over all the combined forces that could be mustered in the opposition.

In the evening, the Committee called upon me, and communicated the desire of the Parish to settle me as their regular Pastor. The question, however, of a permanent settlement, could not be legally determined, but by the action of the Parish at a meeting called with an article in the Warrant specifying that item of business. But, anticipating such subsequent legal action, the Committee, agreeably to instruction as above, proposed to me an engagement for one year, on a salary of $800, with the understanding that the same should be continued from year to year, until it should be changed by mutual agreement. I accepted the proposition, providing that my regular services under the engagement should commence on the third Sunday in April proximo.

It cost me a painful effort to determine on a removal from my native State, over which I had labored so extensively, and in which I had contracted so numerous friendships. And, to add to my embarrassments, as I was about leaving Portland, at the close of my Legislative term of service there, on this trial visit to Malden, I received an official communication from the Committees, jointly, of the new Universalist societies which had been organized under my itinerant labors in Brunswick, Bath, and Bowdoinham, inviting my settlement with them, and proposing terms which, all things considered, were about as favorable pecuniarily as those now proposed by Malden. It was contemplated that I should make Brunswick the place of my residence (a most pleasant locality indeed), and, preaching equal portions of the time in the three towns respectively, have but eight miles to ride to either of the other places.

But I had for six months been under an engagement to make this visit to Malden at this time, with the understanding that I would settle in the Pastorate over this Parish provided all things should be made acceptable as the result of the trial. Accordingly I was not at liberty to answer my friends in Maine, until I had made the promised trial in Malden; and then, the result bound me to return a negative answer. Nevertheless, on receiving the communication of the Committees aforesaid, I did write my friends in Malden, asking them to relinquish my preliminary visit there, and of course my candidacy for settlement with them altogether. I expressed a preference, all things considered, for the new opportunity in my native State. But those Malden friends tenaciously clung to their claim as per all agreement; and the result I have recorded above.

With regard to *Waterville*, while my friends there were desirous of continuing their arrangement of the previous year, for my services three fourths of the time, I saw that it brought too heavy a responsibility upon a few leading members. And then, I felt an ardent desire to be so situated that I could be more generally at home with my family, and free from the necessity which the countless calls imposed upon my susceptible and yielding nature, of performing so much extra labor, in the manner of lectures. How illy I succeeded in this latter respect, my readers will see in the perusal of the subsequent pages of these records.

IN THE PARISH MEETING HOUSE.

I tarried in Malden over the next Sunday after the annual meeting aforesaid, and preached for the first time in the

substantial old "BRICK CHURCH." We had a full meeting, and an interesting occasion of course.

Then we returned to Waterville, took home our two little boys, Sylvanus Jr. and Samuel Tucker, whom we found in good health and cheer at Br. Blackwell's, who had boarded them during Mrs. Cobb's absence of six weeks, since she left home to join company with me at Portland, preparatory to attending me on my mission to Malden; and busied ourselves in preparations for the purposed removal.

April, First Sunday. — I delivered my Valedictory to my congregation in Waterville, West Meeting House.

April, Second Sunday. — The same painful service was performed in the East or Village congregation.

These were affecting occasions. This was my first settled home after I left the Parental Mansion; I had been here about seven years. And I was the first and only Pastor who had ever been with this society. The mutual attachments between us were exceedingly strong.

I improved this week in removing my family and "effects" to Malden. My furniture, and cow, I sent by ship to Boston; and went to Malden with my family by stage. Sold my old chaise in Waterville, and committed my horse to the care of Barker Dingly — whom I had engaged to carry on the Parsonage farm for the season — who rode to Malden upon his back the next week.

April 20th, Third Sunday. — I occupied the *Old Brick Church of the First Parish of Malden, Massachusetts*, as the regular PASTOR.

IN THE PARSONAGE HOUSE.

April 22d. — Our furniture having arrived from Waterville, we this day took up our abode, which proved to be a

ten years abode, in the PARSONAGE HOUSE. It was a large house, and afforded us abundant and very convenient room. In connection with this house, the "Parsonage," so called, comprised a barn, and about twenty acres of land, for the care and cultivation of which I hired a young man six months in each year.

At this point I will jot down a brief

HISTORY OF THE PARISH.

This Parish was organized, with the town of Malden, in 1649. There are numbers of notable names in the line of my predecessors in the pastoral office here, among which is the famous Michael Wigglesworth. But the people, as it appears from the Records, were always about equally divided between the two wings of the old Congregational order, the Calvinists and Arminians. Sometimes one of these parties would succeed in the election of a Pastor of its sympathies, and sometimes the other. This division occasioned frequent changes of Pastors. But my immediate predecessor, Rev. Aaron Green, held the Pastorate a long while, thirty-six years. When the split took place between the two wings, the Arminians taking the name *Unitarian*, Mr. Green kept himself quiet. He preached good morality, but not distinctive doctrines. His sympathies, however, were commonly understood to preponderate in favor of the Unitarian School. Consequently the Trinitarian portion of the church became dissatisfied, and given to fault-finding. This rendered Mr. Green's situation unpleasant, and induced his withdrawal. The Pastorate being thus made vacant, the majority of the Parishioners exercised the same legal and moral right in providing for *the ministry* of their faith and settling the Pastor of their

choice, which had been exercised by their ancestors from the beginning.

The *property* of the Parish was the Parsonage before described; the Church, a substantial and commodious brick edifice, old-fashioned in its interior construction; and a wood-lot, from which, per contract, the Committee sent me twenty cords of wood a year, reckoned as one hundred dollars of my salary.

May 8th. — The members of the old church who remained with us, and other friends, met at my house, and initiated measures for a reorganization.

THE SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION.

June 4th. — The Southern Association met in Oxford, Mass., and continued in session two days. Sermons were preached on the occasion by M. Rayner, S. Cobb, J. P. Fuller, J. Wood, S. Streeter and B. Whittemore.

LEGALIZATION OF THE SETTLEMENT.

In my record of the action of the Parish meeting of March 20th, I noted the fact that the arrangement of the Committee with me pursuant to vote of that meeting must, to be rendered legal, be re-enacted, or ratified, by a subsequent meeting called by a Warrant with an article providing for this business. This meeting took place JUNE 25TH, having been delayed until the malcontents should have generally withdrawn from the Parish to avoid taxation, and a condition of comparative quiet should have obtained. This course of procedure was a happy conception. The meeting was harmonious, and the business was transacted in unity of spirit and purpose. A form of contract between

me and the Parish was drawn up and unanimously passed, establishing the salary as formerly proposed, and providing that my relation as Pastor should be continued, until I should resign the charge; or the Parish, by a *two thirds vote*, determine my dismissal; and one year after notice by either party for the dissolution of the connection.

The reason for provision requiring a two thirds vote, and a year's notice, was this: It was understood that members of other societies in the town, by withdrawing therefrom, fell back as a matter of course into the Town Parish, having the right to vote in its business meetings. And it was known to be the purpose of the malcontents who withdrew from us on my settlement to avoid taxation, by attaching themselves to other societies, to return in season to come in at our next annual Parish meeting, and bring with them a host of allies who were regular members of other societies, and carry a strong vote to restore the Parish to Calvinist dominion. But, happily for us, the law had been misunderstood; and, as construed by the Court, it proved our protector.

YES, VERILY;—At the March Meeting of 1829, the seceders came in, with their promiscuous allies, and offered their votes. Our Clerk, Charles Hill, the Iron Man, had his "Check List" of acknowledged legal voters; and he refused votes from all besides. They prosecuted our Clerk for deprivation of a legal right. But the Court decided that, in the spirit of Common Law, and of the improved Statutes of Massachusetts, the *First* religious society in a town, as well as others, had the power of self protection by the enactment of rules for constituting membership. It proved to be the fact, furthermore, that those whose votes were refused as above, had not legally disconnected themselves from the societies from which they claimed to have

withdrawn. But our enemies continued their warfare for about four years. During all this time they had something in Court in the process of this warfare; in all they instituted about twenty suits and complaints, and failed in them all!

Then they gave up. The Trinitarian seceders organized themselves into a separate society, built them a Church, and settled a pastor, and there was a settled state of peace. It was the general sentiment of that community, in which the defeated parties seemed to participate, that the Universalists had been manly and honorable in their course of procedure throughout, and that the permanent settlement of the Parish question was as it should be. During the half dozen years more, of my residence in Malden, I enjoyed the most pleasant and happy relations with the people of all religious societies, and their ministers.

THAT LECTURING BUSINESS.

I have said that one of the considerations which induced me to remove from my old position in Maine, to Malden, was my desire for freedom from the necessity of performing so much extra labor, in the manner of lectures, &c. But the same enticements soon began to beset my sympathetic and yielding nature. Early in this month (June), a gentleman from Stoneham, an adjoining town, called upon me with the request that I should preach a lecture in that place on the first convenient Sunday evening. I lectured there, in a large School House, on the evening of the FOURTH SUNDAY IN JUNE; and continued to lecture in that place, at 5 o'clock P. M. in the long days. and by candle light in the season of short days, once a fortnight, for about seven years. Of course I provided

substitutes sometimes. In the succeeding summer I commenced lecturing Sunday evenings in South Reading; and for several years preached there on Sunday evenings as often as I could find time besides my attention to Stoneham; and to delivering a third discourse to my Malden congregation, who exacted such service about monthly. Indeed, to keep the work up with the demand as nearly as possible, I sometimes lectured in Stoneham at 5 o'clock P. M., and then in South Reading at candle-lighting, the same Sundays; and at other times in Stoneham at 5, and in my own Church at Malden at 8 in the evening; making, with the *regular* service at home, *four* discourses in the day.

Meanwhile Br. Charles Hill, our Sexton and Parish Clerk, who retailed fresh fish in Malden which he obtained at Swampscot Beach, was teasing me to go down with him and preach to his fishermen some week evening. This, he said, numbers of them desired. But the idea of preaching to the fishermen of Swampscot on a week evening seemed to me like "stumping it," and I gave no attentive consideration to the matter. But at length I instructed my friend Hill to say to his fishermen, that, if they really desired a lecture, and would appoint a week evening for its delivery, I would accompany him to the place, and accommodate them. MAY 12TH, 1831, was appointed, and I was on hand, and addressed a numerous auditory in and around a large School House in Swampscot. A deep interest was excited; the shoe makers in the village were said to keep the New Testament on their benches, for the familiar reference which was called for by the religious inquiries which the new preaching had excited. I was engaged to preach there again at my earliest convenience, and continued my

lectures in that School House on every other Thursday evening till December.

October 12th, 1831. — I lectured in the afternoon in Mechanics' Hall, Wood-End, in Lynn, about a mile and a half from the Swampscot School House. This appointment was procured by Wood-End people who attended the Swampscot lectures. When I approached the Hall, I perceived that the stairs leading into the Hall, which were outside of the building, were crowded with people; and quite a company were standing around the foot of the stairs. I supposed that the keeper of the Hall was late with his key, and that these people were waiting for the opening of the Hall door. But I found that the Hall was filled, and that there was lack of room inside for this crowd which had attracted my attention. Therefore I took my stand near the head of the stairs, that I might address both wings of my auditory. Arrangement was forthwith made for lectures in Mechanics' Hall Thursday evenings every other week, alternating with those in Swampscot; so that they had between them a lecture every week. But in JANUARY, 1832, the meetings at Swampscot were discontinued, and our friends in that District joined in with those at Wood-End, where they were continued through another year, and generally on Sunday evenings. I arranged to give them Sunday evening services, because it would greatly accommodate them, and the field was so promising of the yield of a strong and permanent society shortly. To effect this arrangement, I devolved the Stoneham lectures upon the Pastor at Woburn, Rev. D. D. Smith.

January, 1833. — Our Lynn lectures were removed to the TOWN HALL, a commodious building near the Head of the Common. Many from the Common had attached themselves to our meetings at Wood-End; and this change of

location for the services both furnished a much more convenient room, and better accommodated, as to distance, our friends in all parts of the town.

And now, the ultimate purpose of this mission of mine was soon accomplished, in the organization of a strong permanent society of earnest working members, and the settlement of a resident Pastor. Early in March the society contracted with Rev. J. C. Waldo to labor with them in that capacity; and he forthwith entered upon the work, and made Lynn his family abode.

Such is the history of the Origin of the FIRST UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY IN LYNN.

LYNN SECOND SOCIETY.

The First Society prospered, and soon erected a commodious Church at Wood-End. This was a favorable locality for that Church, as the Swampscot people were thereby accommodated; and there were then more Universalist families in that District, than in West Lynn, or the Common.

But, in process of time, that process being but three years, believers had so multiplied in the West part of Lynn, that they conceived the idea of a SECOND SOCIETY. They wrote me on the subject, soliciting from me a few lectures to give them a start. I yielded assent, of course, and preached the first discourse for the nursing into being a Second Universalist Society in Lynn, on the evening of the SECOND SUNDAY IN FEBRUARY, 1836. The meeting was held in the building which was the former Baptist Meeting House, in a hall constructed by the putting in of a middle floor, and making a pleasant and convenient upper audience room. At the close of this service the brethren voted that

they would proceed forthwith to the organization of a SECOND UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY IN LYNN.

THE SLIGHT BREAK-DOWN.

February, 1836, *Fourth Sunday.* — On this evening I preached for the regularly organized *Second Universalist Society* in Lynn. We met in the Hall or audience room of the old Baptist Church, before described. The Hall was crowded. Every seat was occupied, and every square foot of standing room upon the floor; and the door and stairways. As I was about to commence services, the floor of the centre of the Hall settled a foot or more, causing a general pressure of the people towards the doors for egress. I sprang to one of the doors, and raised my voice to hush the people, lest a general rush down the stairs should injure many. I succeeded in moderating their movement, so that all passed out safely. By invitation of a member of the First Society's Committee, we marched to their Meeting House, and conducted our services there.

It was found by examination the next morning, that the settling of the Hall floor was from the giving way of a sill of the lower floor, which was about two feet from the ground, on which rested a pillar supporting the floor occupied by my audience.

This new society forthwith provided itself with regular Sabbath services, and soon purchased a respectable Meeting House on the Common, nearly opposite the Lynn Hotel; and it has prospered under a succession of worthy Pastors. It had, from the beginning, the good will of the First Society; and the two bodies have ever worked in mutual harmony and brotherly love.

Meanwhile the few Universalists in South Danvers were

indulging the thought of procuring a few lectures preparatory to the gathering of a society and procuring regular religious instruction in the faith of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." The Pastor of the Universalist Society in Salem, at that time, held such relations with the Unitarian minister of South Danvers, that he declined giving his aid to the gathering of a Universalist Society in that place. Then my services were called for in aid of the noble design. "Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood," but yielded to the call from this people also, that I might preach unto them the gospel of peace.

February, 1832, *Fourth Sunday.* — In the evening, I delivered a lecture in Dr. Shedd's Hall, South Danvers. The Hall was densely crowded.

I held but few more meetings there, before a society was organized. And, in the beginning of 1833, Br. John Moore was settled with them in the regular Pastoral relation.

Saugus, too, for several of these years, came in for often lectures; — during 1833, for one every fortnight.

And now that I am on the project of getting away from any considerable extra labor by moving from Maine to Massachusetts, I will add here, though it is spreading somewhat, that, during these same years, Epping, Kingston Plain, East Kingston, Southampton, Plaistow, Hampstead, Sandown, Danville and Amoskeag Falls (now Manchester), N. H., pressed upon me with requests for several Sundays' preaching, some more and others less, each season. So also did West Newbury, and Franklin, Mass.; — and numerous other places far through the country, for occasionally a single Sabbath. And quite generally some lecturing, besides the regular Sabbath services, must needs be performed when out in those various fields of labor.

My soul travailed for those numerous children of my

Father, far and near, hungering and thirsting after righteousness. But here I was, a settled Pastor, in charge of an important Parish, whose interests I could not innocently neglect. What should I do?

This I did: — I made my direct exchanges with the able settled pastors within ordinary exchanging distance comparatively far between; and as they desired a Sabbath's appointment conveniently near, occasionally, that they might accommodate a favorite minister from abroad by giving him the supply of their pulpit at the same time, I was on the lookout for these opportunities, and thus frequently obtained the services of one of those pastors for my congregation, when I went out to some one of these transient appointments. This was the same to my people at home as if I had provided the able preacher for the day by regular or direct exchange. And when this recourse failed me in the arrangement of my supplies, I always found good and acceptable preachers disengaged for the time, whom I could place in my pulpit to the edification of my people. But, notwithstanding I devoted so great amount of labor to the gathering of new societies, and the extension of the kingdom of Christ over a wide area, I so economized that, during the ten years of my pastoral relation in Malden, I was at home with my society nearly two-thirds of the five hundred and twenty Sundays. I include in the list *at home*, several Sundays on which I exchanged with neighboring ministers half of the day; in which cases I usually preached in my own desk an evening lecture, making two discourses at home. In the portion of Sundays absent I also include the three or four which I, as per fixed rule of duty, appropriated each year to my summer vacation on a visit to my mother, and other friends, in Maine. On these Sundays I supplied my desk at home at my own expense, not having

a summer vacation voted me by the Parish, as our Pastors have in later years. In the portion of my Sabbaths away, I also include those over which I was necessarily kept away in attendance on distant Conventions and Associations. Furthermore, to the account of my home labors I will add, that I uniformly held a service and delivered a discourse, on Fast, Thanksgiving and Christmas days. None of these services should in later years have been dispensed with in our congregations. Fast and Thanksgiving Days afford a faithful Pastor a signal opportunity for special and pointed labor on subjects which essentially concern the social and political interests, especially in their moral bearings, of the State and the Republic.

THE INSTALLATION.

July 30th, 1828. — This day I was publicly installed as Pastor of the *First Religious Church and Society in Malden, Massachusetts*. As the Parish meeting for the legalization of my settlement had been delayed to June 25th, that the jarring elements might become comparatively quiet (see page 199), so the Installation was put off another month, that the senseless excitement produced by the former transaction among the Trinitarian seceders might have time to expend itself.

The Installing Council met in the large parlor of Wm. Barrett, Esq., at 10 o'clock A. M., and elected Rev. Hosea Ballou Moderator. A request in writing was handed to the Moderator, signed by Charles Lewis, Esq., the lawyer who had led the opposition, Bernard Green, Esq., and Thomas Odiorne, asking permission to come before the Council, and state objections to their proceeding with the Installation. And they had hired a lawyer, Parker, of

Charlestown, who was waiting at the Inn to present himself before the Council in aid of the petitioners. But the Moderator, in behalf of the Council, sent answer to the petitioners, that the Parish Records furnished them with all necessary information in the premises, and they had no occasion for their services. So these adversaries were foiled in their scheme for getting upon the floor of the Council, and occupying the time which was assigned for the public services of Installation. They went their way discomfited, and troubled us no more.

When the Council had completed their arrangements, a procession was formed in front of Br. Barrett's house, and marched in due order to the Church, headed by a fine band of martial music. The air was serene, the music mellifluous, and the scene beautiful. The church was filled, and the services were conducted in the following order: —

1. Voluntary by the choir, "*Who can express the noble acts of the Lord.*" 2. Original Hymn. 3. Introductory Prayer by Rev. Hosea Ballou, of Boston. 4. Anthem, "*Rejoice in the Lord.*" 5. Sermon by Rev. Sebastian Streeter, of Boston, from 2 Tim. ii. 24, 25: "*And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth.*" 6. Installing Prayer by Rev. Thomas Whittemore, of Cambridgeport. 7. Charge by Rev. Hosea Ballou, of Boston. 8. Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. Russell Streeter, of Watertown. 9. Concluding Prayer by Rev. Walter Balfour, of Charlestown. 10. Anthem, "*The Great Jehovah is our awful theme.*" 11. Benediction by the Pastor elect.

The following is the original Hymn, composed for the occasion by the Pastor elect: —

TUNE — *Old Hundred.*

Great God, before thy throne we bow,
To Thee we raise the fervent prayer;
Do thou on us thy grace bestow,
And make us all thy tender care.

Him thou dost place as Pastor here,
Wilt thou, O Saviour, deign to bless:
With firmness and with godly fear
May he declare thy truth and grace.

May no vain pride his heart possess,
To wrest thy word, thy truth conceal;
Be thou his strength and righteousness,
And with thy love his bosom fill.

And on this people, gracious Lord,
Pour down thy blessings from above;
Cause ev'ry heart to love thy word,
And in thy paths their footsteps move.

May mutual kindness live and reign,
Meekness and faith, and holy zeal,
Thy truth to spread, thy cause maintain,
And all the works of love fulfil.

We pray, O God — and we believe;
We've seen thy kindness all our days,
And long as we existence have,
We'll celebrate thy wondrous praise.

As this was one of the most interesting seasons of my life; and as Father Ballou stands in history as one of the chief founders and pillars of the Universalist denomination; and as I enjoyed the most happy relation and familiar intercourse with him during all the remaining 24 years of his life; and as the "Charge" is of peculiar value in itself; I copy it here, from the *Trumpet and Universalist Magazine of August 2*, 1828.

DELIVERY OF SCRIPTURES AND CHARGE.

BY REV. H. BALLOU.

"BR. COBB, — Agreeably to a usage, long established, and in compliance with the will of the ecclesiastical council, officiating on this occasion, I present you the holy scriptures.

"By this act we signify to the world that we regard this volume as our guide in the discharge of ministerial duties. In these writings we learn the doctrine which we are bound to preach. This volume also furnishes the best possible directions in which to communicate the divine truths which it contains, and how to combat and overthrow the errors of mankind, which array themselves against the wisdom of God, as revealed in these writings. Their usefulness also extends to the most valuable instructions regarding our duty to our God, as moral accountable beings, also our duty to each other, and our duty to ourselves; and in this its utility can never be too highly appreciated.

"The divine goodness towards man is the foundation of the religion we profess. The goodness of God, of which so much is spoken in the scriptures of the Old Testament, in those of the New, is called grace. This goodness or grace is entirely free; requiring no merit in us as a condition by which we may secure it. It flows spontaneously from the unchangeable mind of our heavenly Father, and does not wait to be called forth by any act or duty required of us. The supposition that the kindness of God is turned towards us by our obedience to his requirements, is an error of most injurious tendency, as it entirely shuts from our sight the ample fulness of the divine goodness, of which these requirements are abundant proof. Our duty to God is founded on his goodness, and our obedience is the effect of his grace.

"IMPARTIALITY is one of the distinguishing attributes of the goodness of God, and of the general theme of doctrine taught in the scriptures. 'The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.'— 'The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.' Both the freeness and impartiality of the divine goodness

are most clearly set forth in the instructions given by the blessed Saviour in his Sermon on the Mount. 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.' That partiality which is a prominent characteristic of the creeds of men, which originated in wisdom earthly and sensual, has no connection with the doctrine of the divine goodness; but is its entire opposite.

"The UNCHANGEABLENESS of the divine goodness is another most important attribute of the doctrine which the scriptures teach. 'I am the Lord: I change not; therefore, ye sons of Jacob are not consumed — Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'

"That the BLESSED HOPE, which the gospel brings to the guilty, may be to the soul an anchor sure and steadfast, not to be shaken or weakened by the terrors with which a due punishment of our sins might justly alarm us, the scriptures furnish assurance that 'the Lord will not cast off forever; but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men. — For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.'

"And, finally, that the fading beauties and short-lived enjoyments of this transitory existence, should not be succeeded by the gloom of despair, the blessed Saviour of man has brought life and immortality to light through the gospel; and given assurance, that 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' In this blessed assurance the believer in Christ embraces his Father in heaven as his unchangeable friend; he embraces the Lord Jesus as the first fruits of them who sleep, *and all* mankind as heirs with himself of that inheritance which

is incorruptible, and undefiled, and which fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us. — In this assurance, with deep humility and gratitude, we 'bow the knee unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named;' and, in full survey of the desolations of mortality, are emboldened to sing the triumphant song: 'O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"By keeping these prominent attributes of the doctrine of the scriptures constantly in view, the minister of the word will be enabled to avoid running into dangerous errors, and to enjoy a light which will assist him in rightly dividing the word of truth; in maintaining and defending it in opposition to those doctrines, by which it has been perverted, on the one hand; and against the sophistry of open infidelity on the other.

"You are, therefore, charged to regard the plain and clear testimony of the written word, which is always capable of being illustrated by the works of creation and providence, as your guide; carefully avoiding those metaphysical speculations, in which too many of our school-men have lost sight of all reality, and embraced the wildest and most extravagant chimeras which have ever dishonored the cause of religion, or blighted the plants of heavenly virtue.

"My brother, you are charged to fix your eye directly on the Lord Jesus. Such doctrine as he preached, do you preach. Such methods as he used, to combat and overthrow the errors of his time, do you employ to disprove the same errors which abound at present, under the name of Christianity. Let him be your pattern. It would have been easy for the divine teacher, had he been disposed, to have accommodated his preaching to the prejudices of the Scribes and Pharisees, in such a manner as to have avoided their displeasure. And this he would unquestionably have done, had he not known that it would have been at the expense of truth. He might just as well have espoused the doctrines by which the Jewish church was defiled, as to have preached anything else, in such a way as neither to disprove their errors on the one hand, nor establish better sentiments on the other.

"Constantly keep in mind the command of the Saviour to an apostle: 'Feed my sheep.' If the command had been to terrify and harass, to divide and scatter, the fearful and gloomy horrors, which were engendered in vitiated imaginations, in the dark ages, concerning the tortures which a God of wrath will inflict in a future state, would be suitable materials for performing such cruel labors; but if to feed the people with knowledge and understanding is the duty of the public servants of the great Shepherd, then let them carefully avoid those wild imaginations, and render themselves acquainted with those vast stores of the bread of life, which a bountiful God has, in infinite mercy, provided for mankind of every nation under heaven.

"You are charged, my brother, to keep in mind the admonitions of the divine Master to the disciples, and carefully communicate to the people of your care that light with which your own understanding has been and still may be illuminated; that you may justly use the words of the apostle of the Gentiles: 'I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.'

"In your sermons, treat on such subjects as may best suit the condition of your people. Let instruction in doctrine occupy a reasonable portion of your public labors. Use all due means to discover the beauty and excellency of truth, and contrast them with the contrary qualities of error. With a skilful hand remove the guise with which the craftsmen of the day clothe their impious doctrines, and present hypocrisy in its odious character.

"The prevailing vices of the times are disorders which demand the attention of the moral physician. In compassion to man, with good-will to society, use all possible persuasion to draw the old and the young from those habits and indulgences which degrade human nature, and blast all the rational enjoyments of life. To do this, carefully shun the preposterous practice of allowing that the vicious are the most happy in the present life. This is the only deception that gives force to temptation. The language of her who allures is, 'Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant;' but did the tempted know, 'that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell,' he would resist the charm, and parry the dart aimed at his life. The history of centuries proves, beyond controversy, that the unknown terrors of an unknown hell, in an unknown *world, have* never secured man from the allurements of sin, nor

inclined him to the love of holiness. In your persuasions to virtue, and in your dissuasions from vice, respect the sacred word, and confine yourself to known realities; showing, that while the one flows with the milk and honey of peace and joy, the other yields the wormwood and the gall of vexation and woe. And to add weight, and to give effect to your arguments and precepts, stand forth yourself an example worthy of applause and imitation.

"To such as are afflicted and to those who mourn, give largely of your sympathies, and refuse not to taste the cup of your people's sorrow; nor yet forget to administer the consolations of the gospel, which make even the dying victors through him who loved us and gave himself for us.

"That all the duties of your office may be seasonably and properly discharged, it is indispensable, dear brother, that the whole cause and work, with which you are now charged, should engross the affections and love of your heart. Love to God, love to the Saviour's name, love to divine truth and all the virtues which adorn it, and love to mankind, will enable you to fight a good fight, to keep the faith, and to finish your course with triumphant joy."

How far I may have succeeded to conform the matter and manner of my ministry, and the conduct of my life, to the wise injunctions of this able Charge of the venerable man of God, many thousands and tens of thousands of the Christian public have had opportunities for forming an opinion. In my conscious weakness I have looked to God for aid; and have *endeavored* to promote the welfare of mankind. The Lord forgive my errors, and bless me abundantly with the breathings of his spirit in my further efforts to do what work remains for me to perform on earth.

August, 1828. — I spent nearly all of this month on a journey to Maine, and a route through Waterville, where I spent some time at settling up old affairs; and via Sydney, Readfield, Livermore, Turner, preaching by the way;

Peru, Rumford, Norway, — visiting relatives, and preaching also, as it was my wont to do.

THE ROCKINGHAM ASSOCIATION.

On my way home I came to Kingston, N. H., just in time to be present at the Rockingham Association, which was organized mostly by Boston ministers as a missionary instrumentality, Aug. 25, 1824. This was to me an unexpected entertainment. Sermons were preached by Brs. H. Ballou, 2d, S. Cobb, T. Whittemore, J. Wood, and H. Ballou. Mrs. Cobb accompanied me on this tour.

During the remainder of this eventful year, I was occupied with the regular duties of my ministerial office, in their diversified bearings heretofore described. I will barely note, as I pass, that my Thanksgiving Sermon, Nov. 27th, was, by general request, committed to print in pamphlet form. The text was Gal. v. 1: "*Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.*"

A. D. 1829.

AND YET ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

January 17th, 1829. — Our fourth child, and third son, was born unto us to-day. All well. On *July 12th* (Sunday), *we publicly dedicated* this infant son by the name EBENEZER.

INTRODUCTORY AT AMOSKEAG, N. H.

February, 1829, — *First Sunday.* — I delivered three *discourses* in a new hall in Amoskeag, provided by the

Amoskeag manufacturing Company as a Chapel for religious worship. This was the first occupancy of the Chapel by a Universalist clergyman; and it was procured by the agency of Dr. Oliver Dean,* who was the Agent of the Manufacturing Corporation. The meetings were supported by subscriptions from the Overseers and Operatives generally, each subscriber designating the denomination to which his or her subscription should be appropriated. I preached there again the next September, and had the happiness to learn that the interest in our cause was steadily increasing. And the same favorable reports cheered me, as I took my turns with others of our ministering brethren subsequently, in the occupancy of this Chapel.

In a few years the Amoskeag Co. erected a magnificent row of factories on the bank of the river (Merrimac), a mile and a half below the Falls, carrying down the water power by a canal from the Falls; and another Corporation, the *Stark*, built its factories on a contiguous site. The business of these Corporations built a populous city (Manchester), in which the Universalist interest which originated in Amoskeag village forthwith organized a large society, and erected a commodious Church. A Second Universalist society was formed in Manchester in 1859; and both are in a flourishing condition, and in an ample field for gospel work.

THE ADDRESS AT SALEM.

March, 25th. — Rev. Lemuel Willis was installed over the Universalist Society in Salem, Mass. Rev. Thomas

* This Dr. Oliver Dean, whose manly and honorable improvement of his opportunities as Agent of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, was the means of putting in motion the spiritual forces which have wrought such important results in Manchester, N. H., is the founder of the DEAN ACADEMY in Franklin, Mass.

Jones, of Gloucester, preached the Sermon; and it devolved upon me to read the Scriptures, and deliver the Address to the Society.

THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION: AND BR. L. S. EVERETT'S INSTALLATION.

June 4th, 1829. — I assisted in the organization of *The Boston Association*, in the Universalist Church in Charlestown; and, in the evening, took part in the services of the Installation of Rev. Linus S. Everett, over the Universalist Society in the same place.

THE DEDICATION OF CHILDREN.

My Diary has the following entry in its order of time: —

"*June, First Sunday* (1829). — To-day, at the commencement of the afternoon services in our Malden Church, we publicly dedicated our second son, Samuel Tucker, and Eunice Wait Putnam, my departed sister's child whom we had taken into our family, to our God and Father in heaven. Circumstances were such that it was not convenient to carry Samuel Tucker into meeting when he was an infant in Waterville, Me., nor since until this time. Br. Henry Crehore and wife also brought forward their children, and had them publicly dedicated to God at the same time; viz., Henry, Susan, Joseph, and Julia Augusta."

The residue of this month I spent on a journey to Maine, with my private carriage, Sylvanus, Jr., in company; and visiting relatives, and preaching in many towns which had shared of my labors in former years.

THE MAINE CONVENTION.

I took the *Maine Convention*, formerly the *Eastern Association*, on my route, which met in Readfield on the 24th and 25th. The meeting was largely attended by ministers and laymen; and sermons were preached by Brs. S. Cobb, R. Streeter, Samuel Brimblecom, S. Stetson and J. Wood. I knew Rev. Samuel Brimblecom as the Pastor of the Unitarian Church in Norridgewock, when I was in Waterville. Now he had entered into the full light and love of our faith; and, after an affecting address to the Council, he offered himself for our denominational Fellowship, and was cordially received.

THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.

This body met in Winchester, N. H., *September 16th and 17th*, which I attended. Sermons were preached by Brs. A. Ballou, S. Streeter, P. Dean, M. Rayner, S. Cobb, H. Ballou, and E. Case. It was an interesting occasion.

DEDICATION AT SANDY BAY.

October 8th. — The new Universalist Meeting House at Sandy Bay, now Rockport, was dedicated. By invitation of the Committee I delivered a discourse in the afternoon. Father Jones, of Gloucester, preached the Sermon of Dedication in the forenoon.

November. — This month I published, in pamphlet form, *A Review of Dr. Dwight's Tract on Future Punishment.*

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The following is the manner in which my Journal closes its records of the year 1829 : —

"*December* 31*st.* — Another year passes away with this day. Many blessings have flowed upon us during the year which is now closing. Our family has been favored with almost uninterrupted health; the smile of Heaven has constantly shone upon us; and our enjoyments have been great. The most perfect harmony has continued to subsist between the members of the society; and between them and me. Our seasons of worship have been happy seasons; the members of the society seem to be generally sincere lovers of the gospel; and important additions have been made to our congregation."

A. D. 1830.

Though this year, as the former years of my ministerial life, was full of labor, it was generally so much in the usual routine, at home and abroad, that there was but little of it that would be interesting as matter of particular notice. I will barely make note of my presence and humble services on special public occasions.

INSTALLATION OF REV. J. P. ATKINSON, AT HINGHAM.

April 29*th.* — Rev. J. P. Atkinson was installed over the Universalist Society in Hingham. Rev. T. Whittemore preached the Sermon; Rev. Hosea Ballou delivered the Charge; Rev. H. Ballou, 2d, the Installation Prayer; Rev. L. S. Everett the Right Hand of Fellowship; and it devolved upon me to deliver the Address or Charge to the *Society*.

INSTALLATION OF REV. WM. S. BALCH.

May 5th. — I attended the *Installation of Rev. Wm. S. Balch over the Universalist Society of Newton and Watertown*, and offered the Introductory prayer.

BOSTON ASSOCIATION.

This body met in the first Universalist Church in Boston, JUNE 2D. Sermons were preached by Brs. Wm. Morse, S. Cobb, and T. F. King.

THE MAINE CONVENTION.

June 30th. — This was the first day of the session of the Maine Convention of Universalists in Norway. As it was known that I was under the necessity of leaving for home this day at noon, it was assigned for me to preach this forenoon. As usual on these occasions in Maine, the meeting was large.

It was affecting to receive the hearty greetings of my familiar friends and former associates meeting from various parts of my native State, accompanying the warm grip of the hand with the exclamation, — "When will you come home again to your old friends, and to the land of your nativity?" And to separate from them at noon on the first day of the session was trying to my feelings. But I had spent the time I had to spare for this route, in visiting round about before the meeting of the Convention.

ROCKINGHAM ASSOCIATION.

August 25th and 26th. — This Association was in session at Atkinson, N. H. Sermons were preached, by Brs. L. Willis, S. Cobb, T. F. King, T. Whittemore, and S. Streeter.

OLD COLONY ASSOCIATION.

At the meeting of this Association in Hanson, Mass., SEPTEMBER 1ST, sermons were preached by Brs. T. F. King, M. Rayner, and S. Cobb.

THE GENERAL CONVENTION.

The General Convention of Universalists of the New England States and others, held an annual session in Lebanon, N. H., SEPTEMBER 15th and 16th. The preaching on this occasion was by Brs. T. F. King, S. Cobb, T. Whittemore, S. Streeter, and Hosea Ballou. Mrs. Cobb accompanied me to this meeting.

CONFERENCE WITH DR. EMMONS.

Monday, December 27th. — Having preached in Franklin, Mass., on the preceding day (Sunday), I tarried over to-day, that I might discharge an obligation to the venerable Dr. Emmons, which he, in pleasantry at least, imputed to me. He had said to my friend, Maj. Mann, "You must call on me with your minister when he visits you again. He has been in town many times, preaching within the limits of my parish, and I feel slighted by his neglect to call upon me. Ministerial etiquette requires that, when a young minister comes preaching in a town where an old one is settled, the new comer shall call upon the old settler. Don't fail to introduce your minister on his next visit here."

Maj. Mann was an elder brother of Hon. Horace Mann; and he was the agent of the Franklin City Factory. My *first* ministerial visit to that place, preaching in the

"Franklin City School house," was procured by Maj. Mann on his own responsibility. And, though he had forthwith the co-operation of faithful and energetic associates, he was in the lead, and his house was my home in that town. It was natural, therefore, that the doctor should, in address to the Major, denominate me *his* minister.

With regard to the personality of the other party, he was the world renowned Nathaniel Emmons, D.D., an Orthodox divine of great celebrity; one of their standard authors; rather *Hopkinsian* than Calvinistic; bold and unreserved in the statement of his strong points; and, as men of his calibre frequently are, with their peers, somewhat facetious. He was popular as a teacher of teachers, insomuch that The New American Cyclopædia says, "He guided the studies of some 87 theological students." He was now 86 years of age.

Well, on the Monday morning aforesaid, my friend introduced me into the studio of Dr. Emmons, and the presence of its presiding genius. The doctor, though so far advanced in age, was in good health, and of brilliant mind. He was free and communicative; and after repeating his conversation with Maj. Mann with regard to my obligation to give him a call, he put me immediately upon the work of explaining and vindicating as accordant with the Scriptures, my theological system. Of course he soon presented me with Matt. xxv. 46: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." I took him with me into a careful and critical reading of our Lord's discourse from the beginning, of which he had given me the concluding words. He went along with me, as friends walk arm in arm, giving his undivided attention. When we had reached thus the end of Chap. xxiv., he admitted that the judgment, and the attendant tribulations,

which were the subject of that Chapter, involved the national destruction of the Jews, which was to take place, and did take place, *before that generation passed away.* I then called his attention to the fact, that Mark (Chap. xiii)., and Luke (Chap. xxi.), recording what they deemed most important of that discourse of their Lord, have made record of only the portion of it which our translators have, by their division of it in Matthew's record, parted off into Chap. xxiv.; and that Matthew connects with this, what follows in his record (Chap. xxv.), by the adverb *then;* — "*then* shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins," &c.; showing that the three parables which he records while the other Evangelists omit them, are but additional and figurative illustrations of the same events, of the same time, treated in Chap. xxiv. I also showed him that this view of the unity of subject in these two chapters is confirmed by the constant reference which is made in the latter to the former, by repetition of its language in description of the coming of the Son of Man in his glory.

I then put to the Doctor this question: — When a faithful reporter undertakes to publish a report of a speech of his revered teacher, if, for convenience, he curtails or abridges it, will he not be particular to publish in full such portions of the speech as he deems most important for the public, and for posterity? Does not the fact, therefore, that Mark and Luke omitted to report the three parables comprised in Matt. xxv., conclusively show that they did *not* understand those parables to introduce a new and distinct subject, and one infinitely more important to be handed down to all subsequent ages?

Dr. Emmons instantly replied, "I see the point. The argument is plausible." And then he facetiously added, — "*But I* don't believe it; and I don't believe you do." That

great scholar and divine saw the force of the circumstances presented, and felt it. And his instantaneous impulse came to his relief with a jocular dismissal of the subject.

Then it came to be my turn to ask questions. And in his answers, he was more frank and ingenuous than instructive. He made no effort to dodge difficulties, or to relieve himself of embarrassments by amalgamations of Arminianism and Augustinianism. Indeed, he could not be embarrassed. When I presented him a glaring absurdity in his theological doctrines, and the irreconcilable disharmony between their different parts, with all frankness and unconcern, without hesitation or prevarication, he would respond, "*I see it, I see it.* I know there is a difficulty there. All theories have their difficulties. But I believe this notwithstanding."

We occupied a considerable part of the day in our conversation, dining together at his table. And it was, to me, upon the whole, a pleasant conference.

I will note one circumstance here, for the benefit of my ministering brethren, in relation to the Doctor's Study. It was his Sitting Room. He said he had, by this arrangement, improved a great many hours in most profitable work as a sermonizer and author, which would have been lost if his study were away by itself in an upper room. Often he came into the house from parochial calls or out-door choring, a fraction of an hour before dinner or supper, or an hour or two before bedtime; and he would sit down directly to his literary labor, losing not a minute; when, if he were required to go off to an upper room to his work, especially in the considerable portion of the year when the study would need warming, nothing would have been done.

The Doctor's theory in this economy has ever been my own. I have had a separate room to which I could retire when I pleased. But, usually, the family Sitting Room has been my principal Library Room and Study. When ladies have been in enjoying a social chat with the female members of my family, and I was at my writing, — and they have expressed the fear that they were disturbing me, — I have replied, that I could think and write as much more vigorously for their presence and conversation, the conversation not particularly concerning me, as a soldier can march better for good music.

A. D. 1831.

This year too, as the preceding, was one of general quiet, and prosperity, and happiness, in my home Parochial relations, and of vigilant attention to the legitimate duties of those relations. Posterity will understand my labors of the year in general, from the nature of my official position, without record, as well as they could from detailed reports. A few incidents, however, and special services abroad, I will note as I pass.

CHURCH RECOGNITION IN MARLBORO'.

February 23*d.* — I took part in the services of Recognition of a Universalist Church in Marlboro', Mass., which had just been organized by Rev. T. J. Greenwood, Pastor. To me was assigned the delivery of the discourse on the occasion; and then, after an Address to the Church by Rev. R. Streeter, and the Baptism of several of the members by the Pastor (in the form of sprinkling), the administration

of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. (For notice of my subsequent labors in Marlboro', see page—*)

ANOTHER ADDITION TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

March 31*st.* — This morning my wife presented unto me a fifth child, and fourth son. When he was two weeks old, Capt. GEORGE WINSLOW, a valuable member of my Society, having obtained our consent, conferred upon him his own name, — all but the *Captain*. And by this name we publicly Dedicated him to the great Father, as a member of the mystical body of Christ, *Sunday*, *July* 31*st.*

OUR TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

April 7th. Fast-Day. — I delivered to my congregation a discourse on Temperance, taking a strong position for the total disuse of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage. I expected that I should give offence to some, as numbers of my parishioners were "moderate drinkers," and a few were more than that; and none of them had attached themselves to the Temperance Society which had been organized in the town. But the lesson was well received, and effective in its operation. I forthwith borrowed the Constitution of the Malden Temperance Society, and called with it on all the heads of families in my Parish, and obtained the signatures of nearly all of them to the Pledge. I encountered the objection from many, on the first presentation of the subject, that this Temperance Society was an Orthodox movement; and in proof of this I was re-

* This notice the Autobiographer did not live to write; but the reader will find an account of the labors referred to in Chapter XVII. of the Memoir.
THE MEMOIRIST.

ferred to the fact that most of the members were Orthodox people, and had all the management of its affairs among themselves. To be sure, I replied, and it must be so as long as we keep ourselves away. I showed my friends that there was nothing in the Constitution of the Society to prevent our all becoming members, and in such numbers as to exert, ourselves, a controlling influence in the Society. And we did so. And the Universalist Society in Malden has ever since occupied a prominent position and exerted an effective influence in the temperance cause.

FATHER RAYNER'S PROJECT.

April 25th.—I received a letter from Rev. Menzies Rayner, of Hartford, Ct., through Rev. Linus S. Everett as his intercessor, proposing that I should remove my abode to Hartford, preach one half of the time in that city, and the other half out (he doing the same), and take one half of the interest in his paper, "*The Religious Inquirer.*" Father Rayner had of course conferred with his Parish Committee on this arrangement. It will be remembered that the Committee of that society were in correspondence with me in relation to my holding myself subject to a candidacy for settlement with them, at the time when Father Rayner came among them, over from the Episcopal communion. Now it was proposed that their two contemplated cotemporary *Candidates* should become *Associate Pastors.*

This was the proffer of an inviting position; but I returned at once a negative answer. So pleasant and so settled had become my situation in Malden, and so diversified were the opportunities for useful labor round about, that I could not even *debate the question* of removing at *that time.*

BOSTON ASSOCIATION.

June 1st. — The Boston Association of Universalists met in the School Street Church in Boston. Agreeably to appointment of the preceding year, it devolved upon me to preach the "Occasional Sermon." My text was 1 Tim. iv. 16: "Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrines; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee." The Council having, in accordance with its custom, voted a request for the publication of the Sermon, this was published in the *Trumpet and Universalist Magazine* of July 2d, 1831.

July Fourth. — Public Independence-Day exercises were held in the Brick Church; and, by the Committee of Arrangements it devolved upon the reader's humble servant to deliver the Oration. I treated the History of Liberty, and the means of its preservation, and of the diffusion of its principles and blessings into all the departments and ramifications of society. Near the conclusion I pleasantly gave the subject such a turn that its application to the relations of contending parties in our own town was visible. The effect was a happy one. All the religious denominations united in this celebration; and the influence of the exercises and the occasion completed the extermination of animosity and contention, and inaugurated an era of general good feeling.

ROCKINGHAM ASSOCIATION; AND ORDINATION OF REV. GILMAN NOYES.

Wednesday and Thursday, August 31st, and Sept. 1st, the Rockingham Association of Universalists held a session in New Market, N. H. On Thursday, Br. Gilman Noyes,

one of my theological students, received Ordination. Sermons were preached on the occasion, by Brs. T. F. King, L. R. Paige, T. Whittemore, John Moore, S. Cobb (the Ordination Sermon), H. Ballou, Elias Smith, and Walter Balfour.

KENNEBEC ASSOCIATION.

September — Was principally appropriated to my annual Maine visitation, which must needs be made also a missionary tour over much of the State. On the 21st I turned in at Wilton, where the Kennebec Association was in session, for that and the succeeding day. I must of course preach one sermon; and that service came off on the afternoon of Thursday, the 22d.

December 31*st.* — My Journal closes its record of the year in this happy strain: —

"This day brings us to the close of another year. Our family have shared of the protecting care, and the constant blessings of Heaven, as in former years. We have had the addition of one, making the number of our children five. My relation with my Parish continues to be one of mutual satisfaction, and undisturbed harmony and peace. The average congregation has increased; there seems to be an increase of interest and attention. I am at peace with the whole world so far as personality is concerned; my only warfare being against error and vice, and against spiritual wickedness in high places. This warfare goes on "conquering and to conquer." "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice."

A. D. 1832.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

May, Second Sunday. — At the close of the morning service, I requested those who felt an interest in the establishment of a SUNDAY SCHOOL, to tarry after the Benediction,

and adopt measures for the organization of such a school. A goodly number tarried, discussed the subject in the right spirit, and appointed a Board of Directors for putting forward the business. We held these preliminary meetings often by adjournment, and shortly the school was put into operation, and forthwith became an interesting institution. This was among the first Sunday Schools formed in the Universalist denomination.

The whole Sunday School system, as a *religious* educational instrumentality, was comparatively new. And our people had, for a while, some prejudice against it, as a scheme by which the Orthodox were seeking to bring the young, generally, under their sectarian influence. I met with this objection from some of the heads of families in my society, on my private calls and labors preparatory to the public movement just noted. But I found it not difficult to aid all their understandings to a discernment of the fact, that the field was just as open, and the instrumentality for the religious education of the young just as available to us, as to other denominations; and that the circumstance that others were improving this important means of good, constituted no reason why we should neglect to do so.

DISCUSSION WITH DR. BUCK.

On the *third Sunday* in this month, MAY, Dr. Ephraim Buck, the oldest physician in Malden, and the leader of the Trinitarian party in our Parish contests, delivered in my Church, at 5½ o'clock P. M., his part of a sort of Theological Discussion between him and me. It was his Reply to my Review of Dr. Dwight's Tract on Future Punishment heretofore noticed, which I addressed to Dr. Buck, because I

received the Tract at his hand, with his compliments. He had appointed to deliver his Reply in his own place of meeting, the School House Hall. But as that was not large enough to accommodate all who would probably want to hear the whole discussion, I invited him to deliver it in the First Parish Church; and he accepted my invitation.

I answered the Doctor at 5½ o'clock P. M. on the *First Sunday in June.* The house was densely crowded, and I occupied an hour and thirty-five minutes. He made the basis of his argument, as did Dr. Dwight of his Tract, the 25th Chapter of St. Matthew. Of course my labor, except in the exposure of my opponent's mistakes and sophistries, was devoted to the explanation of that Chapter. I earnestly requested the Doctor to commit to me his manuscript for publication with my Rejoinder; but he declined to do so. I, however, published my Rejoinder in the *Trumpet and Universalist Magazine* of June 30, and July 7, 1832, and had a large number of copies worked off in pamphlet form. But my exposition of that Chapter may be found, not only in my Commentary on the New Testament, but in my Review of Dr. Edw. Beecher's Conflict of Ages, and in my Discussion with Dr. Nehemiah Adams.

My labors altogether, this day, were as enormous in bulk, as any one Sunday's labors which I performed in the State of Maine. I delivered two discourses of ordinary length in Woburn, at the regular morning and afternoon meetings, on exchange with Rev. D. D. Smith; then, as I have said, spoke an hour and thirty-five minutes in Response to Dr. Buck, commencing at 5½ o'clock P. M.; and then rode to Reading, and preached another hour by candle-light, by particular request, on the question, "WHAT IS IT TO BE A UNIVERSALIST?" But God gave me strength *equal to* the labors of the day.

DEDICATION AND INSTALLATION IN TAUNTON.

The Universalist Society in Taunton, Mass., had purchased, moved, and fitted up, a large Meeting House which had been vacated by the Unitarian Society; and, —

June 27th, — They Dedicated the house, and Installed Rev. John B. Dods as their Pastor. It fell to my lot to preach the Dedication Sermon, in the forenoon; and Rev. Hosea Ballou delivered the Sermon of Installation, in the afternoon.

FATHER BALLOU'S VIEW OF WRITING SERMONS.

During the intermission, in the room which we occupied at the time by ourselves, Father Ballou, walking in the mood of intense study, remarked to me, that the longer he lived, the more he came to be in favor of young preachers writing their sermons in full. This he had not done. And now that he was becoming advanced in years, and his memory was failing him, he found that he had lost, beyond recovery, some of his best thoughts and happiest illustrations. He could not reproduce the work of his life's prime, except what had been committed to print. And often, when mentally preparing his sermon for the public, he suffered anxiety lest his memory should fail to take hold of some of his most important illustrations at the appropriate place. Sometimes he had passed the place where he had designed to introduce an illustration on which he hung the chief interest of his discourse; and there was no other place for it, and he was dissatisfied with his performance. He believed that young preachers should cultivate the

habit of delivering discourses without manuscript, when they could do so; and that they should discipline themselves to a free and natural manner of delivery, whether with or without the manuscript before them; but he would advise them, as far as it was practicable, to *write their sermons in full.*

INSTALLATION OF REV. L. R. PAIGE.

July, Second Sunday. — After my two regular discourses at home, I attended, at 5 o'clock P. M., the services of Installation of Rev. L. R. Paige, over the Universalist Society in Cambridgeport, and preached the sermon on that occasion.

DEDICATION AT MEDFORD.

July 18th. — The new Universalist Society in Medford Dedicated their new Meeting House to its appropriate use as a temple of divine worship. It was assigned to me to preach the Dedicatory Sermon.

This society was an offspring of our regenerated Parish in Malden. Several Medford families attached themselves to our meeting after my settlement there; and I gave them occasional lectures in their Village. The erection of this Society took these families from our meeting; — but it served the greater good.

THE GENERAL CONVENTION.

September 19th and 20th. — The old "General Convention of Universalists for the New England States and others," was in session at Concord, N. H. Forty ministering brethren were present. The public services were held *in the* Baptist Church. All the other Churches in the City

were likewise offered for our accommodation. Sermons were preached by Brs. S. Cobb, S. Streeter, M. Rayner, T. Jones, H. Ballou, and C. M. LeFevre. An advance was made towards the transformation of this Convention into a *United States Convention*, to be composed of Delegates from the State Conventions. The great growth of our cause and denomination in the United States demanded this improvement.

ANOTHER NEW COMER.

December 1st. — Our second daughter, which is our sixth child, was born this evening; whom we named, SARAH WAIT; and in which name she was publicly Dedicated on the *Fourth Sunday of the next June.*

A. D. 1833.

In February, I published in Pamphlet form my Reply to a Dissertation on Future Punishment by Oliver Johnson, Editor of the *Christian Soldier*, — which Reply I delivered in the Town Hall in Lynn on the evening of the *Second Sunday in January*, he having delivered his Dissertation also in that Hall.

Without multiplying notes of particulars, which were generally in the regular routine of ministerial, citizen, and literary duties, including due attention to Associational meetings, and the missionary labors which I referred to in my general exhibit of Extra Services, under the head of "*That Lecturing Business*," pp. 201–208, suffice it to remark in general of this year, — That it was a year of general health and undeviating peace and happiness at home, and of beautiful harmony and pleasing prosperity in our religious Society. It may be expedient, however, to

make record of one speciality; that is, my consent to be put in nomination as a candidate for election as the town's Representative to the GENERAL COURT.

Sometime in October, the Chairman of the Parish Committee called upon me, and, after the greeting and the seating, said to me, "I want to ask you a question." "Very well," I answered, "say on." He asked, "Are you a Jackson man?" "No," said I, "not in the technical sense." "Well," he continued, "I thought so. Some of us were speaking of it the other evening, and it was said by one of the company that you were a Jackson man. But I thought not." "Well," I rejoined, "if this is a matter of discussion, let me not be misunderstood. In the days of the Federal and the Republican parties, I was a Republican. But at the close of the Madisonian war, and during the eight years of the Monroe administration, the parties were merged, and visible party lines were practically obliterated. We were all Federal Republicans. But when, in the succeeding Presidential canvass, a contest arose, and Andrew Jackson and J. Q. Adams were opposing candidates, while I highly esteemed Jackson as a patriot and military commander, I preferred Adams as a Statesman, and gave him my vote. This explains what I mean by saying I am not a Jackson man. But I will do Gen. Jackson the justice to say, that he far exceeded my expectations as a statesman and the Chief Magistrate of the nation."

"But what," I inquired, "does your questioning mean?" "Oh," he replied, "we think of sending you to the General Court next winter, as our Representative." "Not if I am to be put up on political party ground," I rejoined emphatically. "No," he continued, "nothing of that. We want you to go on business principles. We want a new bridge *across the* Mystic, to Charlestown, to be self-paying, and

ultimately free. And we want your influence in the Legislature to aid us in the enterprise." I assured him that, notwithstanding the worthy motives of my friends, I would not consent to be a candidate for that office if it might unfavorably affect the feelings of any of my Parishioners. He assured me in return, that there would be no division there; that all our members wished my election. "Then," said I, "go and act your own judgment of right and expediency, as my friend, and a friend of all the other interests concerned in the question."

I was put in nomination, and, on NOVEMBER 11TH, the State Election Day, was elected by nearly a unanimous vote to the aforesaid office.

A. D. 1834.

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH.

During these three months, my chief week-day business was that involved in my official position as a member of the Legislature. My first personal concern was that for which, in particular, I was elected, the procurement of a charter for a new bridge. I was successful. A charter was obtained for the bridge (Middlesex Bridge), to be completed within three years, establishing given rates of toll, all over the payment of current expenses to be funded until the amount should be sufficient to pay the cost of the structure, and then it should become a free bridge.

Another subject to which I gave some earnest attention in its place, was the proposed legislation against *Free Masonry*. It was the climax of the famous Anti-Masonic excitement. The Speaker's Table groaned beneath the burden of petitions praying for an Act to abolish Free

Masonry, and to render Masonic Oaths unlawful. A large Special Committee was appointed as the reference for these petitions. But that Committee was practically superseded, and the work taken out of their hands, and *political* Anti-Masonry killed out, in the following manner: An order was introduced, directing the Committee on the Judiciary to consider the expediency of passing a general law against "Extra-Judicial Oaths," and to report a bill. That Committee reported a bill, prohibitive of Extra Judicial Oaths. They said their design was to put a stop to the multiplying sea-serpent oaths, and other practices of running to a Justice of the Peace and making formal oath to the truth of this and that "cock and bull story,"—all which was calculated to depreciate the solemnity of an oath. Masonry was not named in the bill. Yet it was evident that, if this should pass, the political Anti-Masons could do nothing more; for if the Masonic oath should be judged by the Courts a nuisance, coming within the legitimate province of law to suppress, this would suppress it.

An Anti-Mason moved to amend the bill, by inserting before the words *extra-judicial*, *Masonic and other;* making it to prohibit "all masonic and other extra-judicial oaths." This amendment was carried. Then a Mason moved to further amend, by inserting *anti-masonic* before the word *masonic;* so that it should read, "all *anti-masonic*, *masonic*, and other extra-judicial oaths." And this was adopted. The design was to encumber the bill with frivolities, and crush it out.

At this point I deemed it my duty to come to the rescue. Having obtained the decision of the Speaker that such a motion would be in order, I moved to amend by striking out all the party amendments, and restoring the bill to its *original* form. Addressing the Chair of course, I designed

my argument for the Masons, and others who desired to get rid of the political Anti-Masonic nuisance. I explained that I was a Mason, and knew that the principles of Masonry were good, and that the influence of the institution had been extensively productive of good. But I was willing to risk the institution under the operation of such a law as was now proposed. Though such law might suppress the public exhibitions of a class of dandy jack oaths which might be regarded as public nuisances, it would not probably touch the quiet exercise, in retirement, of any natural and inalienable right. Let the bill be restored to its original simplicity, as it came from the hands of the Committee, and be enacted into a law; and Constitutional right will be preserved; and the political Anti-Masonic agitation, by which men who have not substantial merits on which to rise, calculate to continue raising a whirlwind to bear them into office, will die out.

My amendment was carried by a vote of 242 to 96. Then the bill as amended was passed, by 437 yeas to 37 nays.

The leading Anti-Masons in the House saw that their game was played out, and raved against their minor associates for their want of sagacity and pluck. That was the end of *political* Anti-Masonry in Massachusetts.

With regard to the law against *extra-judicial oaths*, I know not whether any case of sea-serpent swearing has been arraigned under it; but it has never interfered with the peaceful operation of the ancient and honorable institution of Masonry. I presume no case has been brought before the Supreme Court to call out a regular judicial decision on the law; but the most eminent Jurists have, on inquiries proposed, expressed the opinion that the Legislature has no Constitutional power to prohibit individuals

from binding themselves, in retirement, to solemn obligations to each other, in the manner of an oath.

I was busily attentive to the business of the Legislature in general; but no other subject engaged my particular attention, in a manner to render it an appropriate matter of record here.

THE TWIN SONS.

August 6th. — This evening we were presented with two fine, healthy sons. All well. We named our twin sons CYRUS, and DARIUS; and in these names they were publicly Dedicated on the *First Sunday in Feb.*, 1835.

INSTALLATION OF REV. WM. H. KNAPP.

This Brother was installed over the First Universalist Society in Danvers, DECEMBER 25TH. It devolved upon me to offer the Installing Prayer, and to deliver a discourse in the evening.

In addition to my regular Parochial duties; and the customary attention to Associational occasions; and the continued lecturing and evangelizing which I noted in the gross on pp. 201–208, my care, from year to year, imposed upon me no little responsibility, sometimes as President of the Malden Lyceum, which I was active in originating, and generally as Chairman of the Superintending School Committee. But labor has ever been my life.

A. D. 1835.

This winter I have done more extra service than usual in the form of lectures before Benevolent, Literary and *Musical* Societies.

PIONEER SERVICE IN BEVERLY, MASS.

April 1st. — I preached a lecture in *Beverly Town House*, — the first Universalist discourse delivered in that ancient town. There was a crowded audience; and the interest in the faith increased, unto the organization of a permanent society.

INSTALLATION OF BROS. NOYES AND AUSTIN.

April 8th and 9th. — The Union Association of Universalists was in session in Spencer, Mass. On the 9th Br. Gilman Noyes, one of my theological students, was installed as Pastor of the Universalist Society in Spencer, and it naturally enough was assigned to me to preach the Installation Sermon.

April 29th. — Rev. J. M. Austin was installed as Pastor of the Universalist Society in South Danvers, on which occasion Br. Cobb preached the Sermon of Installation.

MASSACHUSETTS CONVENTION.

This body held an annual session in Framingham, JUNE 3D. My service on this occasion was, as per previous appointment, the delivery of the "Occasional Sermon." My text was Matt. iv. 4: "But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The object of the discourse was to show, that the whole of a man's life does not consist in the supply of his physical wants, but that it largely consists also in the inheritance of

the principles and graces of the gospel. It follows that our reasonable appropriations for the support of religious education, are as truly and really ministering to the constitutional wants of men, insomuch as to constitute an essential part of their *living*, as are our labors for material goods. The discourse was published in the *Trumpet and Universalist Magazine* of July 4th, 1835.

THE JUBILEE.

The fiftieth meeting of the "General Convention of Universalists for the New England States and Others," was held in Hartford, Ct., on SEPTEMBER 16TH AND 17TH. From its being the fiftieth yearly meeting, we called it the JUBILEE. Eighty preachers were present; and it was a most interesting meeting. It was here that I met for the first time that excellent and eminent minister of the word, *Stephen R. Smith*. He delivered a discourse on this occasion. Commencing in a natural and conversational, and, I must confess, rather unpromising manner, he warmed with his subject as he advanced, and the spirit inspired the language, and his strain became one of surpassing eloquence.

VISIT TO TROY.

In compliance with an earnest invitation from the Committee of the Universalist Society in Troy, N. Y., I journeyed on from Hartford, wife in company, to that young and beautiful city, and preached there the succeeding two Sundays. At the close of the afternoon services of the second Sunday, the Society held a brief meeting by notice from the desk, and unanimously voted Br. Cobb a call for

settlement as their Pastor, on a salary of $1,000.* I reserved my answer to be sent them by letter, on a subsequent day.

Our ride home from Troy, two hundred miles, by our private carriage, through a great number of handsome villages, and in the range of much beautiful scenery, was very interesting.

After my return home, my study was of course much devoted to the question of removal to Troy. It was a difficult question. I could not, but with painful emotions, think of leaving my people in Malden, with whom I had been most pleasantly connected more than seven years, and so pleasant, and in many respects most enviable vicinity as that of Boston. I had no occasion of dissatisfaction with my people, except in the circumstance that a portion of them (including none who had been leaders), were in the way of thinking that all the society interests would go along prosperously, without their own constant personal attentions. Then, with regard to *Troy*, it was a young, beautiful, and enterprising city; our society there, with a beautiful new Church, was also young and enterprising, and I imagined that I should find there a pleasant home, and a profitable field of labor. At length I concluded to accept the invitation, and wrote accordingly.

But daily contact with the feelings of my people on the subject, and further consideration of the proposed change of location, furnished me with the "blues." At length I received a private letter from a citizen of Troy, informing me that the Committee of that society, on receiving my

* These, and other figures which I have put down as indicating the salaries which were proposed to me by societies, will look small to city readers in these later times of high salaries adapted to greater expensiveness of living. But in those days, and those localities, they were respectable propositions.



affirmative answer, fixing on the next April for my removal, engaged Rev. Menzies Rayner, then out of employment, to supply the desk until April. But they did *not* inform him that I was engaged to come unto them at that time; and, after moving to Troy, and learning that fact, he complained of wrong and abuse, alleging that he understood his supply for the winter was to be in the capacity of a candidate for permanent settlement. My correspondent said that Mr. Rayner's course was exciting the sympathy of a few in his behalf; though none were opposed to me; that it was creating some difficulty between members and the Committee, and he thought I ought to be made acquainted with the facts. I at once wrote the Committee on the subject, and asked to be released from my engagement. They assured me that no change of feeling had taken place in relation to me; that it would be of no benefit to Mr. Rayner for me to withdraw; for, if he should gain a settlement, it would be a very short one. And they declined to release me. But, after the interchange of a few more letters, I positively revoked my engagement; alleging that it was with extreme difficulty that I brought my mind to the conclusion to move to Troy, in view of all matters there as pleasant and harmonious as they were when I left that city in September; and that there was evidently a change of circumstances in some respects affecting the social elements there, and I had determined to remain in Malden.

NOTE. Mr. Rayner did obtain a settlement in Troy; and it was a very short one, as the Committee predicted. And I believe that a kind Providence perpetuated my abode in a vicinage in which my best life mission should be served.

THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION

Held a session in Stoughton *November 4th*, when Br. Cobb preached the Occasional Sermon. Br. Isaac Brown was ordained to the work of the ministry; and Brs. J. W. Talbot, and Horace W. Morse, my theological students, — and also Br. Joseph B. Morse, — received Letters of Fellowship as preachers of the gospel.

My Diary throughout closes each year with a paragraph of moralizing, and now and then I have copied one into this book of records. I will copy another here: —

"*December 31st.* — This day closes another year. My family, consisting of myself, wife, and nine children, including the adopted niece, have enjoyed almost uninterrupted health during the year; and nothing has occurred to mar our happiness. We (myself and wife) have journeyed considerably, and enjoyed the intercourse of many friends, far and near. Our friends in our own society, remain united and steadfast; and we have been overcoming the prejudice and gaining the personal friendship of the members of other religious societies. My movement towards the change of my pastoral relation from Malden to Troy, N. Y., has called the attention of not a few here to a more serious study of their personal duties to society and the cause of truth, which is working out favorable results."

A. D. 1836.

THE COUNCIL ON THE TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

I had an engagement to preach in a School House in West Newbury on THE FIRST SUNDAY IN JANUARY. A friend of the temperance cause in that place, being informed of my Sabbath engagement, conferred with me on the question of delivering a Temperance Address in the town Saturday evening. I consented to do so. He then laid the

matter before the Temperance Society. The President, at a subsequent meeting of the society, where he presented the matter, together with a request that the lecture should be delivered in the Calvinist Church or Vestry, requested that all Universalists present might retire. Then, as report from among themselves discloses it, the question was raised, "What effect will it have upon our religious society, to admit Mr. Cobb into our Meeting House to lecture on temperance?" Some said that it would call in the more of their people; and, if they should be pleased with the lecture, they might be induced to go and hear the lecturer in his religious discourses on the Sabbath. But they deemed it not prudent to refuse their countenance to the Temperance Address; the Church was opened on the occasion, and we had an interesting meeting; as we had also in the School House on the Sabbath.

INSTALLATION OF REV. J. GREGORY.

January 27th. — Rev. John Gregory was installed this evening, as Pastor of the Universalist Society in Woburn; on which occasion it was assigned to Br. Cobb to deliver the Charge.

PARISH ACTIVITY.

I have spoken of the increased activity in our home society which was excited by the movement towards my change of location from Malden to Troy, N. Y. So soon, I have the following minute in my Journal: —

"*February 2d.* — This evening several of the members of my society met at my house, to deliberate on the subject of making extensive alterations in the Meeting House. There is a prospect *that the* alteration will be effected."

ESSEX COUNTY CONFERENCE.

April 20th. — I attended a meeting of this Conference at *Danvers New Mills*, and delivered a discourse. This conference was an ecclesiastical organization for Essex County, of the same grade with the County Associations.

THE EDITORIAL OFFICE.

May 16th. — By the solicitation of Rev. T. G. Farnsworth, of Haverhill, the proprietor of a religious and literary family newspaper, entitled *The Gospel Sun*, published in Haverhill, and edited by Rev. Otis A. Skinner of that place, I entered into an arrangement with him for a year, to act as Associate Editor, with Br. Skinner. This position involved an additional department of care and labor.

DEDICATION IN SAUGUS.

May 19th. — The remodelled Universalist Meeting House in *Saugus* was Dedicated to-day. Br. S. Cobb preached the Sermon; Br. Hosea Ballou offered the Dedicatory Prayer; and Br. T. Whittemore delivered the Address to the Society.

THE MERRIMAC RIVER ASSOCIATION,

Met in Goffstown, N. H., MAY 26TH. On this occasion *Br. T. J. Tenney* was set apart to the work of the ministry by Ordination, — of the services of which it fell to my happy lot to preach the Sermon, and to offer the Ordination Prayer. I lectured on temperance in this place on the preceding evening, and this evening, after the services of the Association, I rode over to *Hollis*, and delivered a religious lecture in that place.

MASSACHUSETTS CONVENTION.

June 2d. — This body met in Wrentham. Br. Horace W. Morse, one of my theological students, and Br. James C. Burt, received Ordination, in the services of which it was my privilege to give the Charge.

THE MALDEN CHURCH REMODELLED AND RE-DEDICATED.

June 29th. — So soon after its inception is this important reconstruction consummated. The interior of the old Brick Church was somewhat out of repair, and it was difficult to warm it comfortably in cold weather. Now the galleries, tall pulpit, and old-fashioned square pews were all taken out; a second floor was put in about twelve feet above the ground-floor, making a large hall and vestry, with anterooms, below, and a beautiful audience room for public worship, in the upper story. On this day, *June 29th*, it was rededicated, by appropriate religious services. Invocation by Rev. J. C. Waldo; Scripture Lesson, by Rev. J. Banfield; Sermon, by Rev. Tho. Whittemore; Dedicatory Prayer, by Rev. H. Ballou; Address to the Society, by Rev. T. F. King; and the Concluding Prayer by Rev. S. Streeter.

The following paragraph in my private Journal is appended to the record of these services: —

"This society appears to be in a more flourishing condition than ever before. It was upon my decision to give up moving to Troy, N. Y., last winter, that they undertook this plan of improvement in the Church. Doubtless a wise Providence will overrule for good the circumstance to which I refer. I then *thought* that I might be more useful in Troy; but now my labors

seem to be abundantly blessed in this place; and I regard my situation as being in a wide field of useful labor. May the Lord continue to smile upon us in love."

THE TEMPERANCE AGENCY.

About the middle of August, Rev. Mr. Wilder, the Orthodox clergyman of Concord, Mass., and Dr. Cutter, Deacon of the Orthodox church of Woburn, called at my house, and introduced themselves as a Sub-Committee from the General Committee of the Middlesex County Temperance Society, on the business of procuring a Lecturing Agent for that Society. They had heard much of my labors as a temperance lecturer on my own responsibility; and they had called in the hope that they might engage me in the service of their Society.

I answered them that I was not willing to enter into any engagement which would interfere with my regular ministerial labors on the Sabbath; but I would consider any proposition they might make for week day and evening service for the Middlesex Society. We agreed on terms; and I engaged, for a year, to devote an average of three days and evenings a week to the temperance cause, and to lecture frequently on Sunday evenings. And I was to have in my own hands the arrangement with regard to the particular days and evenings which I should appropriate to this service, that I might adjust my labors in different spheres to the best advantage.

And now, what thinks the reader of my success in relieving myself of much lecturing, and extra service, by removing from Maine to Massachusetts?* I went earnestly into

* There is a point beyond which the most powerful physical frame cannot with safety be urged; and Mr. Cobb had reached that point years before this time;

the work; lectured in the service of the Middlesex County Temperance Society a year as per contract. Then I was re-elected to the same office by the Society at its annual meeting, for another year; and in the second year I performed as great an amount of labor. During this second year the public sentiment of the State, acting through the Legislature, enacted the prohibitive statute which was called the *Fifteen Gallon Law*. It prohibited the sale of alcoholic liquors in less than fifteen gallon packages, which were the smallest packages in which liquors were allowed to be imported. Determined efforts were made by the rum-sellers and their coadjutors to prevent the enforcement of the law; wherefore the Middlesex Society appointed a Committee of legal gentlemen, of which Hon. Samuel Hoar was Chairman, to aid its enforcement in our county. As I had been two years laboring in the county, lecturing over and over in all the towns and most of the school districts, this Legal Committee employed me for another year, to continue my service as the Lecturing Agent, and to co-operate with them, and with the Temperance Societies, in the uniform enforcement of the law. And these efforts were attended with a good degree of success. Nevertheless, in about a year afterwards, a repeal of that statute resulted from political entanglements.

The labors of these three years in the Agency of the Middlesex Temperance Society were enormous. The lectures were not little thirty minute essays. In that stage of the temperance reform, there were ignorance, and preju-

and *now* he overstepped it. I can remember very well that he went often away to lecture on Temperance when he should have been at home recuperating his already exhausted energies; and I can remember, also, how he used to make light of his sufferings from colds and fatigue, so that his wife might not be alarmed. I feel sure that the trouble which terminated his existence had its origin as far back as this.

THE MEMOIRIST.

dice, and hostility to be encountered; — and old customs of all classes, good, bad and indifferent, were to be revolutionized; and the necessary argument could not be compressed within a shorter space of time than an hour. Generally my lectures exceeded an hour, and were of necessity uttered in what I felt, an earnest spirit. I circulated the pledge, the "Teetotal" pledge, at the close of every lecture, and, in all, thousands of names were won, and many new societies were organized. I worked over even the old temperance societies, advancing them from the partial pledge, discarding distilled spirits only, to the thorough pledge, discarding, as a beverage, all intoxicating liquors, distilled and fermented. And, besides my public lectures, I labored much in conversation with individuals at their homes. And I called upon most of the taverners, victuallers and grocers in the county, and labored with them on the subject of their voluntary abandonment of the liquor-traffic. They treated me respectfully, and generally professed a desire to be rid of that branch of their business. "But," each one would say, "if I refuse to supply my customers with liquor, and others around me sell it, my customers will go to others, not only for their liquor, but with all their custom; so that I shall suffer loss without any good result, as no less liquor will be sold. But prohibit the business by law, and it will be impartial; and will relieve me from liability to complaint from my customers." But, when such just and impartial law obtained, it did not please them.

THE THREATENED MOB.

There was quite a rowdy set of tippling hangers-on about the tavern in Bedford Village. One evening when I had a lecture in the Unitarian Church in that Village, as I was

about to commence the services, I observed the entrance into the vestibule of a company of rough-looking men, with shouldered canes, deploying in military style, and separating into two parties, which took their stands at the two doors opening from the vestibule into the Church. It was obvious to my perceptions that mischief was intended. I arose and offered a few introductory remarks, solemnly stating the purpose of the meeting, and recognizing the relations sustained by the people present, as husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, children, brothers, sisters, and members of society, — and the duties and privileges which appertained to all those relations, with the due observance and improvement of which was associated peace, prosperity and happiness, — and from the disregard of which proceeded wretchedness and ruin. These suspicious characters looked, and looked, with raised faces and parted lips; and one after another moved softly in and took seat in a pew, until one was left standing alone, who turned and went away. I learned after the dismission of the meeting that my suspicions did the party no injustice. They agreed (about a dozen of them), in the tavern, to go into the Church and break up the meeting, by annoying me, and irritating me to some words or acts which they would make an occasion for dragging me out. But we had an exceedingly happy and profitable meeting.

TEMPERANCE BETTER THAN FARMS.

On a cold November evening, in the Baptist Meeting House in West Chelmsford, at the close of the lecture, while the pledge was being circulated, and many were signing it, I observed that a lady was earnestly entreating a gentleman, whom I took to be her husband, to give the pledge his

signature. He was an amiable man, with a young family, fast wasting himself by intemperance. As I was about retiring, the lady besought me to call with them at their house, which was near the church. I endeavored to persuade her husband to sign the pledge. I urged him for his own sake, and for the sake of his wife and lovely children, who were gathered imploringly around him, and by other important considerations, to comply with their wishes. He offered several excuses, which I disposed of, and at last he objected to signing so hastily, because whatever he pledged himself to, he calculated to fulfil. "That," I replied, "is the best of reasons why you should sign the temperance pledge now. If I had no hope of your keeping the pledge I should not care to have you sign it. But you have acknowledged that the pledge is good if kept: and now you say that if you sign it you shall keep it; therefore this is the very moment to sign it, and secure the good."

He beckoned his wife for the pen, which was instantly passed; when he as instantly signed the pledge, writing down his name with an emphasis. Then there was great joy in that house. The wife and children cried for joy. I was happy to learn from time to time, that he was honoring that pledge, and the joy of his family was not turned to wormwood.

A year from the next March I was riding through the neighborhood; and, coming within sight of the reformed man's house, I saw him at work in his door-yard, chopping and piling a liberal supply of firewood for the season. I rode into his yard, and, after a cordial greeting, I said to him, "Well, friend, C., how do you like the pledge?" "*Like it!*" he replied, "*I would not be back where I was when you called upon me a year ago last fall, for the best*

farm in Chelmsford. No! not for two of the best farms in Chelmsford would I be there again."

This testimony to the value of temperance requires no comment.

TO THE GENERAL COURT AGAIN.

At the annual State Election, *November 14th*, 1836, I was again elected as Malden's Representative to the Massachusetts General Court.

This election was without my consent and against my choice. When my friends had spoken with me on the subject, I had declined the candidacy, and insisted that I must not be put in nomination. I had several reasons for my refusal, which I frankly stated. First, the duties which had devolved upon me by the two important offices which I held, that of Pastor of the First Parish in Malden, and that of Lecturing Agent of the Middlesex Temperance Society, were sufficient for me. I was unwilling to take upon myself, even for a few months, the additional responsibilities of the proposed political office. In the second place, my known preference between the candidates for the Presidency in the election of the same day, would subject me to misrepresentation, and bring me into collision with the political party feelings of some of my choicest friends. This was my situation: A Republican from the beginning, I would not go with the majority of that party when, under the name of Democrats, they ran Gen. Jackson into the Presidency; because I would never act as a mere party man, but guided my course by my views of the public weal. I regarded J. Q. Adams a more eminently qualified man to serve the national honor and interest in the Chief *Magistracy*.

But, as I explained to my Malden friends when they conferred with me on the question of my candidacy in 1832, Gen. Jackson exceeded my expectations. And though I did not receive all his political doctrines, he had put in process of development some methods of national policy which the advancement and complications of the business interests of the country forced upon our attention, which I wished to see further tested by Mr. Van Buren as his successor. There was not with me any change in regard to essential political doctrines; but a desire to see further tested some important experiments on matters upon which the business machinery of the country was getting settled down. But the technical politicians are incapable of comprehending that an honest man may act for an *idea*, independently of party considerations; or that an advancement to new forms of action demanded by an advancement in the relations and interests of the country, is not identical with a change of political principles. Knowing this, it was my desire, at this juncture, to remain and act, politically, in my capacity as a private citizen.

On the Saturday before the election, which was Monday, I went to Haverhill for an exchange of Sabbath services with Rev. T. G. Farnsworth. As I was starting out from home, with my private carriage, I was met by my friend, the Chairman of the Democratic Town Committee, who earnestly inquired whether I would not consent to be nominated for the Legislature, I replied that I would not; and charged him to let my name alone in that relation. Nevertheless, when I reached my home, Monday noon, just before the time for opening the town meeting, my family informed me that the Democratic caucus, at 11 o'clock Saturday evening, put me in nomination for the office of Representative. And I was elected. And my noble friend,

Chairman, I believe, of my Parish Committee, who called and persuaded me to accept the nomination in 1832, and who was now the candidate on the opposite ticket, all unknown to me, could not help being hurt by my election, and permitting his feelings to become alienated from me. I regretted it; but I could not censure myself for aught that I had done or said in the premises.

INSTALLATION AND DEDICATION, IN HYANNIS AND YARMOUTHPORT.

November 23d. — I preached the Sermon of the Installation of Br. George Hastings, another of my theological students, over the Universalist Society in Hyannis. And on the succeeding day, the 24th, a new Universalist Meeting House in Yarmouthport was Dedicated, Rev. T. Whittemore preaching the Dedicatory Sermon. This service was held in the morning; and the writer delivered a discourse in the afternoon.

From this Dedicatory and Ordination mission to Cape Cod, I returned to my accustomed field of labor, and filled up the measure of the year with continued work in the offices of Christian Pastor and Temperance Lecturing Agent. And in both these capacities I felt that I had the blessing of the Father, — whose injunction upon us, through his inspired servant is, "To do good, and to communicate, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

A. D. 1837.

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, AND APRIL TO THE 20TH.

IN THE LEGISLATURE.

Having been elected to represent Malden in the Massachusetts Legislature the current year, the term of time above denoted was employed in that service. This was a somewhat severe extra service, as I did not neglect either my legitimate attentions to my Parish, or to the Middlesex Temperance Society, so far as the evening lectures were concerned. I did find it necessary, however, to suspend the lecturing about a fortnight, when, as a member of the Committee on Prisons, I was on an investigation of affairs in the State Prison, which occupied afternoons and evenings.

There were several subjects of legislation, which were important at the time, on which I took an active part in debate; but this matter of State Prison investigation imposed upon me the greatest amount of labor.

I being Chairman, on the part of the House, of the Joint Standing Committee on Prisons and Prison Discipline, several letters were addressed to me, some from persons in their own name, intimately conversant with the affairs of the State Prison, and others anonymous, representing that there were serious errors in the internal management of its affairs by the Prison Government. At length I moved in the House an Order, which was passed, and concurred in by the Senate, instructing the aforesaid Committee to investigate those affairs. We spent nine afternoons and evenings in the Prison, on this business. But I found that there was quite a difference between reported miscellaneous conversations of men, and the testimony of the same men under oath.

Persons who had been officers in the State Prison had furnished me in writing with the names of officers then in subordinate departments who would testify against the administration of the Warden, Mr. Lincoln, and with the substance of the testimonies they would give. But, when on the Witness Stand, they did not fully sustain the representations which were furnished me in advance, of their testimony. It was evident that there had been errors committed in the government of the Prison. But, upon careful examination, it did not appear to me, who was the most severe, in my judgment of the Warden, of all the members of the Committee, that there was sufficient cause for expulsion from office; and the Report of the Committee was in accordance with this view.

The Report, was presented by Mr. Gurney, Chairman on the part of the Senate; but it was probably drawn up by Mr. Adan, Chairman of the Board of Inspectors. It contained two or three statements to which I objected, and which Mr. Gurney crossed with pencil, and promised to strike out. But, when I subsequently saw the Report in print, I perceived that the objectionable sentences were there. I was not in my seat when the Report was read in the House; or I should have moved the re-committal of it, for the making of the corrections. One of the objectionable sentences I repudiated in vindication of my own common sense. I mention it, because the Report is in various public and private Libraries, and some of my friends who will read this, may have occasion to run their eyes over that. In opposition to the charge against the Warden of furnishing to the prisoners inferior and unsuitable provisions, the Report says for the Committee, "We have visited the Prison, and eaten of the provisions," &c. Since the Order for this investigation had been published in time to

afford the Warden ample opportunity to prepare for our scrutiny, this official announcement, that we had eaten of the meats which were provided for our examination and found them good, as proof that the provisions furnished the prisoners had always been up to the legal standard, is so utterly silly and senseless, that I was exceedingly mortified with seeing my own official signature attached to it in print, and in a permanent public document. But we often have our lessons of wisdom set to us in experience.

This investigation, though it did not result in what was doubtless the wish of the prime movers in its procurement, viz., the removal of the Warden, had evidently a good effect in the way of correcting some descriptions of maladministration in the government of the Prison.

MIDDLESEX BRIDGE.

The Charter of this bridge, for obtaining which I was elected to the General Court for 1834, expired this winter by its own limitation to three years for building; and at this session I procured an extension of time for its construction. Then, in concurrence with the sentiments of my Malden friends, and with the aid of a Committee of citizens, an arrangement was effected with the old Malden Bridge proprietors, by which they adopted and forthwith procured, the Legislature to confirm unto them, a change of their charter to render it precisely like ours. Thus they constituted theirs a self-creating free bridge concern. This was well for them; for the new bridge would have rendered theirs as a property worthless. And it was well for the public that was interested in this line of travel; for, by securing all the custom to one bridge, it was the sooner bought up by the excess of tolls above

expenses. In a few years the appraised value of Malden Bridge was paid to the proprietors out of the tolls, and the bridge, all but the space for draws for navigation, was built anew of solid stone and gravel from the same resource, — and made free.

MAINE CONVENTION.

This body held a session in Turner, *June 28th and 29th.* It was a great meeting. There were twenty preachers in attendance; and such a multitude of people gathered together, that only the females could be accommodated in our large Meeting House. Meetings were held simultaneously, some hours of the second day. On the 28th it was assigned to me to preach in the Baptist Meeting House at 5 o'clock P. M., while Br. Hawkins preached in the Town House. On Thursday, the 29th, I preached in our Meeting House in the afternoon, and delivered the then customary Valedictory Addresses.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

After the Convention at Turner, I preached on the succeeding Sunday in Norway; and tarried for a few visits there, purposing to take a water passage from Portland to Boston on the night before Independence, and spend that consecrated day with my family. But I was sadly disappointed; and how sadly I cannot so well describe as by inserting here the following scrip, all but the closing part of which I wrote in a secluded store chamber in Portland, on that consecrated day itself: —

"CAPT. CHURCHILL'S COUNTING ROOM,
"PORTLAND, July 4th, 1837.

"This is such a *Fourth of July* as I never spent before. I am lonesome; I am afflicted. And why? My health is good; the weather is fair; and there are many friends in the city disposed to do anything in their power to make my time pass agreeably. Yes; but I am not with that friend with whom I expected to spend this BIRTH-DAY of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE. I have it not in my power to aid and witness the enjoyment of that lovely brood of little ones, in whose veins my own blood flows, — and in whom, with their angel mother, is my earthly life bound up.

"I came here last evening, from my attendance on the Maine Convention, and my visit to relatives, in Oxford County, expecting to embark at 7 o'clock by the steamer Portland to arrive at Boston this morning. By previous arrangement, my wife was to come over to Br. T. F. King's, in Charlestown, this morning, with my horse and chaise to convey me home; and I was to meet her there at ten o'clock. But on my arrival at this city (Portland), I was informed that the steamer Portland was under repair at Boston; and there is no boat going until 7 o'clock this evening. I was stricken, and afflicted. I could not shake off the sadness of my disappointment. But I went, according to previous engagement, and took supper with my old friend and playmate, Lewis Crocket. Talking over the affairs of our juvenile years whiled away an hour of time. And I called upon Br. D. D. Smith; and then went and took lodgings with Capt. Isaac Nutter, where I lost the suffering of my disappointment in a comfortable night's sleep.

"I awoke, this Independence-Day morning, refreshed; and, after breakfast, I walked to the barber's, on Fore Street, and there learned that the steamer *New England* had been gone for Boston but about twenty minutes, having put in last evening, contrary to her custom, and tarried until this morning. Then did my spirits fall again under painful regret that I had not known to avail myself of the opportunity of a day passage, and by the same means get to my dear companion and children this evening. I walked the streets a few minutes; but I could not look up; I could not seek the faces of my friends in this city.

There is no company for me here, because my heart is elsewhere. And I retire to this secluded apartment, off on a silent and almost vacated wharf, to employ my time in lonely musing, and in miscellaneous scribbling, of which this is a specimen.

"It is now half past 10 o'clock A. M.; my wife is doubtless at Br. King's agreeably to arrangement for our meeting; and, unless he is able to inform her of the failure of the Portland to perform her trip, she is looking for me with painful anxiety, and wondering that I do not report myself. Oh, thou dearest of earthly beings, to thee I would come if I could, this very minute. What a vast portion of my large store of earthly happiness is in my family.

"But I have it not in my heart to murmur. Surely God is good to us; and this disappointment is for some good, to me as yet unseen. The feeling of disappointment I cannot suppress; but the assurance that the providence of God is right is an anodyne to my pained heart, a light in the midst of my darkness. I will endeavor to put on a cheerful air, hoping to be landed at Boston to-morrow morning at 5 or 6 o'clock; thence to take the mail stage, and reach my longed for home at 8 A. M.

"BOSTON BAY, JULY 5TH, STEAMER BANGOR.

"It is now 6 o'clock A. M., and we are just past Nahant. The boat did not leave Portland last evening until an hour past its time, and the wind has been ahead. But we have had a pleasant night. I have slept considerably. It is a beautiful morning. Speed on, ye laboring wheels, that I may reach the presence of the loved ones of my heart.

"At 7 o'clock the boat arrived at the wharf, and I met there one of my Theological Students, John Allen, with my team in charge for my conveyance home, where, in the brief space of an hour, I met my loved ones in health and happiness."

NOTE. The wife's DIARY shows that, though not anxious in regard to my safety, having learned that the Portland Steamer was off its route at the time, she was obliged to *seek* various devices for wearing away the time in her lone-

someness and disappointment. But she had a privilege which I had not, — that of being with the family, and assisting the children in their enjoyment of the day.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

Extract from my Diary: —

"*July 26th.* — In the forenoon I met with a Sabbath School Convention, for the organization of a Sabbath School Association. The Convention was holden in the Hanover Street Church in Boston. I was appointed Chairman of a Committee for drafting a Constitution. We had but barely time to agree on a report, when I was unexpectedly called away to attend the funeral of Mr. Joel Tweed, in S. Reading.

"*August 8th.* — Having been elected as one of the Directors of the Sabbath School Association, organized on the 26th ult., I this day met with the Board of Managers in Boston, and was elected on the Committee for the examination and recommendation of books, and of manuscripts designed for publication, for the use of Sunday Schools."

RESIGNATION OF MY PASTORSHIP IN MALDEN.

On the Fifth Sunday in July, at the close of the afternoon services, I read to my congregation a letter which I had previously sent to the Parish Committee, announcing and explaining my Resignation of the Pastoral office over that Society. The letter itself so fully explains the reasons of this important step, that but few words need be added in that direction. Here is the letter: —

"To the Chairman of the Prudential Committee of the First Parish in Malden:

"Dear Sir and Brother, — The object of this communication is to inform you, and through you the religious Church and Society with which we stand connected, that I resign my Pas-

toral office over the said Church and Society, such resignation to take effect after the expiration of three months from the date hereof. While, in taking this step, I act from a sense of duty, I yet confess emotions of pain in the thought of leaving a society with whom I have been associated in their conflicts and trials, unto such pleasing success and prosperity; a society with whose interests my heart has so long been bound up; and of tearing myself and family from so many long cherished and valued friends, whose friendship being not a mere name, or expedient for a temporary purpose, but having its foundation in Christian fellowship and love, wears stronger and brighter by age. But I act upon mature deliberation. In pursuing the course that I have marked out for a limited time to come, the Lord willing, to pursue, I shall have the privilege of preaching the gospel wherever I may find an opening for my labors on the Sabbath; and shall, in addition to this service, which I could not consent to relinquish for any other, labor on the week days in the cause of Temperance, of Freedom, and any moral enterprise to the advancement of which I may be called. And I can, with more regularity and convenience, devote also the Sunday evenings to the work of my moral reform mission, particularly that involved in my agency of the Middlesex County Temperance Society. By this mission I hope to be able to do some additional good in the community, co-operating with and aiding my Sabbath gospel labors, in promoting the temporal, and especially the moral and spiritual interests of my fellow creatures.

"But though I shall preach as heretofore on the Sabbath, my other services just mentioned will be incompatible with the full and convenient discharge of all the duties of a settled Pastor.

"I would further explain, however, that as my Temperance Agency is a temporary engagement, I should not have viewed it agreeable with duty to withdraw from this Society for the renewal of that service, were it not, after much consideration, my decided opinion that, circumstanced as this society is, you may avail yourselves of an opportunity to obtain a successor no less worthy of your confidence and esteem, and upon such terms for a time, as shall afford you the means of certain necessary provisions for your future convenience and prosperity.

"With these views I have come to the conclusion above expressed; and accordingly my relation as Pastor of the First

Religious Society in Malden will cease on the 20th day of October next; which will complete nine and a half years since my removal to this place. I shall never cease to pray for the prosperity and happiness of this beloved Church and Society, and to hold in fond remembrance the many true and faithful friends, whose social and Christian intercourse I have so richly enjoyed.

"Yours in the Everlasting Bonds of the Gospel,

"SYLVANUS COBB.

"BENJ. G. HILL, *Chairman, &c.*

"MALDEN, July 20th, 1837."

The foregoing letter sets forth so distinctly the strong points in the argument for my resignation of the Pastorate, that I need add but a few words in further explanation. Suffice it to say, that my salary from the Parish was considerably insufficient for the support of my family, with economical living. The house full of boarding and instructed theological students from year to year, and the much lecturing far and near, and the brief services in the Legislature, all must needs have gone into the account to keep us even with those who served us. I had eight young children, six of them sons, for whose continued support and education, I was responsible; and whom I was bound to aid, at the appropriate age, in the procurement of business for a livelihood. And I did not deem it expedient that I should continue under the pressure of the responsibilities of a settled Pastor, when, partly from necessity for the maintenance of my family, and partly with a view to more extensive usefulness, I must perform so great an amount of outside labor.

Having served the Middlesex Temperance Society, as well as I could in connection with my Pastoral care, and as much as I engaged, I was now re-elected; and there was a general desire that I should place myself in a position in

which I could devote to the work of this Agency the week days more exclusively, and Sunday evenings more generally. *The second year of this Agency* commenced with AUGUST.

My DIARY, against the date of AUGUST 21ST, reads thus: —

"During the last three weeks my services in the cause of Temperance have been mostly devoted to collecting facts, visiting different places for that purpose, and for making arrangements for practical operations, and writing addresses. The evenings have now become so long, that I shall soon be busily engaged in lecturing."

THE ROCKINGHAM ASSOCIATION.

August 30th and 31st, this Association held a session in Haverhill, N. H. On this occasion Br. Joseph O. Skinner, one of my theological students, received Ordination. Br. S. Cobb preached the Ordination Sermon, from 1 John i. 4.

VALEDICTORY AT MALDEN.

On the afternoon of the THIRD SUNDAY IN OCTOBER, I delivered my Valedictory Discourse to the First Religious Church and Society in Malden, it being the last Sunday of the first half of my ninth year in the Pastoral relation with them; and the time assigned by my letter of Resignation to the Committee, for the close of that relation. My feelings were strongly wrought upon by the occasion; and there were manifested deep emotions generally in the large congregation. But there was, with me, a comfortable quiet in the reflection that I was not about to remove far away *from* this people, and from the familiar and loved scenery

of this pleasant and interesting locality. I intended to make Malden my place of residence yet for a while, and the vicinity my permanent home.

ADVANTAGES OF THE SITUATION.

My withdrawal from the Pastoral charge did not involve a relinquishment of the Christian Ministry, or a diminution of interest in its work as a religious educational instrumentality. Nor did I resign my special charge of the Malden Parish with the view to seek another Pastoral settlement. I intended to preach on all the Sabbaths for which my services might be called, expecting that this condition would furnish me with employment every Sabbath. And it was so. There were always openings enough for my Sunday services as a Christian Evangelist. But then and thenceforth these services did not involve, with me, an obligation to any particular society, which would hamper me with regard to the employment of the week in those literary labors, and works of moral reform, to which my radical tastes and conceptions of duty much inclined me. These were prominent *advantages of the situation.*

There is another advantage which this situation afforded me, having relation to the practical explicitness and faithful directness of my Sabbath discourses, in regard to the moral aspects of State and National administrations. The Christian teacher should always be faithful to his convictions of right and duty in this regard. But when the settled Pastor knows that there are strong and influential members of his Parish, who are so enslaved to a political partisanship, which embraces, and sanctions, and nourishes a monstrous moral wrong, that if he should expose the enormity of the evil and rebuke its sinfulness, from the

pulpit, they will gnash upon him with their teeth, and strive to eject him from his place, he is sorely tempted to deliberate the question, whether it may not be that "the better part of valor is discretion." But if he is above this skulking policy, and regards persecution for right-doing the lesser, and the punishment of wrong-doing the greater evil, nevertheless the trial is a painful one.

But my new situation afforded me much freedom from the embarrassment above described. However much I may have been guided by conscience, and exercised freedom of utterance on moral questions of national interest, in my Pastoral relation, I subsequently enjoyed greater conscious freedom. While I was impressed with a sense of my responsibility as an ambassador of Christ, to speak at all times and places in a spirit and manner consistent with the sacred office, regarding always the glory of God and the good of mankind, my position did not trouble me with the question as to the effect of my words upon my personal interest. At the close of a Sabbath's services, when I have been moved in spirit to treat pointedly on a ruinous national sin, or a vicious social custom, I have sometimes said to the congregation, that I had dealt faithfully with some topics in relation to which the community was divided; but they would have no occasion to call a Parish meeting to act upon the question of my dismissal, for my engagement with them was up at sun-down; and we could do no better than take those subjects home with us respectively, and deliberate upon them in Christian soberness.

A. D. 1838.

A SPECIMEN OF THE AGENCY.

I had now gone thoroughly into the work of my Lecturing Agency for the Middlesex Temperance Society. As a specimen of the diligence devoted to it, I will transcribe here from my DIARY the journal of the first nine days of this new year: —

"JANUARY.

"*1st.* — Hail, thou new born year! Benignant be thy reign. Under it may our improvements be great, and our blessings many.

"*2d.* — I delivered a temperance lecture in Stoneham.

"*4th.* — Temperance lecture in Woburn.

"*5th.* — Lectured in Wilmington.

"*1st Sunday.* — Preached in South Danvers, for Br. Austin; and returned to Malden; where I lectured on temperance in the evening, in the Baptist Church, to a large and attentive audience.

"*8th.* — Temperance lecture in West Reading.

"*9th.* — Lectured in the Baptist Church in Newton Centre."

THE PROVIDENCE SOCIETY.

January 10th. — By invitation of a Committee of the Providence County Temperance Convention, I lectured before their meeting this evening, preparatory to the organization of a County Society. This organization was effected at the time.

On the next day I attended the Annual Meeting of the Rhode Island State Temperance Society; and, by invitation, took part in their debates. In the evening, in compliance with an invitation from the Committee of the

Pawtucket Society, I lectured in the Orthodox Church in Pawtucket.

January, Second Sunday. — I preached in Providence, for Br. Balch, to large and attentive congregations; and in the evening lectured in the Universalist Chapel, to a crowded audience, for the new Providence County Temperance Society.

Such loan of a helping hand to the good cause in a neighboring State, as also in other Counties in our own State, was regarded by my employers in Middlesex County as legitimate and commendable.

PAROCHIAL COMMOTION IN SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

"THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING."

On the *First Sunday in February*, I preached in the Old Parish Church in South Weymouth; and under circumstances of singular distinctiveness, and peculiar interest.

The Parish was nominally Orthodox; and a majority of the church, with the Pastor, had been of that type of Orthodoxy distinguished as Hopkinsianism. But the scale, in the church, had turned in favor of a more mixed type of theology; and the Hopkinsian Pastor resigned. Then the Parish elected a Committee of three to supply the pulpit from the first of February to the middle of April, the time of the annual Parish meeting. Of that Committee Mr. Charles Pratt was made Chairman; and he was a Universalist in sentiment; and the only known Universalist in the Parish. Indeed, even he was known to be such *to but few*. It was not as such that he was placed at the

head of the Committee; but it was for the estimation in which he was held; and his energy of character insuring attention to any matter committed to him.

The Committee agreed that, for the first three Sundays, each of their number should, in rotation, select the preacher of his own individual choice, beginning with the Chairman, Mr. Pratt. He came forthwith in person, and engaged me to preach the first Sunday.

Who would be the choice of the second member of the Committee, no one could guess. But at the close of the first Sunday's services, he came to me before leaving the Vestibule of the Church, and engaged me to preach for him on the next Sunday. This I did, of course. And the number and interest of the congregation increased. Numbers received the word with readiness of mind, and manifested a feeling which reminded me of the record of the effect of the gospel preached by Philip in Samaria, "And there was great joy in that city."

Well, what next in this chapter of wonders? The next was the act of the third Committee man, coming to me, contrary to all expectation, at the close of the second Sunday's services, and engaging me as *his* minister also, to fill the pulpit of the old Parish Church on the *third* Sunday of this new dispensation. And glorious meetings we had on that third Sunday. Most of the members of the Parish attended; others came in; and the interest in the gospel as expounded by the Universalist ministry increased.

And yet, what next? Why, this it was; the Committee in its official capacity, as a whole, engaged me to supply their pulpit during the balance of their term of office, to the annual Parish meeting the middle of April. Then, of course, as we expected, the two classes of Orthodox professors united in opposition to Universalism, and took con-

trol of the pulpit. But a sufficient number had received the light of the gospel in its fulness, to organize a separate meeting in a convenient hall.

INSTALLATION OF REV. J. G. ADAMS.

Rev. John G. Adams was the man of my choice to become my successor in the Pastorate of the First Church and Society in Malden. And he was the people's choice. He was duly Installed into this office FEBRUARY 28TH. It devolved upon the Ex-Pastor to preach the Installation Sermon. Rev. T. F. King offered the Installing Prayer; Rev. H. Ballou, 2d, delivered the Charge; Rev. O. A. Skinner, the Right Hand of Fellowship; and Rev. Thos. Whittemore, the Address to the Society.

INVITATION TO WALTHAM.

I preached in Waltham on the *third Sunday in March.* There was a young and small Universalist Society there, worshipping in Bank Hall. A young brother by the name of Wm. C. Hanscom, had been preaching for them; but he was now, by reason of disease, unable to preach. Therefore the Committee of the Society invited me to remove to that place, and supply their desk the year ensuing. I assented to their proposition; not to assume the Pastoral relation, which it was understood that my other engagements would render inexpedient, — but to make that pleasant Village my family home, and supply the young Society's preaching, by the Sabbath. In coming to this conclusion I also took into consideration the location of Waltham in the County of Middlesex, so central as the base of operations in my Temperance Agency. With a

smart horse of my own, I could, in pleasant weather, return to my home in the evening, after the lecture, from a considerable portion of the towns in the County.

REMOVAL TO WALTHAM.

During the last week in April I removed, family and furniture, from Malden to Waltham, which is ten miles west from Boston. The Village is one of the handsomest in this region, and the farms, back, are well husbanded and productive. It had at this time four churches, the Trinitarian Congregational, Unitarian, Baptist, and Methodist; and several Cotton Factories, on Charles River. We took a large house on Main Street, near the Bank, which furnished ample room for our numerous family.

THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

At this point, having, with my removal from Malden, and the retirement from the position of settled Pastor, closed my charge of theological students, it may be appropriate to make record of my doings in this department of labor.

I had accommodated three young men with board in my family, and tuition, as students for the Christian ministry, in Waterville, Me. These were Zenas Thompson, Frederic A. Hodsdon and Alanson St. Clair.

In Malden, the necessity was laid upon me to run quite a Theological School. We had no public institution for the education of young men for the ministry at that time; nor was it convenient for our Boston clergymen to take students into their families. The Parsonage which we occupied was a large house; and I committed myself to the

responsibility at once on commencing my residence in Malden, by permitting a student, N. C. Fletcher, to follow me directly from Maine, on my removal thence. So it came to pass that, when any of our neighboring clergymen were called upon by a young man for accommodation in this line, forthwith he was directed to the Malden Parsonage. The number who served terms of preparatory study for the ministry in that Parsonage during my pastorate there was seventeen; — viz., N. C. Fletcher, Rufus K. Pope, John Harriman, J. W. Talbot, Charles Gallagher, Theodore K. Taylor, George Hastings, Charles S. Hussey, Elbridge Trull, Asa P. Cleverly, Abraham Norwood, Joseph O. Skinner, John Allen, Gilman Noyes, Horace W. Morse, Erasmus Manford, Joseph Grammar.

Some of those men, as should have been expected among so many, after a brief experience in the work of the ministry, went into other honorable branches of business; others became able and popular, and most of them faithful and useful ministers of the gospel.

THE WORK IN WALTHAM.

As I have said, the meetings of the Universalist Society were held in the Bank Hall. Here I commenced my work in this new locality. We forthwith organized a Sunday School; and the influx of scholars, and enlistment of teachers, at the very outset, afforded us cheering encouragement.

FUNERAL OF BR. HANSCOM.

I have spoken of Br. Hanscom, as having commenced the work of gathering a society here, and being disabled by disease. I find the following memorandum in my DIARY, *in* relation to his death, and funeral obsequies: —

"*May 25th.*—Returning home in the morning, from Bedford, I found that our Rev. Brother Wm. C. Hanscom died on the previous day in Cambridgeport; and that his remains were removed to my house, to be interred to-day. He had suffered a long and severe sickness of consumption, through the whole of which he enjoyed a strong and living faith in the gospel of universal grace and salvation. When he felt that his departure was near, he made out a full programme for the services at his funeral, which was as follows: —

1. *The Scripture Lesson*, 1 Cor. xv., beginning at verse 35th, to be read by Br. Lucius R. Paige.
2. *The First Prayer*, by Br. J. G. Adams.
3. *The Sermon*, by Br. T. Whittemore.
4. *The Concluding Prayer*, by Br. T. F. King.
5. *Address at the grave*, by Br. S. Cobb.

He also selected all the hymns to be sung on the occasion.

He died at 23 years of age, and his memory is affectionately and respectfully cherished by all who knew him, as an exemplary Christian, and able and most zealous minister of the gospel."

The Bank Hall was soon found to be of insufficient capacity for the accommodation of our meetings; and, so soon as the *Fourth Sunday in May*, we commenced holding our Sabbath services in the Town Hall, a commodious room, pleasantly situated on Church Street. Here our congregations grew in numbers and interest.

Nathaniel Prentice Banks, since Governor of Massachusetts, Member and Speaker of the House of Representatives of Congress, and Major General in the Army of the United States, a native of Waltham, was then a member of my congregation. He was then a youth, just budding into manhood; was a Machinist, in the employment of the Waltham Manufacturing Company; whence the appellation given him after his indomitable energies were developed in public life, — "The Iron Man." At this time he was an active and successful member of a "Young Men's Debat-

ing Club," and a leader in many movements for the elevation and education of his townsmen.

DISCUSSION IN THE CONCORD FREEMAN.

In June, I published in the *Concord Freeman* a series of articles in advocacy of the merits of the Prohibitive Liquor Law, and of the measures then being prosecuted by the friends of the Temperance cause, in reply to a letter by the Editor addressed to me, touching some remarks which I had made in a Temperance Convention.

THE CHURCH ORGANIZED.

July. — Early in this month we organized a church in connection with our society. Br. Ephraim Allen, of Waltham, and Br. James Francis, of Wayland, who had attached himself to our society, were elected Deacons. Mr. Francis was a brother of Mrs. L. Maria Childs, of literary celebrity.

This church proved to be a happy fraternity, and the early membership of a goodly proportion of young men and women was an interesting circumstance. We numbered thirty-three members at the outset.

COLLECTION OF SALARY AT SO. WEYMOUTH.

In relation to my two and a half months service for the Orthodox Parish in South Weymouth, from Feb. 1st to the middle of April (see pp. 270, 271), the Treasurer of the Parish had declined paying me the stipulated compensation, on the ground that my ministry was not of the type of Orthodoxy which the Parish had patronized. I now,

August 1st, left the bill of service with Esq. Kingsbury for collection; and in a few days he forwarded to me the money. And I deem the fact worthy of note, that, in all my business transactions, which in more than twenty years publication of a weekly journal were multiplied and extensive, this is the only case of my having committed a demand to a lawyer for collection.

RECOGNITION OF THE CHURCH.

September 13th. — This evening we had a public Recognition, in due form, of the church the organization of which has just been noticed above. Rev. Messrs. C. C. Burr (of Maine), O. A. Skinner, L. R. Paige, and S. Streeter, performed parts in the services of the occasion. It was "a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

THE TEMPERANCE WORK.

My private Journal exhibits me all along, while so attentive to the interests of Zion, as industriously at work in the business of my Agency of the Middlesex Temperance Society. During this autumn I was much engaged in public discussions, in controversy with selected opponents, of the law prohibiting the retail, except for medicines and use in the arts, of spirituous liquors in less quantities than fifteen gallons.

On the evening of the *First Sunday in October*, I loaned my service to the *Suffolk County Temperance Society*, and lectured for that organization in Father Ballou's Church. My subject was "The Connection of the Temperance Cause with our Civil, Social and Religious Institutions." The audience was large.

ERROR SELF-DESTRUCTIVE.

On the evening of October 17th, when I had closed a lecture in the Congregational Meeting House in Bedford, I stepped into the Bar Room of the Tavern to order my team, and found it filled with rum drinkers. A Mr. Webber, who withdrew from the Unitarian Society at the time of my previous lecture there, because it was in their Meeting House, seeing me, but pretending not to know me, thought to rub me by saying that this temperance business made it well for him, for he (being a Cooper), had increased calls now for rum-barrels. I said to him in reply, "Sir, I heard you say recently on the Muster-field in Watertown, that you withdrew from your religious society, because they opened their house to a temperance lecture; and because these temperance lectures touched your interest. The temperance cause, you said, was a damage to you of from fifty to a hundred dollars a year, by its effect on your business of making rum-barrels. But now you say it makes your business better by increasing the demand for your barrels. How will you explain yourself?" He seemed confused; and, after muttering a few words, was silent. A ring was formed around me by the rum-drinkers and their allies, and a very serious conversation went on between me and the Landlord, — others throwing in a word now and then. All were attentive; and I believed that the conversation would be of some good service.

This was the Bar Room in which the unsuccessful mob was plotted on the occasion of my former lecture in the same Church. See p. 251.

On the evening of the *First Sunday in November*, I again *lent* my service to the Suffolk County Temperance Society,

lecturing for them in Marlboro' Chapel. Had a large congregation.

DEDICATION IN STERLING.

November 21*st.* — A new Union Meeting House was dedicated in Sterling. Father Ballou preached the Dedicatory Sermon; and Br. Cobb offered the Prayer of Dedication, and preached a sermon in the evening.

SUMMARY OF THE YEAR.

The following conclusion of the record of the year I transfer from my DIARY: —

"*December* 31*st.* — This day terminates the year 1838. It has been to me a year of much labor, and much prosperity and happiness. My numerous family, including my wife with myself, eight children, and niece, have enjoyed almost uninterrupted health. We removed from Malden to this place, Waltham, on the 27th of April last. Here we have formed an interesting circle of new acquaintances and friends, and the religious society with which I am connected as a present ministerial supply is highly prosperous. We have received acquisitions of numbers of valuable members, who have become very deeply interested in the cause of truth as it is in Jesus; and our meetings have considerably increased. In addition to my ministerial labors, I have served the whole year in the Temperance Agency, except a month's vacation in August. I have, during the year, preached 124 sermons, and delivered 141 Temperance Lectures, and 1 Lyceum lecture; attended 3 funerals, and solemnized 5 marriages. Besides, I have spoken much in Conventions, and in debating meetings. My Temperance Lectures, being mostly on the License Law, have averaged at least one hour and a quarter; making for the 141, 176¼ hours. My sermons, many of them having been in new places, and on special subjects, have averaged 40 minutes, making, for the 124, 82 hours and 40 minutes. Total, 259 hours speaking, in the sermons and lectures, besides

the other connected services;— making the amount of 43 days constant speaking, at six hours to the day. Yet I have not been prevented by indisposition from fulfilling all my numerous and multifarious engagements. I have the satisfaction to know that my humble labors for the cause of Temperance, and protective legislation, and also those for Gospel truth, have been well received; and successful, by the blessing of God, to the promotion of good. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.'"

A. D. 1839.

I continued my labors as in the past year.

THE DEDICATION IN HOLLISTON.

The Universalist Society in Holliston, Mass., having finished their new Meeting House, it was Dedicated in appropriate form on JANUARY 9TH. Br. S. Cobb preached the sermon; and Br. T. J. Greenwood offered the Dedicatory Prayer. Br. Joseph O. Skinner, one of my theological students, was the Pastor of the society.

BEFORE THE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE.

In the last half of January, there was a protracted discussion by adjournment from day to day, before a Special Joint Committee of the Legislature, of the Prohibitive Law for suppressing dram-shops. A Middlesex County Temperance convention, had appointed me as one of their Counsel to support the law before that Committee, to whom numerous petitions for the repeal of the law were referred. Benj. F. Hallett, Esq., conducted the opposition to the law, and Peleg Sprague, Esq., its defence. It devolved upon me to assist in the cross-questioning of the witnesses of the *opposition*, and the exposure of their misrepresentations.

Hon. Samuel A. Elliot, Mayor of Boston, was brought forward by Mr. Hallett as a witness, and testified that, in his opinion, the prohibitive law could not be enforced in this city. He was in favor of a license law. I put to him this question, with its preliminary: If two thousand persons in Boston wish to retail liquor, and you license one thousand only, seeing that, by your license system, you pronounce the business to be right and good in itself, — will it not be more difficult to suppress the participation in it of the other thousand, than it would be to enforce an impartial prohibitive law, suppressing the traffic alike with all? He did not find it convenient to understand the question.

With regard, however, to the fate of the prohibitive law in its then present form, through political entanglements its repeal was effected.

THE LARGE ADDITION TO OUR WALTHAM SOCIETY.

The old Territorial Parish in Waltham had been many years Unitarian. Their Meeting House was situated on a handsome green, a little back from the Village, north. A second Unitarian Society had been in operation several years, with a Meeting House centrally located on the Main Street. This February (1839), a majority of the old Parish united with the new, and commenced public worship with them in a new house on Church Street. Upon this event about twenty families of the old Parish, residing in the north-east part of the town, proposed and effected a union with the Universalist Society, and assisted them in the building of a convenient Church in the north-east part of the Village, within a short distance of the site of the old

Church. This location of the Church was made a condition, by the Traffalo people (for that District of the town was called Traffalo), of their coming into this union; and the gift of the site by Hon. Theodore Lyman was an additional temptation to the Universalists to consent to the arrangement. And it operated advantageously to our cause for a few years. The Traffalo families added much to the size, support and interest of our meetings. But several years afterwards, and after I had removed from the place, the growth of the Village sat off westward, and this Church was so inconveniently away from the centre of population, that a removal of the building for a better locality resulted in its loss to the society, and their suspension of operation for a few years.

MY OWN NEWSPAPER.

This spring I commenced the publication of the religious and literary family newspaper, called "THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN AND FAMILY VISITER." For me, under the circumstances, it was a tremendous undertaking. I wonder that I had sufficient courage to undertake it. But the secret of the enterprise was *faith*. In my travels over the country, and the familiar acquaintance I had formed with the families of different denominations, I had observed the want of a weekly paper in the patronage of the Universalist denomination, more considerably devoted, than any then in circulation, to interesting miscellany for the younger members of the families, and more decidedly committed to the moral reforms of the day, such as Anti-Slavery and Temperance. With this conviction, and the knowledge of the ardent wishes, in this direction, of numbers of influential *lay brethren*, I formed my purpose, laid my plan, purchased

the requisite printing apparatus, hired the chambers of Mr. Josiah Hastings' book store, installed Mr. George Jefts as the Foreman of the office; and, on the 19th day of April, 1839, issued No. 1, Vol. 1, of THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN AND FAMILY VISITER.

With no experience at all in this line; with no business associate or partnership; and with but little capital; to undertake the whole concern alone, as Proprietor and Editor, it was a hazardous adventure. But I believed that I had this mission assigned to me of God, and that he would sustain and prosper me in it. And more than my highest hopes in it were realized.

The elder representatives of the denominational press, Rev. T. Whittemore, of the *Trumpet and Universalist Magazine*, Massachusetts; Rev. Wm. A. Drew, of the *Gospel Banner*, Maine; and P. Price, Esq., of the *Union*, New York, all noble brethren, gave my bantling the cold shoulder. This was not from their want of personal regard for me; but from their fearful apprehension of harm to myself, from a costly and unsuccessful effort; and harm to the Universalist denomination, from the introduction of the exciting topics of Slavery and Temperance. But these apprehensions were removed in due time.. And now, when a quarter of a century has passed away, our denominational press is a unit in the bold and manly discussion of those then delicate subjects.

MISS EDGARTON'S SALUTATION.

MISS SARAH C. EDGARTON, the popular author and poetess, afterwards MRS. S. C. MAYO, on receiving my Prospectus, sent me for the first number of THE CHRISTIAN

FREEMAN AND FAMILY VISITER, the following moral and literary gem:

THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN AND FAMILY VISITER.

A Freeman! How the captive heart
Throbs at the name of *free!*
How eagerly his chained feet start
For home and *Liberty!*
He hears the sound of chainless fountains —
The horn upon his native mountains!
He breathes the free untainted air,
Then clanks his fetters in despair!
"I must be free! I will be free!
Oh give me, give me Liberty!"

A Freeman! Ask the toiling *slave,*
What meaning in that name!
And he will point you to the wave —
The air — the chainless flame —
The young fawn bounding thro' the wildwood —
The merry feet of laughing childhood!
He'll point to these — then turn away
To wipe the silent tears that stray
O'er cheeks, long strangers to the bliss
Of wife's or infant's holy kiss.

A Christian Freeman! Son of God!
Can mortals follow Thee,
And tread the path where Thou hast trod,
Yet be aught else than *free?*
Alas that Priestcraft — hateful demon!
Should weld her chains on Christian Freeman!
Alas! that *sons of God* should be
Doomed to the curse of slavery!
Awake, ye captives! join the band
That herald *Freedom* through the land!

Hail to thee, "*Christian Freeman!*" Hail!
Forth on thy mission speed!

Dislodge the rivet and the nail,
And heal the stripes that bleed!
Speed thee, ay speed thee on thy mission,
To free the mind from base oppression!
Gird on thine armor for a fight,
To bring the soul in robes of light
Out from the dungeon of despair,
To breathe the sweets of God's free air!

Nor this alone — 'Tis thine to steal,
A "*Visiter*," to fireside groups —
And, silently, to make them *feel*
The worth of gospel hopes —
To soothe the weary and afflicted —
Restrain the youth to vice addicted,
And gently lead him back to truth;
For beautiful and sweet to youth
Should virtue be — and fair the road
That leadeth to the feet of God!

E.

I made an arrangement with J. N. Bang, printer, on Cornhill, Boston, to act as my Boston agent; and, in the heading of the paper, I denoted it as "*Published in Waltham and Boston.*"

Soon after I embarked upon this laborious undertaking, which proved to be the distinctive business of twenty years of the prime of my life, I discontinued my Temperance Agency; but continued, yet two years, while I remained a resident of Waltham, to supply the preaching for the Universalist Society in that town; but I did this so much by way of exchanges and substitutes, as to be able to return to something like my old missionary labors over the country, which afforded me the much needed opportunity of paying attention to the circulation of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN.

END OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.



THE MEMOIR.

PREFACE.

I HAVE but little to say to the reader under this head. My work is finished, and I turn to this page at the beginning, to entreat that the result of my labor may be judged in the spirit of kindness and forbearance. I realized, when I took up my pen, that I had a difficult task before me — the task of writing of the life of one whom I so deeply loved, without allowing that love to exert an undue influence in my estimate of the subject I had in hand. I have held steadily in view the one aim to state the facts as they were, and to draw only such deductions as those facts would legitimately warrant. It would have been a thing impossible with me to write of my father without betraying the emotions of a son; but I believe in no instance have those emotions led me astray from the path which, as a faithful memoirist, I was bound to follow.

Because I have used the "first person singular" of the personal pronoun the reader will not deem me egotistical. I found that style of presenting myself the most convenient. A sense of delicacy, over-nice, might have led me to follow the custom of many in using the editorial "*we*," or such a phrase as "*the writer*," when I meant MYSELF; and, also, of speaking of "the

subject of our sketch" when I meant, MY FATHER. But I have preferred to write as nearly as possible as I would have spoken, had I been telling the story of that life, by word of mouth, to a circle of listening friends. So I have used the pronoun "I," and written of "MY FATHER," moved by the feeling that I was, in truth, telling the story to my friends.

Touching the subject matter of the work, I have no extenuation to offer; and the only favor I have to crave is, that you will read this Memoir with the faith that I have earnestly and prayerfully sought to present the picture of a life worthy of being studied and copied; and that I have been cheered in my labor by the firm conviction that good would result from it. Trusting that I have not labored in vain, and that the lessons of life contained in these pages may be a source of blessing to my fellow men, I give the book to the public.

SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Norway, Me., January 14th, 1867.

INTRODUCTION.

DEAR READER: — It is with mingled emotions of sadness and pleasure that I take my pen for the work before me. I would that it could have fallen to another hand to finish the life-story of my father; but since the labor has devolved upon me I enter upon it most willingly, and will do what I can towards giving to the world a faithful record of the later days of Sylvanus Cobb. O! if he could but have finished the work himself! There were years of labor — years of toilsome strife in the great battle of Reform — which none can now picture as he could have done it. He had just reached, in his story, that epoch of his life where he stepped forth into a new field of labor, and armed himself for a crusade to which he was to give the best energies of body and mind, when his strength failed him, and his pen dropped from his nerveless grasp never to be resumed again on earth. Vain wish! He had written his last line; the old familiar desk, where he had toiled so long, by day and by night, was closed upon the unfinished work, and it was told to me that I must finish it. But I do not sit down to the task unaided. SHE is with me who was my father's best earthly friend through life; who watched all his ingoings and out-comings; who bore with him and sustained him; who shared all his labors; and who held up his hands

and his heart in faith and love to the end. And then I have copious memoranda, in manuscript and in print, besides the minutes of those in various sections, who knew him well. I have felt, so far as my father's connection with the subject now in hand was concerned, that one of the sources of sad reflection in view of his death was, that he could not have been spared to finish the Autobiography; or, that he had not commenced it at an earlier day, so that more could have been accomplished by his pen. But, upon reflection, I am willing to coincide with others of the household. He left his work just in the right place. With his own pen he brought it down to the event of the publication of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, and from that date nearly the whole record of his after life is in print, and I have only to cull from the printed pages what is proper and necessary to finish the story. In this light it really seems as though his strength was spared to the proper limit — as though the Great Father upheld his hand to the point where another could step in and take hold of the work understandingly. And then so far as the summing up of his character is concerned, and the presenting of those more delicate matters which have to do with the idiosyncrasies that were the source of his distinguishing virtues and his human weaknesses, it is certainly more fitting that another than himself should tell of them. And so, with but a simple application to the case of the balm of our glorious faith, I can still sincerely say, — "God doeth all things well."

It may be said by some that a child is not competent to write a fair and impartial memoir of a parent. I do not see it in that light. I believe that no man could write of my father more impartially than I am prepared and determined to do. I knew all his failings, for no one has had *more* occasion to mark them than I have had: and I can

say, as said Dr. Miner in his address on the occasion of the funeral. "His faults were manly faults." In short, I, who knew him well — who was closely connected with him in business during all those years when he was most sorely tried and perplexed — can truthfully declare that there was no act of his life which a proper respect for his memory would lead me to conceal. And I may say further, that his faults were such as brought him nearer to our hearts, in that they betrayed to us his need of sympathy and aid and love. A being all pure, entirely free from earthly weaknesses — a man perfect in thought, word, and action — would be so entirely above and beyond the need of friendly counsel and consideration, that we could only regard him with awe and veneration, yielding to him our profoundest respect, while we kept our warmer love and affection for those who were partakers with us in some of the imperfections to which humanity is heir.

And, be it understood, I do not sit down to this work because I, as a child, wish to see the story of my father's life in print. Others have demanded that it should be written. The press, throughout the country, in noticing his death, has told to its readers that they would gain further knowledge of the man from the biography which would probably be written, thus advancing the idea that there was not only need, but expectation, of such a work. And the reader who has perused the Autobiography will admit that the life-story of the earlier years of Mr. Cobb comprises a history of the rise and progress of Universalism in different parts of New England. I, who had known so much of his early labors, had forgotten, if I ever knew, how many of the now flourishing societies of our denomination were brought into existence under his ministrations — societies not only in his native State, but here in the

vicinity of Boston, where the light of Liberal Christianity is so effulgent that many of the present generation seem inclined to think that it is a heritage derived from the Puritan Fathers, who, fleeing from the tyranny of the Old World, sought them a home upon these then inhospitable shores, counting physical comfort and convenience as naught if it must be held at the expense of liberty, — stern, righteous men, who — .

"* * * shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With hymns of lofty cheer,
Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the Free.
* * * * * * *
What sought they thus afar?
* * * * * * *
They sought a Faith's pure shrine;
Ay, call it holy ground,
The spot where first they trod, —
They have left unstained what here they found —
Freedom to worship God."

I love to claim those bold, righteous, self-sacrificing men as the American Fathers; and to them we are indebted for that stern fixedness to the principles of Right which has given tone and character to the noblest institutions of our country; and to that love of liberty, and unswerving opposition to tyranny and injustice, which they carefully implanted and nurtured in the bosoms of their children, are we indebted for the progressive spirit that stamps the New England mind. And we cannot forget that the subject of our memoir was of that old stock. On both his father's and mother's side, as is shown in the opening chapter of the Autobiography, he was descended in a direct line from

those Puritan ancestors who were among the first to seek these shores for the purpose of establishing a civil and religious liberty which could not be enjoyed in the Mother Country. But when he was born into the world that "*Religious Liberty*" had become an institution so fixed and bounded within a dark and narrow creed that it afforded but little scope to the cultivated, inquiring mind. From a principle of action it had come to consist of a set of dogmas and articles as binding upon the hearts and consciences of men as were ever the rules and fiats of the ecclesiastical power from which the early fathers had fled. The youth of that day did not enjoy the light that now floods the Christian field. Liberal Christianity, stepping forth upon the broad and comprehensive plane of "the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man," in those days shocked the Christian Church as with ague fits. The noble, loving heart, recognizing a brother in every human being, and hoping and praying for the final consummation foreshadowed in the mission of Christ, found no help or countenance in the creeds of the church. The philanthropist, laboring to raise men nearer to God and heaven through the natural impulses of their better natures, received the cold shoulder of the Evangelical priesthood. And the influence of the State, even, so far as it was given in a theological direction, entirely ignored everything like progression in religious matters.

No, no, my young friend of to-day. At the opening of this present century Liberal Christianity had little foothold in New England; and it is well you should know to whom you are indebted for the grand flood of cheering light that now illumines the Christain household. I think I do not overstate the matter when I say, that no man has done more towards opening the hearts of men to the glorious



truths of the gospel of Reconciliation than has Sylvanus Cobb. All over this section of our country are men now basking in the full light of a faith in Christ's redeeming plan and power who were led out from the darkness of Calvinism by his preaching; and, as has been before stated, there are many flourishing societies and churches of our faith that owe their birth to him. Surely the life of such a man is worth recording; and I have the faith to believe that the record will be extensively read.

But the labors of Mr. Cobb in the field of theology, as the reader may have already discovered, were but a moiety of the work of his life. From his boyhood he had been an ardent and consistent advocate of Reform. When he first began to reason and reflect, he took note of the evils that lurked in social life, as well as of those evils that "cried aloud in public." He saw those whom he loved led into the ways of error and consequent disgrace and suffering, and he sought to do away with the one, and alleviate the other. He marked with unerring judgment those evils which the great majority of his fellows failed to perceive, and at an early period he gave himself to the labor of aiding humanity in this direction. As he grew in years, and increased in knowledge, he discovered that there were evils in the government of his country which needed reforming; and when once he had made up his mind that a certain course was Right, he was quick to follow it. Intemperance he abhorred from the day when first he knew what intemperance was, and as his reason told him that dram-drinking was the cause thereof he opposed the habit in toto. His premises were simple and comprehensive: Rum-drinking did no good; Rum-drinking did an incalculable amount of mischief; therefore, Rum-drinking was an *evil that* should be banished entirely. And at all proper

times, and in all proper places, he was bold to raise his voice against it.

By and by Mr. Cobb came to understand that the genius of our Democratic and Republican institutions was in direct opposition to the spirit of Chattel Slavery, and at an early day he identified himself with the then comparatively small, but intellectual and zealous, party in opposition to this national evil. He saw, and foretold, the dangers to the government in the upholding and spreading of Slavery, and he was bold to declare that the ægis of Liberty and Independence should rest upon all who trod American soil.

But he went further than this. He believed that the pure spirit of Christianity was opposed to these evils, and that it became the duty of the Christian minister, devolving upon him by virtue of his office, to cry aloud against them. While Intemperance was a powerful instrumentality, working to destroy both soul and body, and tending directly to lead men away from the fold of Jesus, it surely belonged to the pulpit to do battle against it. And while Slavery was not only degrading the children of men, and leading to sins so corrupt that the heart of humanity stood appalled thereat, but shutting up the word of God to millions of our fellow beings, it did seem to him to come within the legitimate province of the Christian minister to speak out boldly and manfully against the sin; and if the sin had become the heritage of a nation, then the more need was there for honest, liberty-loving teachers to set manfully about the work of reform.

And, further still: Mr. Cobb believed that if any body of Christians owed it to their cause to identify themselves with the reform movements, surely the Universalist denomination rested under that obligation. Theirs was a doctrine of Love and Good Will to all mankind. They

believed that all men, without regard to caste or color, were brethren, and all partakers of the rich inheritance vouchsafed through Christ the Saviour. How could a Universalist uphold Slavery? How could a Universalist minister, by his silence, appear to give countenance to the dreadful evil?

It was at this point that Mr. Cobb commenced that labor which, after all, should be regarded as the triumph of his life. His early preaching of Universalism in localities where the light of the blessed faith had never been shed was a joy and a privilege, not only to himself, but to hundreds who heard; and he was eagerly listened to by those who sought the truth. He there went into places of darkness with the effulgence of redeeming love and grace, and led people up out from ignorance and error into the possession and enjoyment of true religion. He encountered no opposition from friends, and his labor was grateful and inspiring. His only opponents were those who openly opposed his system of faith, and against them he was armed with the whole weight of gospel evidence. It was a pleasant task to meet in the battle of debate the enemies of God's loving kindness towards all his children; and his soul thirsted for contact in argument with those who denied the power of Jesus Christ to consummate the work which the Father had given him to do. In that labor he had no half-way friends — none who were willing to admit the justice of his claims, but unwilling to hear them presented — none who acknowledged the truth of his premises, but feared its promulgation. There were no divisions in the household of faith; but all worked together for the upbuilding of the temple, acknowledging one Master, and making duty a pleasure, and labor a joy.

But he found a vastly different state of things when he

entered upon the new field of labor. He had planned that he would, so far as he was able, identify the Universalist denomination, as a great moral and religious power, with the needed reforms of the day, and more especially with the Temperance and Anti-Slavery reforms. As I have already stated, his own heart was given to the work, and he desired much to see the denomination which he loved, and to the upbuilding of which he had given so much of his time and energies, lend its influence in the same direction. To this end he established "THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN AND FAMILY VISITER," and sent his prospectus forth to the world. How well do I remember the reception it met at the hands of the ministering brethren, and more particularly at the hands of those who were already engaged in the work of publishing denominational periodicals. Direct opposition came from some quarters, while nearly all turned the "cold shoulder upon his bantling." All professed to be his friends, and many who looked coldly upon his effort were his friends; and those who most bitterly opposed him declared that they wished him all sorts of success, though they feared it would be otherwise. Some of the ministering brethren upon whom he had counted for coöperation and assistance were afraid to show their hands in the work. They were friendly to the cause of Temperance, and they believed that Slavery was a giant wrong that ought to be abolished; and, furthermore, they appreciated the moral courage and devotion which led to the conception and establishment of the "Christian Freeman;" but they feared that the introduction of those exciting topics into the Universalist press and pulpit would work mischief to the denominational body. In vain did the intrepid publisher plead that Right must prosper, and that wrong must crumble and fall; and in vain did he argue

that that body or Society which would have countenance of God must stand out in the world as champion of the Right and opposer of the Wrong. "The people are not prepared," said the timid ones. "Then let us prepare them," answered the editor through his *Freeman*. "But such an attempt will produce dissension in the church," plead the fearful friends. "Such dissension will be but as the working of the leaven," was the editor's answer. "Those who cannot put on the whole armor of Christ should not be allowed to hold the hands and seal the lips of the true Christian warrior."

However, Mr. Cobb had laid his plans, and he was not the man to turn back in his work because some of his friends failed him in the hour of need. It had thus far been a rule of his life, as fixed as were the laws of the Medes and Persians, that what his hands found to do in the direction of Right and Justice, he would do at all hazards. This was one of the distinguishing traits of his character, about which I shall have more to say hereafter. He went on with his work, relying upon God for strength and support, and we have seen the end. One after another of the ministering brethren stepped forth into the field, and the time came when the good man saw his highest anticipations more than realized. It came that other Universalist papers spoke out boldly in behalf of Temperance, though upon the subject of Anti-Slavery they were more reticent. This latter reform chanced to tread somewhat heavily upon the corns and bunions of an old and egotistical political party, and few were the publishers of religious periodicals in those days who dared even to admit a discussion of the subject into their columns, much less to speak out publicly themselves; and it was a long time before even a respectable

majority of our ministers dared to lift their voices in the pulpit in behalf of an enslaved and down-trodden race.

In speaking of the establishment of his paper Mr. Cobb says, — "I believed that I had this mission assigned to me of God, and that he would sustain and prosper me in it. And," he adds, "more than my highest hopes in it were realized."

Never were words more true if we count the success of the mission in its results to the world of humanity. But, so far as that success is concerned for which most men labor, we might term the result of the mission a failure. It impoverished him, and kept him poor and harassed all the rest of his days. It added not a penny of treasure to his purse, but swallowed up everything of money he could gain from other sources. His days and nights of unremitting toil wore down his powerful frame, and sapped the foundations of a constitution such as few men are blessed with. And what was his return for all this? It was the return of a success more holy and precious than the possession of material wealth. He lived to see one after another of the religious papers wheel into the line of Reform, and devote a part of their space to the promulgation of other moral and social truths than those of theology. He lived to see the denomination to which he belonged identify itself so thoroughly with the cause of Temperance, and with the cause of Anti-Slavery, that a Universalist minister who did not plant himself squarely and openly upon the platform of God's Law in social and political affairs, would have been as much out of place as would be the commanding generals of an army, while a battle was raging, skulking in the hospital and commissary store.

And what further did he live to see? What further reward had he for the labors of the last quarter of a century

of his life? He lived to see it all developed as he had foretold in the other years. The giant wrong had strode on, permitted by the people to put its sacrilegious hand upon our most sacred institutions, and to point the murderous steel to the very heart of the nation. And he lived to see this monster wrong crushed out forever; the shackles broken from the limbs of the slave everywhere within our broad domain; the infamous law of Might over Right stricken from the statute book; and Liberty proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the land!

Surely, he could with truth exclaim, when speaking of his noble mission, — "More than my highest hopes in it were realized."

And it devolves upon me to lay before the reader the events of Mr. Cobb's life during the years of his labor in this field. I must needs tell the story briefly; and I will be true and faithful to the record.

THE MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I. A. D. 1839.

THE NEW HOUSE, — PLANS FOR THE FUTURE, — BUSINESS PERPLEXITIES, CHARACTERISTICS, &c.

THE last pages of the Autobiography were written in the month of September, 1866. Mr. Cobb had been able, during the Summer, to take his pen once in a while and devote brief periods — say, from fifteen minutes to half an hour — to the work in hand; but he could not do much. His nerves had become so shattered, and his general system so weak, that his physicians had forbidden any extended mental effort; but it was impossible for him to keep his mind from the subject of his life-story, and it came very hard for him to be shut away from his desk; so he stole out into his study occasionally and grasped the old familiar pen; but the hand and the head soon wearied, and his sittings were very short.

On the first day of October, having business of importance in that direction, and entertaining the hope that the trip might do him good, he went, with his wife, to New York. After his return home he went to his desk and put his pen to the work once more, — I believe only once. His manuscript was in small bound books, not much larger than the copy-books that are used in our common schools,

and skipping several blank pages from where he had written the two paragraphs following Miss Edgarton's poem, and which were the last of his connected sentences, I find what he wrote on that occasion. It is in a cramped, tremulous hand, betraying pain and unrest, the chirography showing plainly that the body was weak, while its disconnection from the rest of the work would seem to indicate that his mind could only grasp familiar fragments of the story, fixed in his memory by the startling character of their associations. And this was what he wrote: —

"THE NEW HOUSE.

"In the spring of this year (1839) I purchased twelve acres of land of Jacob Farwell, on Church Street, for a kitchen garden, and pasturing and mowing for a horse and cow; and during the year built upon it a pleasant house for my family residence, into which we moved in the Fall. I have said before that I had a penchant for building, and living in, a house of my own. I planned all my houses for myself, always giving special attention to the women's great chemical laboratory, the kitchen — its structure, its location relative to the other rooms, and to a convenient supply of wood and water; and to the pleasantness and healthiness of sleeping-rooms."

And there his pen was laid aside. What would have been his story of the "NEW HOUSE" I cannot tell; but I am sure it would have been far different from the story I shall tell. He never would have referred to the painful and vexatious trials which that house cost him, while I shall make no secret of the truth. He built the house, as he did all things in his lifetime, for the good of others. For the sake of his large family he shouldered the burden, and bore it while he could. He had been living in a hulky, double house on the main street, which he rented of the manufacturing corporation; the apartments of which were so abom-

inably arranged that the labor of the housewife was perplexingly and painfully augmented; and the situation of which directly in the centre of the busy village, was very unfavorable to the running at large of his younger children. For the sake of his family he wished a more comfortable and convenient home; and he was determined that they should have it; and to this end he purchased the land of Mr. Farwell, and erected his dwelling.

No man had a more clear and comprehensive view of the general principles and possibilities of business than had he; and there were very few men, if any, who were better qualified to give advice to young men just starting out into the business world; but when he came to do business for himself upon a more extended scale than he had been used to — when he entered upon business that required financial tact and judgment — he failed to grasp and properly estimate a thousand-and-one minutiæ upon the care and disposition of which the success of all business enterprises must rest, from the highest to the lowest. His hope and faith were unbounded; and as he started all his projects in a spirit of love and good will to others than himself, how natural it was that he should cherish the belief that "all would come out right in the end." He thought he could see this happy consummation of events in the very nature and necessity of the work he had laid out. Let it not be for a moment supposed that Mr. Cobb had ever a disposition to trust things of importance to chance. No, — he was always very particular in laying it down as a rule of life that men must labor diligently for those blessings, both temporal and spiritual, which they would enjoy. What I mean is, that his great Hope led him to place too much reliance upon *what ought to be;* and he laid down grand plans in the abstract, sure that they

were right and proper, and went at work upon them with the faith that he should be able to meet and successfully dispose of minor exigencies as they arose. Thus far in life, keeping himself within the bounds of the ordinary business transactions necessary to his profession as a religious and moral teacher, he had been blessed with a success equal to his most ardent desires; for I know that it never entered into his heart to make money for the sake of seeing the golden pile grow in his coffers. His desires were moderate; and I am able to distinctly state what were the themes of his ambition: They were, *First*, — The peace and happiness and prosperity of those whom he loved, and who were dependent upon him; and, *Second*,— That social, moral, and religious elevation of society which was to result from the perfect understanding of God's Gospel Purpose as revealed through Jesus Christ, and a spreading, and adoption by the people, of the principles of Temperance and Human Freedom. Upon these themes he contemplated, and by the dictates derived therefrom he regulated his life and actions. He gave the whole strength of soul and body to the work thus set for him to do; and his labor was as tireless and faithful as his judgment had been right and just.

This may seem like digression; but I could not go on to speak of the "New House" without being prepared to tell the whole truth; and I could not, in justice to the truly great and good man, make a plain statement of all the facts without first preparing the mind of the reader to receive them understandingly.

The house in Waltham was the first venture of his life which involved the assumption of any considerable debt. When he moved from Malden he was the possessor of a sum of money which, in the light of his simple, unassum-

ing habits, rendered him in a measure independent, — not independent of work, but independent of want and debt while his health was spared. The man of wealth would smile at the idea of importance given to that trivial sum; and many a merchant in Boston derives of profit from his business every day a sum equal to that which made Sylvanus Cobb feel rich and proud when it was entirely his, and he owed no man anything therefrom.

When Mr. Cobb started his paper he paid cash for everything he bought; and let it be borne in mind that he had full faith that ere long the bread thus cast upon the waters would return to him. He expected to labor and to wait, and he was prepared for trial and tribulation. He knew that the paper-maker would have to be paid from week to week, and that those who worked in the office must have their daily bread; and to meet these wants he travelled much over the country, lecturing and preaching, and at the same time getting subscribers to his paper. Of the money he had on hand at the beginning of his enterprise he set apart a few hundred dollars for the new house, so that he was called upon to feel a stringency in the financial department of his publishing business sooner than he might otherwise have done; and when this came, of course it could not be long before the business of building was beset by the same evil.

In justice to my father I ought here to state that he would not probably have commenced his house as he did if his friend Farwell had not made him a present of the building-lot and garden spot. So much of land was given to him, and after that he purchased twelve acres, adjoining, of the same party. And, even now, when he began to feel the pressure at his publishing office, it is doubtful if he would have gone on with his building had he not supposed

that he could make some turn of his extra land to advantage. In fact, I am sure he had brought himself to believe that the land he had bought was going to pay all expenses, and leave him something beside. He knew that the towns round about Boston were destined to grow, and there was no town which at that time gave indications of more rapid growth than did Waltham. He had selected the twelve acres with this idea in mind, and he congratulated himself that he had secured a grand chance for helping himself and his family to a home without cramping him in another quarter. He made a critical survey of his newly acquired territory, and traced a rough draught upon paper. There were streets to be opened through, and thus were to be developed some of the most eligible building-lots for dwellings in the town. There would be a choice lot for each of his children, with room for a house and a sufficient kitchen garden; and beyond that there would be left enough for sale to other parties to return a snug little sum over and above all that he would be required to expend.

How well I remember the proud and happy light that beamed upon the good man's face when he took Samuel T. and myself out, with his draught in his hand, to present to us the details of his plan, and discuss their merits. We stood upon an eminence overlooking the twelve-acre lot, and our father showed to us where our houses were to be erected, and where the other children were to have homes. He explained to us how desirable those building-lots would be as soon as he had laid out broad and commodious streets, with shade trees planted at proper intervals by the wayside, and we might depend upon it that ere long — perhaps in a very few years — there would be a pretty, *thriving* village upon his land. What a glorious thing it

would be to have his children grow up and settle around him, and be able to establish them in life! He fondly hoped that his paper would eventually make business enough for all his sons; and no patriarch of olden time ever realized a more peaceful and happy gathering in of children and of children's children to contiguous homes in the promised land, than was pictured at that time in the bright hopefulness of this provident and tender-hearted father.

The house was built after designs furnished by Mr. Cobb, and when completed it was, as he had intended it should be, a model of convenience and simple architectural beauty. There was not a dollar expended for outside show, but all was appropriated to the comfort and well-being of the inmates. It was finished thoroughly throughout, and no expense was spared in making it such a home as he desired for himself and family.

And for some time he held to the hopes which had made bright with promise his opening labors upon that home. After he had moved into the new dwelling he still for a season went on with a more thorough draughting of plans for the establishment of his colony, being very unwilling to give up the idea that the land was yet to yield him some return of the money he had expended. But his hopes were vain; and his plans, if ever carried out, were left to others with their benefits. His paper, instead of yielding any income towards paying for the house, required every dollar he could raise for its support, and ere long he began to feel the weight of troubles and perplexities that were to bear sorely upon him for many years. To meet his pecuniary liabilities, and at the same time to uphold and maintain the paper which he had determined to make an evangel to those who dwelt in darkness and in bonds, he commenced that

system of labor which was in the end to break down his herculean frame, and to make him old before his time. For, with such a constitution as he inherited, guarded as it was by a life-long total abstinence from all stimulants and narcotics, and with the natural tendency of the system to health and longevity,* he should have been still in his prime at the age of three-score-and-ten; or, at all events, he should have been hale and hearty, and in the full enjoyment of all the faculties of life; and so he would have been but for these needs and perplexities which led him to task himself with labor such as no mortal organization can bear.

At the opening of this chapter I said that my father would have told the story of the "New House" differently from what I should tell it, — that he would never have referred to the painful and vexatious trials which that house cost him. And he never was wont to refer to them at all. He never brought his trials home with him. In the bosom of his family he never told of his troubles. If there were clouds upon him, he suffered them not to cast gloom over the household; so that one not associated with him in business might have been an inmate of his home for years and never have discovered that his business entailed upon him else than pleasure and satisfaction. He was always sure to bring home with him, and to tell it with beaming face, every scrap and item of cheering intelligence; and so he was anxious to share with his family all the joys and comforts he could command; — but never, to my knowledge, did he knowingly give his loved ones to see that he

* Longevity forms a characteristic chapter in the history of Mr. Cobb's ancestors. Among others of his immediate relations who lived to an advanced age, was Ebenezer Cobb, born in Plymouth, in 1694, and died in Kingston, in 1801, at the age of one hundred and seven years.

had any cause for pain and unrest, either in business disappointments, or in apprehensions for the future.

I know that Mr. Cobb struck his first blow upon that twelve-acre lot with visions of bright promise opening before him; but I think I may safely say that never was a heavier burden cast from his shoulders than when he finally sold the "New House in Waltham."

CHAPTER II.

THE SLAVE POWER, — THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, — ITS PROSPECTUS, — SALUTATORY.

PEOPLE living in the enjoyment of blessings which they have had no hand in bringing about are very apt to underestimate the labors of those through whose instrumentality such blessings have been given to the world. People of the coming generation, basking in the full light of Human Liberty, will be slow to believe that even in the middle of the nineteenth century the press and pulpit of these Free States, with few exceptions, rested to such an extent beneath the influence of the Slave Power that they dared not give utterance to anything like denunciation of that giant wrong; while most of our secular periodicals, and many of our Christian clergymen, dared not even breathe a word against the foul institution in any way or manner. Why, even now, when the smoke of the conflict has hardly been lifted from the scene, there are thousands of honest, intelligent men in our land who do not fully comprehend how completely the spirit of Slavery had muzzled the sources of general information, and moral and social instruction, which they took to their homes for the entertainment and edification of themselves and families. Not only were the republications by American houses of foreign works sadly mutilated by expunging, or altering, passages that chanced to bear upon chattel Slavery; but our own authors found

themselves often painfully tripped by the fear on the part of publishers of offending pro-slavery patrons.

So now, when nearly every newspaper in the North grows jubilant over the privilege of bestowing vigorous and hearty kicks upon the dead carcass of Slavery, we must not forget that less than ten years have passed since a majority of those same papers did not dare to look the monster in the face.

Thus much by way of introduction to the subject of Mr. Cobb's labor in the publication of the "CHRISTIAN FREEMAN AND FAMILY VISITER."

In the Prospectus for his paper, he states that it will be devoted to "Religion, Literature, News, and Universal Freedom," and after stating what will be the character of its religious teachings, &c., he proceeds, as follows, to give those features which will distinguish his paper from other denominational publications: —

"Attention will also be given to the aid of the Temperance Reform, and the loosing of the bonds of our brethren in slavery. And the rule for conducting the whole, shall be that charity, which 'suffereth long and is kind,' which 'rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.'

"As to the need of such a paper, the public may be assured that I should not have undertaken its publication, but in the sober conviction that it is called for by the wants of the community. We have papers devoted to the dissemination of our religious views, and ably conducted. But their editors choose so to conduct them as to gain and continue their admission, bearing our doctrines of faith, into those states and families whose prejudices would exclude them if they devoted earnest and persevering labor to the causes of Temperance and Universal Freedom. I cast upon them no censures; — I wish them God-speed in their Christian labors as far as they see fit to carry them. It is my purpose to supply a desideratum in our religious denomination, a public journal which, while it shall co-operate with others in 'contending earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to

the saints,' shall furthermore carry out the principles of this faith in their bearing upon the interests and duties of all our relations, in the family, in society, in the state, and in the world. It is my design to contribute faithful endeavors to promote the culture of that spirit in the Universalist fraternity, which shall more and more conform us to what we should be, as a body of Christians, distinguished as believers in the God of universal *active* benevolence, and Jesus the *efficient* Saviour, who labored and suffered reproach, and laid down his life; for the cause of universal love, emancipation and peace."

This Prospectus was issued on the 24th of February, nearly two months before the appearance of the first number of the paper, and it was widely circulated, and variously commented upon; and some of the brethren, before they had seen the FREEMAN itself, began to "throw cold water" upon the concern; while others, who had long felt the need of a denominational publication, in the columns of which could be discussed all the great reform movements of the age, hailed its prospective advent with joy; and these words of cheer, coming from men of refinement and moral worth, gave strength to the workman as he pursued his great and arduous undertaking.

But he had some true and tried friends — friends who had stood by him in the years that were passed, and who continued to stand by him while he lived, — who opposed the introduction of "*those exciting topics*" into his paper. One man — one who was held very near to his heart, and upon whom he had depended much for encouragement and support, — wrote to him a letter on the occasion. He meant to take the paper, and he would do what he could to circulate it among his neighbors; "For," he wrote, "I am satisfied that you are the man to print Universalism, as you have been the man to preach it. But," he adds, "I am *sorry* you could not make up your mind to give us a good

Universalist paper *without meddling with Rum and Niggers!*"

Upon such a missive from some men Mr. Cobb would simply have smiled; but in the morning of his enterprise, when, if ever, he needed the *sympathy* of his friends as well as their coöperation, such things, from such a source, gave him pain; and yet, at the same time, they gave him strength; for they called into exercise that spirit of perseverance and energy without which success is not to be attained. To such men he meant to show that he was on the side of Right, trusting that in due time they would see and acknowledge the justness of his position.

The first number of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN was issued on the 19th of April, 1839, and as the "*Editorial Salutatory*," presents in a clear and concise form the motives which actuated him in the publication, and the principles upon which he proposed to pursue the work, I will give it entire: —

"EDITORIAL SALUTATORY.

"We salute the Christian public with good wishes, and proffer them fraternal counsel, and kind instruction. We present them with a new weekly periodical, which shall stand forth among them a true *Christian Freeman*, and a good *Family Visiter*. May God aid and bless us in our long contemplated and arduous undertaking.

"Yes, reader, this is a long contemplated undertaking. In the service of a public Temperance Agency for the last two years and a half, we have been led to observe and ponder many circumstances which have impressed us strongly with the need of such a publication as this is designed to be; a publication working in the same gospel field with many others, yet differing in its plan of operation from all other periodicals, and especially from all that are published in this part of New England.

"When we engaged as a public lecturer for the Middlesex County Temperance Society, it was predicted by some of our

kind and well beloved brethren, that this service would diminish our interest in the gospel, and in the work of the Christian ministry. We then felt that they knew not what they said; and now we know it. The more the servant of Christ imitates his Master in going about, observing the blindness, the wants, and the sufferings of mankind, and doing good as opportunity offers, the more he will feel engaged in all those great and good principles of truth, which shall promote virtue and happiness.

"Of these principles the gospel stands pre-eminent. Indeed the Christian religion comprises all that is excellent in faith and practice. Its faith, the faith which rests in the infinite wisdom, goodness, and power of God, and nourishes the hope, sweet, soul-satisfying hope, of the universal emancipation and glory of the human race through Jesus Christ, is peculiarly fitted to elevate and reconcile the mind to God, and to produce the love of God and holiness. If we forget this faith, or neglect to propagate and defend it, let our right hand forget its cunning. It shall be borne by this *Family Visiter* to the abodes of all our readers, and applied in its adaptedness to work the reconciliation and comfort of the mind under every earthly circumstance.

"But the Christian religion does not alone apply to our hope for ourselves, and others, beyond the grave. It applies to the infinite variety of duties and interests of our present diversified relations. And to the nature of some of these relations, and the manner of some of these interests, and the verity of some of these duties, the prejudices, passions, and supposed interests of many may blind them, while they can stoutly argue, and may even quite feelingly believe, the leading doctrines of the Christian faith. And in respect to this point, our travels and labors have brought us in the way of such observation, as has often told us of the need of a public journal, which should go forth as a *Christian Freeman*, laboring not only to convert unbelievers, but also to remove remaining darkness from the minds of believers, in *any* and *every* case where they are blindly or inconsiderately giving their influence to perpetuate the causes of reigning evils.

"'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free,' is the language of the Saviour. It will make us not only free from the slavish fear of human creeds, but free also to *do good*. 'To do good and to communicate, forget not,' is the admonition of the Christian apostle. If we may excuse ourselves from this

duty in one plain obvious case, we may in another, and have no fixed principle of moral right. If we see a *custom*, a mode of *action* prevailing, which is spreading crime, poverty and wretchedness around, and stands as a cruel *Tysiphone*, threatening to be the tormentor of our own children, and we may withhold all effort to reform such custom, because the prejudices of some of our brethren are against the discussion of the subject, then we may see *false religious doctrines* crushing and stretching thousands of minds upon the torture rack, and withhold all effort to remove the cause of this misery by the ministry of truth, because the prejudices of some will cling to their errors. The Universalist who will neglect, in any obvious case, 'to do good and to communicate,' because certain others see not eye to eye with him, gives practical sanction to the precise principle of action which he so loudly denounces in others, who make it their rule in matters of religious faith to ask, not 'what is truth?' but 'what will secure me favor with the popular voice?'

"But our brother tells us that he should like the plan of our Family Visiter, if we would exclude all matter touching the subject of slavery. Then he would have us doff our caption, '*Christian Freeman.*' God forbid that we should do it. For us to preach, and pray, and sing praises to God, upon the theme of that blessed gospel which we prize above earthly riches, the gospel of Him who lived, and labored, and died, and reigns on high for all,—for Jews and barbarians, bond and free; the gospel which teaches us that God is the Father of all, and that all we are brethren; and yet for us at the same time to look upon a portion of our brethren, in our own country, held as cattle, as goods and chattels, the property of others, where knowledge is danger, and ignorance is the only hope of safety,—and here to insist that not a word must be spoken, not a thought indulged, not an inquiry breathed, whether some means may not be devised, some moral influence put in motion, which shall meliorate the condition of these poor, unfortunate, unhumanized fellow beings,—this does indeed to us seem monstrous. If our brother can persevere in his efforts to smother investigation, and to foster slavery as an undisturbed institution, until it shall break forth in horrible destruction upon its proprietors, with their wives and innocent little ones,—and yet feel that he can lift up holy

hands, and pray God to prosper him in these efforts, he is to us an insolvable enigma.

"But when we speak of *Christian freedom*, none will take us to mean by freedom, licentiousness or rashness. We look with no favor upon the habit of one's rushing forth like Jehu to show his zeal for the Lord. We would not hastily catch up any speculation which might come at hand in this age of invention, and blaze out in censoriousness and denunciation against those who run not so fast, nor so heedlessly. Nor would we be regardless of time, and occasion, and means, for promoting what we conscientiously deem it our duty to promote as truth, upon long and mature investigation. But we would, and we must, calmly, dispassionately, and fearlessly investigate, — 'prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.' And while we would deliberately inquire for the best mode of communication, we must 'not forget to do good, and to communicate.' And he who would deprive us of the privilege of devoting kind, faithful labor to the elevation of public sentiment on the subject of the rights of man on the one side, and the duty of man on the other, is about the same work that certain in all ages have been engaged in, who have striven to suppress inquiry, and stay the progress of light. Will he say that the investigation of this subject will do harm, by creating divisions, and breaking friendships? They who, by any means, by menace, denunciation, excommunication, prison or gibbet, have opposed inquiry, have urged the same plea. The obnoxious investigation will break up order, and injure society, and therefore it must be put down.

"If we and our brother agree on the leading principles of the Christian faith, and yet differ on the propriety of endeavoring to bring all classes of our brethren into a condition in which they may become sharers in the liberty of the children of God — then on this latter subject we are already divided in opinion. Shall we, therefore, be divided in respect to those matters wherein we agree? If so, the division must be by him. We will go with him as a faithful workfellow, in all those good matters whereupon we can work together, and if he will turn off, let him not charge us with making division. But it would be pleasant to be agreed in all things. How then shall this agreement be brought about? By either brother's requiring the other to suppress investigation, sacrifice his conscience, and hide his light, or his

supposed light, under a bushel? Never. We must be kindly disposed towards each other, respect each other's right of conscience, and reason together. If we are right, and our brother is wrong, we want candid investigation, that he may agree with us. If he is right, and we are wrong, we need investigation, that his better reasons may bring us into agreement with him. Come, let us be, not lawless disorganizers, but *Christian freemen*.

"But our brother asks us what we in the non-slaveholding States can do to promote the abolition of slavery in the South. We are glad that he has put this question; for hitherto he has objected to our meddling with this subject. But now, as he would not be so unfair as to ask us a question he would not permit us to answer, we must conclude that he has come to regard and treat this subject as worthy of consideration. And if he will read our humble sheet from week to week, we will endeavor to give him some light on this, together with other important topics.

"In concluding this protracted Address, we will add, in respect to the need of a paper on the plan here presented, that we have believed that it will be useful, in the present advanced state of our denomination, to issue a family paper which shall present from week to week, with a portion of religious reading, the most essential news of the day, and interesting and instructive matter on a variety of important subjects. We will endeavor, by our faithful diligence and attention, to deserve a reasonable share of the public patronage."

And after the plan here laid down Mr. Cobb pursued his labors. He had started his paper with especial objects in view; he had carefully considered the end he aimed at; and in his after course there was no deviation. There is no need that I should burden these pages with reproductions of what he wrote and printed upon the various topics that claimed his particular attention; but before closing this chapter I must give one extract which shows in a brief space how he was inclined to treat the subject of Slavery; and at this late day, when the positions which he then

assumed are conceded by every right-thinking man and true lover of his country, it seems surprising that enlightened Christian teachers could then have taken exceptions to them.

This is the article to which I refer, published in the second number of his paper:

"WHAT CAN WE DO?

"The question is often gravely asked, 'What can we, in the North, do towards the abolition of Slavery in the South?' I will answer so far, at the present time, as to mention two things which we can and ought to do, by a candid and manly discussion; the first relating to the North, and the second to the South. The first thing to be done, and that relating to the North, is, to vindicate and establish the principle of free discussion, and deliver a large portion of the community from the slavish fear of looking at a great moral subject. When I look at an evil in our country, in view of which one of the greatest of southern patriots has been moved by the spirit of prophecy to exclaim, 'I tremble for my country, when I reflect that God is just,'—and when, upon some good citizens proposing to deliberate ways and means to save the country, ere it be too late, from a judgment more intolerable than that of Sodom and Gomorrah, I see the community up in arms to suppress all investigation touching the subject, I feel ashamed for my native and beloved New England. And I view the restoration to the people, of this one principle—the principle of free, open, frank, ingenuous, fearless, manly, Christian investigation, of this, and all subjects involving the rights, duties, interests and privileges of mankind,—worth a firm persevering labor to attain it. Let this great principle be, by all, conceded,—and then, though there may yet be difference of opinion on the question of ways and means, there will be that general good feeling, that harmony of spirit in the community, which can never be brought about by the childish cries of those who are feeding the feverish spirit of division, by essaying to stop discussion with forever sounding upon the *fear* of divisions! Divisions! No Christian should ever speak, write, or print a word, which shall express the thought of a possibility of division

among *Christians*, (a division as to Christian union, I mean) by the free candid discussion of any subject touching moral principles. If it be said that all discussion on the subject of slavery has not been candid, I answer, neither has all discussion on religion, or any other subject, been candid. We are never to condemn a good cause for the errors of some of its friends.

"In the second place, I will say a word on the good which we, in the North, may do for the South. We may exert a good healthful moral influence. The community of mind is like the congregated waters; one part bears, and unceasingly bears upon another. Moral corruption cannot always hold its place in the midst of surrounding moral light, and pure elevated moral sentiment.

"The owners of slaves are objects of our commiseration; their case demands the exercise of charity. They are blinded by supposed, but mistaken interest, as keepers of dram-shops have been, in this section. But, after all, if we will be their true friends, while we exercise that charity which 'suffereth long and is kind,' we must remember that the same charity 'rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.' And if such were the elevated tone of moral sentiment in the non-slaveholding States, that when their southern brethren step within their borders, they should feel that they breathe an atmosphere in which the very principles of slavery must blight and die, as the accursed fig-tree by the word of Jesus, this state of public sentiment with us would, in spite of all menacing and scolding, gradually move upon them to pass the inquiry around, 'What shall we do to raise ourselves to our proper moral elevation? What shall we do to be saved!' But when they feel that the institution of slavery is approved and cherished by the popular sentiment of the whole country, this circumstance constitutes an additional bond to hold the slave in his chains, and the master in his error.

"Will it be said that no reasonable man approves the principle of slavery, — that all regard it a moral and political evil, but we must let it alone — we can do nothing for the removal of the evil? This is not the language of the enlightened Christian philanthropist. When Jesus came into the world, and saw that darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people, that all were as lost sheep, did he say, 'Let them alone; nothing

can be done?' No; he went at work, overcoming darkness with light, and evil with good. He preached deliverance to the captives, and the recovery of sight to the blind. Will it be said that the captives whom the gospel of Jesus delivers, are captives in *spiritual* darkness and death? Be it so: and cannot Christ's disciples, in a country called a Christian country, making their own laws, and managing their own institutions—can they not do something by the way of reforming an institution of their own, which must, as long as it continues, hold locked in darkness the *minds* of millions, while it robs them of all that belongs to the moral intellectual man? But what can *we* do? We can do our part towards keeping in motion a kindly, yet mighty moral influence, which shall by and by move the whole South to inquire, What shall *we* do? Then, the work will be done—America shall stand redeemed, saved, glorified."

Such were his ideas of Freedom, and such his conceptions of the duty of the true Christian teacher; and the reader can now understand why he chose to denominate his hebdomadal Family Visiter a "CHRISTIAN FREEMAN."

CHAPTER III.

Opposition, — "Universalist Union," — "Trumpet," — A Pair of Letters.

An old writer once said, — "If you never tell the truth, and are careful that your falsehood falls upon nobody's head, you will never make an enemy." Another writer, with something more of justness, says, — "He who would make no enemies must never seek to lead society out from old beaten tracks." It is a fact, apparent in the life of every man who has sought to work great reforms in Society, that he who steps on in advance of his companions as a pioneer will be denounced by those who have not the courage or the will to walk by his side. In the first place, men do not like that another should discover and point out to them lines of duty; and still less do they like to follow in another's lead. And then men do not like to be disturbed from quiet repose upon the downy beds of old established customs. And, furthermore, if some one of their number, more bold and uncompromising than his fellows, arises and girds on his armor, and calls upon them to join him in a crusade which is to them distasteful, the spirit of their opposition will be toned by the nature of the thing aimed at. If the proposed crusade is simply chimerical, they will rest perfectly easy to let their friend push on, and see his crusade fail from its own inertia; but if there is justness and right in the cause, and a spirit of conservatism holds them

back, they will be eager and bitter in their opposition just as their brother's purpose takes to itself power and significance from its heaven-born truth and equitableness.

The man who, in writing a book, should allow the fear of what critics might say to hold back his pen, would be doing injustice to his subject, and treating the public unfairly. All right-thinking men can understand and appreciate the many delicate points which the biographer is called upon to handle, and they would prefer that those things which properly belong to the life-record should be presented in the most direct and straightforward manner. First we are to decide what ought to be made known — what would be interesting and instructive to the public — and then determine how the matter can be best communicated.

Mr. Cobb was most emphatically a Reformer, — and an ardent and zealous one, — but I think I may safely say that he made no enemies. That is, — between him and his opponents there never arose anything approaching in the least to personal enmity. This result was due to two causes: First, — He was so generous and true-hearted in his friendships, and his love and esteem for his brethren everywhere were so independent of "small personalities," that he was very slow to recognize ill-feeling in those whom he counted among his friends. Second, — In his sentences of utmost severity he never descended to anything like slang, and never made use of opprobrious epithets; always distinguishing between a wrong principle and the person who advocated it, and ever ready to make the *amende honorable* if he had inadvertantly done a wrong to any opponent. In fact, Mr. Cobb's bitterest opponents — those who gave him the most trouble of thought and reflection — were warm personal friends — friends who gave him the warm *grasp* when they met him, and who loved to labor with him

in the work of spreading abroad a knowledge of the character and purposes of God as he and they understood them.

We have now to deal with Mr. Cobb's labor in carrying on the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, and have come to that point where it is necessary to present some of the opposition he met with; and in doing this let it be understood that I do not select these as individual cases, but as cases representative of the general tone and character of the opposition that came from all quarters. God forbid that I should rake up old "hatchets that had been long buried," or that I should present to the public "old stories of strife long forgotten." I simply turn to the files of the early numbers of the paper to find out how the publisher progressed with his work; how his friends in like business received his "bantling;" and how he met their words of commendation and of opposition.

The first notice which we find of the new paper was in the "*Universalist Union*," published in New York, by Rev. P. Price. In his issue of March 9th, before the appearance of the FREEMAN, he offers some strictures on the Prospectus, and after expressing regret to find that a paper is coming forth on the plan proposed, he says, —

"Again, the spirit and *manner* in which this new candidate for public favor puts forth its claims, is exceptionable — in *one* respect, at least, if we do not greatly misapprehend its language, it is deserving of direct rebuke."

Br. Price then proceeds to quote from the Prospectus Mr. Cobb's remarks touching the need of such a paper as he proposed to publish, and goes on to remark, —

"It bids the periodicals already in the field, it is true, 'God-speed in their Christian labors, *as far as they see fit to carry them!*' But *this* is designed to 'supply a desideratum' in the denomination! It will not only contend 'earnestly for the faith once

delivered to the saints,' but it 'shall furthermore carry out [and by implication, others do not,] the principles of this faith in their bearing upon the interests and duties of all our relations, in the family, in society, in the state, and in the world!!' We had fondly thought that our periodicals had long and faithfully labored to this end — that they had earnestly and perseveringly 'carried out' the principles of our faith, and that they were still so engaged. But either the above is an unjust insinuation, or we have been sadly mistaken."

As Mr. Cobb's reply to these strictures makes answer to a large number of correspondents who opposed his plan in the same spirit, I have thought proper to copy the most important portions of it here. It is as follows: —

"Surely Br. Price forgets himself. He had just said, 'Make men *good* Universalists, and we shall have little to fear from slavery.' This is as much as to say that the spirit of Universalism is opposed to slavery, and must exert an influence to the doing away of the evil. This, then, is one of the practical 'bearings' of the principles of our faith, according to Br. P.'s own showing. And does he carry out these principles in this practical bearing? He knows that he does not. And more than this, he would strangle in its birth our *Christian Freeman*, to prevent any attempt in '*our denomination*' to show and carry out our religious principles in this acknowledged bearing. Yet we have not cast upon Br. P. any censure for his not carrying out the principles of our faith, and urging them in this practical bearing. We bade him, and others, 'God-speed in their Christian labors, as far as they see fit to carry them.' But he tells us that he cannot 'return the compliment.' He even pays us with 'direct rebuke,' for presuming ourself to go the step which he has not seen fit to take, that we may promote and cultivate the spirit of our faith, to have it felt and understood in the form in which he acknowledges it must exert itself in order to make a *good* Universalist!

"Br. P. proceeds to comment on the clause in our Prospectus where we say, 'We have papers devoted to the dissemination of our religious views, and ably conducted. But their editors

choose so to conduct them as to gain and continue their admission, bearing our doctrines of faith, into those States and families whose prejudices would exclude them if they devoted earnest and persevering labor to the causes of Temperance and Universal Freedom.' This he construes as 'plainly insinuating, that the conductors of our periodicals adopt a *temporizing policy*,' — and that they are governed by *interest* rather than their convictions of duty.'

"But we hope our brother has by this time gotten so well over his bewildering affright, that he may bear the inquiry, 'Understandest thou what thou readest?' We expressly gave it as the motive of our editors, to '*bear our doctrines of faith* into those States and families,' &c. We know not but some of those editors are pro-slavery men. But we did not deem it important in a Prospectus, to discriminate. But we thought, and still think, that some of our editors who are anti-slavery men, choose to exclude from their columns the discussion of this question, believing that it would exclude them from many families, who would thus be deprived, not only of the discussions on this moral cause, but also of all the gospel instructions which they might otherwise have received. If our view, which is definitely expressed in the Prospectus, is correct, they 'choose' the course which they adopt, because they believe they may thus accomplish the most good. With this view we could not censure them. But we believed that *we* could do the most good, in the present state of our denomination, and of the country, by means of a publication on the plan we have adopted, — and that the wants of the community require one such paper, to co-operate, in Christian love, with those before in the field.

"And here too our brother commits himself. He would have it understood that he cares not for the prejudices of States or families, nor for the exclusion or rejection of our journals from them, so as to be influenced thereby in his conduct. Yet he is moved to express regret that a certain great moral question should be introduced into our denomination; — and why? If all States and families were in a mood kindly to receive and consider this question, would he have this fearful apprehension from its being discussed, and show such determined opposition to it? We think not. What does he fear? Does he fear that they who have a sufficiency of the right spirit to make them

'*good* Universalists,' will be induced to abandon our faith and our fellowship, should some of us now and then say a word about 'undoing the heavy burdens, and letting the oppressed go free?' No; his fear is, that we have some among us whose love of the gospel is so weak, and whose prejudice against this moral cause is so strong, that if we broach this subject, not only will our papers be excluded from their houses, but we too from their fellowship, and thus we shall have 'dissensions within.'

"But he will say that he deems it his duty, with reference to the greatest good, to thus regard the prejudice of a portion of the community. Very well. All this good motive we have accorded to him, and to others, from the beginning; nor can any language we have used be so distorted as to speak a different sentiment. Go on, brother, doing good as seemeth thee best, and accord to thy brethren the same great privilege.

"In closing these remarks, we beg leave to assure the proprietor of the 'Union,' that the investigation of any question touching the improvement and welfare of mankind, is not to the gospel as a coal of fire to a cask of powder. The gospel is a great system of universal benevolence, whose spirit is truth, and investigation the food of it. Fear not, neither be dismayed. *Christians* should have no dread of light."

Mr. Cobb made it a point, and rule of action, to avoid as far as possible all collision and fault-finding with his brother editors; he was desirous to interchange with them kind offices, and to "encourage them in well-doing." He resolved that he would not suffer himself to be drawn into any rencounter, "except," as he expressed it in his paper, on the occasion of a notice of an attack which had been made upon him, "we feel called upon, by a sense of duty to ourself, and to the community whose good we hope to serve, to act in self-defence. And," he adds, "even this duty is to us so unpleasant that we hope to be seldom obliged to discharge it."

We know that many men make it a point thus to express *sorrow* on the eve of a personal rencounter who do not feel

what they speak; but I know that Mr. Cobb instinctively shrank from the notice of things that were spoken and written against him; and unless a direct attack was made upon him, involving some of those principles of action which he had made his rule in the conducting of his publication, he chose to let them pass unnoticed. Words from Mr. Cobb's pen, as from his lips, meant all they uttered. He was never flowery in his style, so he used no redundant words in that manner; he never descended to tergiversation, so he found no need of useless language here; but what he had to say he said in the most direct manner possible, resting always under the solemn conviction that duty should guide his pen as it should guide his steps in his daily walks before his God and his fellowmen.

The article which has been noticed from the "*Universalist Union*" was written upon the appearance of the Prospectus; but upon the appearance of the first number of the paper the expression of opinion concerning the merits of the publication was more general. The "*Trumpet*," published by Br. Thomas Whittemore, in Boston, was at that time the leading paper in the denomination, and wielded vast influence. It was a firm and staunch supporter of the Universalist faith, and its editor was one of the most able and industrious theological writers that ever graced the editorial chair. Not only did Mr. Whittemore gain respectful attention to his paper by his own well-earned popularity as a writer and preacher, and by his unsurpassed qualities as a warm-hearted friend and genial companion; but the ablest of our clergymen throughout the country had made his paper the vehicle through which to communicate their best thoughts to the public; all of which had tended to give that paper a wider circulation

than was enjoyed by any other of our denominational publications.

It was natural that Mr. Cobb should look somewhat anxiously to see what the "*Trumpet*" would have to say concerning his new paper; and when he had seen, he was stirred to make a candid reply. The "*Trumpet*" was a representative paper, and as its article upon the "FREEMAN" reflected the opinions and feelings of a large class of the denomination, both ministers and laymen, of course Mr. Cobb's reply thereto was a fitting response to that whole school of opposition; and as such I shall give it here in connexion with the remarks which called it forth.

In the first place Mr. Whittemore expresses some astonishment at the appearance of this new paper, in Massachusetts. There were "*already four*" Universalist periodicals published in the State, and where could be the room or the need of the fifth? To this Mr. Cobb simply replies, — "If there had been ten times four, and there are moral subjects that a portion of our fraternity believe ought to be promoted among us, and by us, the discussion of which does not come within the design of either of these publications, there is place for another."

After making the enumeration above alluded to the editor of the "*Trumpet*" proceeds as follows: —

"Br. Cobb has judged that these papers do not supply all the wants of the denomination, and he has therefore struck out a plan entirely new. He intends that his paper shall be, 1st a UNIVERSALIST paper, 2d a TEMPERANCE paper, on the principle of total abstinence, and 3d an ABOLITION paper. We have not one word to say about his plan; the public will judge of that; and they will be impartial judges, too. The course pursued by the Trumpet is very well known. It has been under trial for eleven years, and we are more convinced than ever of the propriety of our course. The Trumpet is designed to be a UNIVER-

SALIST paper. Its editor has no desire, and certainly no design, to mingle in any of the party strifes of the day. All these exciting topics, on which the community is now becoming more and more divided, we let alone; being perfectly willing to be a peace-maker between the parties, doing all in our power to heal their divisions. We believe Universalism to be the doctrine of the Bible, beautiful in theory, equally beautiful in practice. We established the Trumpet to defend that doctrine, — and such, with God's blessing, we are determined to do; exerting all our power to preserve the denomination from intestine divisions and war."

I well remember Mr. Cobb's surprise upon reading the above, and how deeply his feelings were stirred as he commented upon it. There was no unkindness of expression in his remarks — only grief and wonder. But his reply in his own columns gives it about as he spoke it. Here it is: —

"These remarks, put into this notice of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, we understand to be designed to excite the apprehension that this paper will be a promoter of 'divisions' among us, even of 'intestine divisions and war.' Speaking of the subjects of Temperance and Universal Freedom, the editor says he has 'no desire, and certainly no design, to mingle in any of the party strifes of the day.' And is it possible that Br. W. is willing to take advantage of the too popular and extremely hurtful prejudice, and to confirm and deepen that prejudice, against the discussion of a great moral question which involves the dearest interests of the community, by branding such discussion as 'mingling in the *party strifes* of the day'? He further says — 'All these exciting topics, on which the community is now becoming more and more divided, we let alone.' Is this our old ardent co-worker in the Temperance cause? He has lectured, boldly and ably, up and down our land, in Universalist meeting-houses, and others, in promotion of the Temperance cause; he has been punctual in his attendance, and forward and interesting in the debates of Temperance Conventions. When Universalists have been accused, as a denomination, of hostility to the

Temperance reform, and other great and good moral enterprises of the day, he has stepped forth, time and again, in defence of the order, mentioning the fact that the General Convention of Universalists was the first ecclesiastical body that passed a resolution in favor of the Temperance cause, and that most of our clergymen, and a large portion of the members of our societies, were the open active friends of this cause. And now will he calculate to prevent divisions, and promote the reputation and prosperity of our order, by having it understood that we will take no further part or lot in the great and glorious Temperance enterprise, nor in any other moral cause upon which there may, for a time, be difference of opinion? And is this the way to be 'a peace-maker between the parties,' and to 'heal divisions' — *to let the subject alone?* A difference of opinion has obtained in our community on several moral subjects, which all acknowledge to be important subjects. But we desire to have the difference removed, and all to be of one mind. And how shall this be effected? By a refusal to speak, on the part of those who should exert an influence to give a healthful tone to public sentiment? and by crying out, *disturber of the peace! maker of divisions!* against every one who kindly and respectfully calls for a hearing on the subject? This, with the power to burn and hang, was once the way to preserve union. But now, this will not suffice. When we see the community divided in opinion, we must go forth with the affectionate entreaty, 'Come, now, and let us reason together.' Let us kindly and fraternally investigate — 'prove all things,' and shortly we shall see 'eye to eye.' In the mean time, we will 'keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace.'

"Will our friend say that he is not opposed to the free and candid discussion of these moral subjects, only he does not think it would be judicious for him to admit such discussion into his paper? Well, we have no controversy with him as to this. We have cast no censure upon any of our editors for the plans they have adopted for their respective papers. One, as the Expositor, may be devoted to heavy religious essays and scripture expositions, excluding the light and controversial reading. Another, as the Ladies' Repository, may be specially devoted to the wants of the female class of the community; and another, like the Trumpet, may be devoted to the doctrines of Universal-

ism, and the affairs of our societies, without extending the practical bearings of those doctrines to any of the great moral enterprises for the reform of injurious popular customs or institutions in the country. Another, like our own humble sheet, may undertake to be a general family paper, giving religious essays, doctrinal and practical,—literary articles, and foreign and domestic news,—and furthermore laboring to show the agency which the gospel should and must have, in reforming the evil customs, and the institutions founded in wrong, in our country and the world. And why may we not all pursue our respective plans, without endeavoring to excite unjust prejudice against each other?

"But as to the making of divisions by discussing those moral questions, if our brother objects not to the *discussion*, but to the *mode* we adopt, it being in a public journal, rather than by lecturing and verbal debate, we must confess surprise at his opinion. We are sure that what is suitable to be publicly lectured and debated, is suitable to be printed and read. And men are more likely to write deliberately and calmly, than to speak thus in extemporaneous address, or in the warmth of oral debate. We are prone to take a second look at what we write for the press, to go out to the public on a disputed matter. And persons of the opposite opinion, when they sit retired, their natural pride of opinion free from the fear of detection by the gazing crowd on the first flash of conviction in the countenance, can read and weigh argument more calmly than they can hear debate. The fear of harm from writing on a subject which we would fearlessly discuss in public addresses and debates, is groundless fear indeed. But we find no fault with another, because he does not choose to discuss all the subjects which we discuss, in a public journal. 'Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. And there are differences of administration, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the spirit is given to every man to PROFIT WITHAL. * * And if they were all one member, where were the body? But now are they many members, yet but one body.'

"We have protracted these remarks to a greater length than we intended, and will close by assuring Br. Whittemore, and

the whole community, that our deliberately fixed and determined purpose is, to do all we can to promote union and good feeling among Christians, and to bring into the Christian fraternity the ignorant and those who are out of the way — doing these things by the gentle, yet mighty force of truth. We are sensible of our weakness; — in a consciousness of pure motive, our reliance is on the God and Father of all, for success in our feeble labors and efforts. If we receive any unkind thrusts in the house of our friends, we shall be grieved; but, the Lord helping us, we shall not be discouraged, nor swerved from the path by which we think duty calls us."

I thank God that I am able to present these difficulties that beset the path of Mr. Cobb as he entered upon his new field of labor, and am at the same time able to assure the reader that never a ripple, even, came to ruffle the tide of friendship that had so long borne these brethren upon its bosom. Had it been otherwise I should not have brought these reminiscences out from their resting-places. There were no troubles in the social field; in the great work of promulgating a knowledge of the doctrine of God's glorious purpose of the final triumph of good over evil they worked shoulder to shoulder, and hand in hand, as they had done before; and at the altar of the Risen Saviour they met as though no word save of kindness and good cheer had ever passed between them. And in the after years, when the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN had become a power in the denomination, and in the world, there was no contention between them, "save that noble contention, or rather, emulation, of who could best work and best agree."

Before closing this chapter I must give the reader two letters which I find among some old files, as showing the different stand-points from which different individuals can view the same subject. Of course I omit names, as the missives were not intended for the public eye; and I will

add that the writer of the first, the last time I heard from him, was one of the most zealous and ardent Republicans in the country, going in for the utter destruction of slavery, root and branch, as a means of saving the country from ruin and disgrace.

Here is letter number one: —

"LOWELL, MASS., Nov. 3d, 1839.

"REV. S. COBB, —

"DEAR SIR, — When I subscribed for your paper I supposed I was going to have a real good Universalist paper, as I knew that you were one of the best preachers in the country, and that you knew how to write for the press, as I had read many of your articles in the old *Trumpet*. But I find that I was sadly mistaken. I could stand your Temperance stuff, as I am not a drinking man, though I think a Universalist paper is not exactly the place to print it in, as a good many first-rate Universalists are men who make use of spirituous beverages. But I cannot stand your stuff about *Niggers!* You have no business to introduce that kind of politics into a paper that is meant for circulation in our families. I don't want *my* family to read it. What have we, as Universalists, to do with the *Niggers?* They are well enough off as they are. I should say, enough sight better off than many of the poor girls that work in our cotton factories. Such kind of stuff won't go down with me, and I won't have it; so you may stop your paper as soon as you please. In your last paper was an article headed '*How shall Slavery be abolished;*' and you say you shall have more to say about it in your next. But I don't want to see it; so you may stop my paper. I have paid up to next May, but you may send the rest of the papers that I should get to somebody that loves the Niggers better than does

Yours truly,

——— ———."

Mr. Cobb did not stop the paper, however; and it may be that the FREEMAN itself did something towards bringing this brother from darkness to light.

The next letter is as follows: —

"NEW BEDFORD, Dec. 7th, 1839.

"REV. S. COBB,—

"DEAR SIR AND FRIEND,—I know not how to thank you for the pleasure and profit I have derived in the perusal of your truly excellent paper. I was led to subscribe for it in the first place on account of its devotion to Human Freedom. I had lived in the South, having spent three years in Alabama, at work on a large sugar plantation at my trade as a cooper, and I knew something of the terrible sin of slavery. I do not see how a man can be a Christian, and at the same time an upholder of slavery; nor can I see how a man can be an anti-slavery man if he is afraid to preach it. When I have heard men declare that the subject of slavery was not fit to be carried into the pulpit I could not help thinking what Christ would do could he to-day be sent on earth to redeem America as he was once sent to redeem Judea, and, with it, the world. I think he would not hesitate to speak out against a sin so enormous. The man who says that Christ would have remained silent on such a subject is not a fit follower of the Blessed Lamb whose blood was shed to wash away the sins of the world.

"God bless you, sir, in your noble work; and I have a double reason for blessing you. Before taking your paper my mind had not become settled upon any particular religious faith, though I was rather inclined to the Methodist persuasion. But I have no doubts now. I first thought that the religion which could lead you to speak so boldly for the liberty of a downtrodden and enslaved race must be a good one, and I have become more than satisfied. As I have read your Scripture expositions from week to week, my eyes have been opened, and I now see my way clearly. If Christ shall, in the end, see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied, what have I to fear? I know the work he was sent to do, and you have led me to see that he will accomplish it.

"I herewith send you two new subscribers for your paper, and the money to pay for the same for one year. May your shadow never be less.

"Yours for the oppressed everywhere,

"——— ———."

And so the work went on. There were some head-flaws, and some sources of vexation; but there were many gleams of sunshine cast upon the pathway of the bold and devoted defender of the Rights of Humanity; and he grew strong in the work as he became more and more convinced of the need thereof.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. COBB'S POSITION AS A REFORMER, — "BETWEEN TWO FIRES," — BR. GREENWOOD'S ACROSTIC, — COMMENDATORY.

AN obscure man of the olden time, desiring to make a noise in the world, and to have his name handed down to posterity, set fire to the magnificent Temple of Diana, thus in a few hours reducing to a heap of ruins a pile that had occupied the genius of the most celebrated artists, and the time of thousands of workmen, for years. And he gained what he sought. He became at once famed, and his name stands recorded in history among the notables of his day and generation. So at the present time there are men who seek to make a noise in the world simply through convulsion — who seek to make themselves notorious, caring little what the result to others may be so that they gain the end of personal notoriety. There are men calling themselves Reformers whose only object seems to be, *to destroy*. They have a great *penchant* for *tearing down* old institutions; but they do not burden their minds with thoughts of *building up* anything. Such men are apt to inscribe upon their banners one or two legends which will enlist the sympathies of those who desire healthy reform; but these are after all only baits thrown out to draw the unsuspecting and unwary to their standards. For instance: Men have professed great devotion to the principles of Temperance and Human Freedom, while the direct tendency of their efforts has

been, to break down the sacred institutions of the Sabbath and the Christian Religion.

At the time when Mr. Cobb commenced his labors as an apostle of Temperance and Human Freedom there were a class of men in the country, travelling about from place to place, ostensibly to educate the people up to a true standard of opinion on those subjects, but the practical result of whose ministration was, to alienate the people from some of the best and most sacred institutions of the land.

Now Mr. Cobb was a reformer, in the strictest and highest sense of that term; but he looked to reform for the accomplishment of something more than simply uprooting old prejudices, and tearing down old institutions. He proposed to BUILD UP. If he applied the besom, it was only to sweep away dirt and rubbish; and if he put his hands to any of the parts of old structures, it was only for the purpose of making such alterations as would conduce to the comfort and well-being of society. So, as he went on with his work, he found two classes of opponents whom he was forced to meet and engage. On one hand were those who were entirely satisfied to let things remain as they were; while on the other were those extreme come-outers who went in for a general system of social devastation.

Those men who make the most noise are not the men who do the most work; and those who make the greatest show of grand preparation are not those who accomplish most. Few men are aware how much Mr. Cobb really accomplished in the work of Reform, for very few know, or have any idea of, how much labor in that direction he performed. There was nothing spasmodic in his movements; but from the time when first he put his hand to the work to the failing of his strength, his life was one continuous current of action — action wisely considered, and well-directed,

bearing him surely on to victory. He had to labor with those who needed instruction in the great principles of moral and social truth; and he had to hold off those who objected to the dissemination of such knowledge; and all the while there were not wanting those who were ready on frequent occasions to denounce him because he would not join in all the wild and fantastic *isms* of the day.

He had worked out his course; he had faith that it was right; and he would not depart from it; and I know that he sought God upon his knees very often for guidance and strength. There were those in the Universalist denomination who were inclined to be over-zealous in their opposition to slavery, — who would make that evil a "hobby," to be ridden at all times, and into all places, to the detriment of other good and needed reforms. Some few there were who would even go so far as to give the subject of Abolitionism precedence over the legitimate work of disseminating the principles of our faith. Such men, in Mr. Cobb's estimation, "put the cart before the horse." He regarded Christianity as the grand motive power, and he who would take to himself a firm and sure foundation upon which to erect his superstructure of reform, must be strong in the faith of God's unending love and unswerving justice. It was his religion that led him to labor for the good of the unfortunate children of sin and sorrow, and he would join in no movement which was calculated to detract from the merits of that religion, or to hinder its progress of development in the minds of his fellow-men.

As might have been expected, some of the more ardent and zealous of those Abolitionists who had embraced the Universalist faith sought to make the FREEMAN the vehicle of their peculiar opinions and ideas, and in the disposition

of such matters the editor was called upon to exercise nice judgment.

At the close of the previous chapter I remarked that many gleams of sunshine were cast upon the pathway of the editor; and I have a mind to give one or two of them in this place. He who has never occupied the chair editorial cannot fully appreciate the value of kind words of commendation from friends and patrons. The product of an editor's labor is cast before the eyes of thousands of critics every week, and if he has the soul in him fit for the work he will be childish enough to wish to know what people say about him. Editors are human, and though they are obliged to bear before the world an appearance of impenetrability, yet they have feelings like other men, and words of praise make them glad. In fact, show me the man who does not experience a thrill of pleasure and satisfaction when a word in praise of some effort which he has made reaches his ear, and I will show you a man who knows not what it is to feel a kindly wish for others.

The following was written, as the reader will see by the date, during the third year of the FREEMAN'S existence, and the words with which the editor introduces it will show how he estimated it. He says, at the introduction, —

The following beautiful, sentimental, poetic effusion of Br. Greenwood, is as refreshing as the dews of heaven: —

For the Freeman and Visitor.

ACROSTIC.

T-hou hast come, "Christian Freeman," a thrice welcome guest,
H-aving power to impart of thy spirit to me,
E-ver since thy first tones to my ears were address'd,
C-onveying the heart-stirring notes of the Free!
H-owbeit, thou stand'st on position unmated,
R-elying *alone* on the strength of thy Cause;

I-n thy thus far career thou hast many elated,
S-weet Freedom to hope for, yea, "Freedom with Laws."
T-hy foes had foreboded abundance of evil,
I-n broaching a subject on which thou hast dwelt,
A-nd regarding thy spirit scarce else than the Devil,
N-ought but harshness and hatred against thee were dealt:
F-or thou walked'st in a path which man's fears had forbidden,
R-elying on RIGHT to conduct thee safe through,
E-ven tho' in thy footpath small vipers were hidden;
E-ven tho' they should spit out their venoms at you.
Man's Rights, e'en AS MAN, thou hast well vindicated,
A-nd nobly contended that all should be free;
N-otwithstanding the *skin-hues* which God hath created,
A SOUL, not the *color*, the standard should be!
N-ow God speed thee onward, on pinions of love,
D-ripping balm to the bruised and the bleeding of earth,
F-illing those held in thraldom with hope from above,
A-nd the hearts of the mourning with gladness and mirth.
M-ay thy voice in sweet gospel strains always resounding,
I-n behalf of a world having claims upon thee;
L-ike the Saviour's voice speak, in true wisdom abounding,
Y-e shall all know the Truth, — and the Truth shall make Free!
V-iewing MAN *as the brother of man*, the world over,
I-n the image of God once created, and bless'd
S-ince the Saviour appeared, this great truth to discover,
I-n Jesus, the Lord, shall all nations find rest, —
T-hy voice lift *thou* up, without fearing or doubting,
E-'en with strength lift it up, and be not afraid;
R-elying on God, and still LIBERTY shouting,
The blessings of millions shall rest on thy head.

T. J. G.

Marlboro', Dec., 1841.

After I had commenced this chapter, while looking over the third volume of the FREEMAN, I came across an article of commendation which I think will fit in here exactly, as it goes to help sustain the position I assumed touching Mr. Cobb's judicious and healthful management of reformatory matters in connection with the affairs of our denomination.

It is from the pen of a gentleman of refinement and culture, and occupying a high position in the social and moral world: —

For the Christian Freeman.

COMMENDATORY.

"MR. EDITOR — I have for some time been furnished with the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN AND FAMILY VISITER. I have endeavored to examine its contents with the care and candor to which works of the kind are entitled; and a very acceptable visiter, I can assure you, it has proved.

"From the commencement of the publication, a number had occasionally fallen under my eye; and, from the favorable impression thus made, I concluded to take the work, long enough, at least, to make myself somewhat thoroughly acquainted with its general character, and the claims it might have upon the reading portion of our community.

"As I was already pretty amply supplied with periodicals of different descriptions, I know not that I should have thought of adding yours to the number, had it not been for the fact, that some of my most valued friends, those in whose judgment I have found reason to place more than ordinary confidence, had expressed some scruples with respect to the propriety of giving it their countenance and support.

"Their scruples arose from an apprehension that some of the topics, the free and full discussion of which you allow in your columns, ought not to be admitted into a religious periodical; and especially at a time of such high popular excitement in regard to them, as the present.

"To some extent, I was myself, perhaps, the subject of a similar apprehension. This difficulty, however, so far as I am concerned, has been wholly surmounted. Not a vestige of it remains. By a careful, and, I hope, candid perusal of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, I have become fully convinced that it is not the topics themselves, to which I have alluded, that are unsuitable for discussion in a religious periodical; but the unkind, harsh and abusive style in which such discussions have too frequently been carried on.

"That the great questions of slavery or no slavery, intem-

perance or no intemperance, are proper subjects of human inquiry, no one can, for a moment, entertain a doubt. The hapless slave whom a most barbarous custom has cruelly abused, and the miserable inebriate who abuses himself, have just demands for the fearless and full examination of their respective cases. They have a right to know, and they ought to know, whether the great interests of civilized and Christian society, absolutely require the perpetuation of the unnatural and enormous evils of human bondage, and of drunkenness.

"The ill-fated and much-to-be-pitied possessor of slaves, and the dishonored and deeply afflicted relatives and friends of the poor, self-degraded, and self-tormented, inebriate, have powerful claims upon their fellow-men, for a generous and searching investigation of the grounds upon which the dreadful scourges of slavery and inebriation are continued among men. On this account, therefore, no less than on that of the lorn slave and the drunkard themselves; ought these matters to be thoroughly and dispassionately inquired into.

"The house of God, moreover, and the common dictates of humanity; ay, and the spirit of that holy and compassionate religion, professed by the great mass of our community, call aloud and incessantly for such an inquiry. And it is not, I repeat, the subjects themselves, which are fraught with danger; but an indiscreet manner of handling them.

"From the peculiar state of the times; the position which one section of our common countrymen sustain towards the other; and, especially, from the intense sensitiveness which pervades our whole land, upon these subjects, the discussion of them calls for a very guarded foresight and discretion.

"A hasty and impetuous spirit; a head-strong enthusiasm; a tongue unbridled and habitually denunciatory, hung upon the pivot of a rash and extravagant censoriousness — these ought never to meddle with this grave and benevolent work. It is too high and holy for their habits. They will do it no good, advance it onward not a hair's breadth. No; they will do it harm; heap dishonor upon it; lamentably retard its progress. They have already, and often, done these things, though, I am willing to believe, with other and the best intentions.

"In the conductor of the FREEMAN, however, I am happy to meet with a mind, and a spirit, eminently qualified to do justice

to these exciting and difficult subjects, and to all who are in any way affected by them. I have been much gratified by the cool self-possession, the candor, the tenderness, and, above all, the high-minded and generous regard to the feelings of the parties, deemed by many to be criminally involved, which have hitherto marked your course. They bear the signature of a genuine magnanimity; and I beg to assure all under whose eye these remarks may fall, that they need not hesitate about subscribing for the FREEMAN, from an apprehension that they may meet with something offensive in its columns, on the controverted questions to which I have alluded. From what I have seen of the paper, there are, I am confident, no just grounds for the indulgence of any such fears.

"The abolitionist and anti-abolitionist; the temperance man, and he who is not, unless under the dominion of unreasonable prejudices, may read it with equal pleasure and advantage. There is much in every number which I have seen, to instruct, to edify, and to comfort every individual, and every family, desirous of knowing the truth, and of growing 'in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

"The leading editorial articles, in particular, I deem to be exceedingly valuable. They discuss, in a very plain and thorough manner, subjects of general and thrilling interest, and with which all whose minds are exercised, as they ought to be, upon the great question respecting the true meaning of the holy Scriptures, must feel deeply anxious to become acquainted.

"The tales, also, which occasionally meet with an insertion, will be found entertaining and profitable, as each one carries along with it a moral, rich in spiritual and practical influences.

"In a word, without any intention to flatter, I can truly say, that, in my own opinion, for general, family use, if on no other account, the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN AND FAMILY VISITER justly deserves a rank among the very best of the religious periodicals of the age."

This book will fall under the eyes of many who never saw the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, and I have devoted thus much space to these commendatory articles in order to

show in what light the paper was held by good and true men.

When I was younger than I am now, and when the publication of a hebdomadal devoted to the interests of a distinctive organization had flattened down my pocket-book to a degree of thinness truly alarming, I aspired to an office in the Boston Custom House. The first name upon my petition was that of ex-Governor Briggs, and the second, Dea. Moses Grant. "Never mind the rest," said Mr. Greeley, the collector, when he had cast his eyes upon those two autographs; "if you had a thousand more signatures they would not lead me to give your petition a more favorable consideration than will those two."

And so it is in all departments of life. So far as general principles are concerned, the evidence of one or two intelligent witnesses is sufficient to establish the truth. It is a fact that Mr. Cobb gave to the public an excellent family paper, and he spared no pains of time, labor, or money, to make the FREEMAN a welcome and entertaining VISITER to the thousands of families that had given it a place at their firesides.

CHAPTER V.

MR. COBB'S TEMPERANCE, — HIS FIRST GLASS, — UPROOTING OLD CUSTOMS, — A RETURN OF BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS, — ANECDOTE.

MR. COBB was a Temperance man from inclination as well as principle. Except when prescribed by a medical practitioner, he never but once in his life tasted of distilled spirit. Upon his father's farm, as upon all other farms in those days, alcoholic beverages were furnished for such of the workmen as desired them, especially during the seasons of sheep-washing and haying; and the spirit most generally in use was "pure old New-England Rum." One warm, sweltering day in July, when the hands came in from the hay-field to their dinner, the brown jug was taken from the closet and placed upon a side table, and those who felt the need thereof "took a drop" before sitting down to the meal. One tough old fellow, who had done work enough to entitle him to the privilege of an "extra drop," poured out nearly half a tumbler full, and having drank it off, without addition of water or sugar, he smacked his lips as though he loved it. The subject of our memoir, then a boy of some ten years, had conceived quite a liking for this old Trojan, and he fancied that there must be something remarkably good in the beverage that had given him such apparent satisfaction. It was not often that such an opportunity was presented, as the host seldom brought that

jug out from its place of rest save when others than members of his family were at work for him, and on the present occasion the lad thought he would try a taste of the liquor. So he poured some out into a tumbler, and put it to his lips as the Trojan had done before him, in its pure and undiluted state. He took one swallow, and, with a smothered gasp of agony, he dropped the glass, and started for the water-pail. His sensitive palate was on fire; tears started from his eyes; and a shudder ran through his frame as though he had received a shock from an electric battery. As soon as he had regained his breath, and rinsed out his mouth, he looked back upon the brown jug and wondered how a man could drink that stuff and love it. He had received it upon its first introduction in its pure and natural state, and that once sufficed. He never tried it again.

The reader who has perused the Autobiography has seen at what an early date Mr. Cobb commenced his labors as a Temperance Reformer. There are men who have made vastly more noise in the Temperance world, and who have become more popular upon the Temperance rostrum; but I know there are none who have labored more faithfully, and I doubt if there are any who have labored more successfully. He commenced when it was unpopular to be a temperance man. He urged total abstinence upon his friends when he stood almost alone upon that platform. He did not open his career surrounded by a sympathizing multitude; he did not have, in those pioneer times, meetings appointed for him by the leading citizens of a town, and find himself applauded and cheered by the solid men of the community. He did not find himself backed up by public opinion, with all the wives and daughters on his side. No, — he had to go at work and *make* that public opinion, and the wives and daughters of leading citizens

were among those whom he had to educate up to a sympathy with his cause. Occupying a position which, far more than most positions of life, required that, for his own comfort, he should draw the hearts of men unto him, he had the manly courage to take the Temperance Pledge in his hand and go forth among his parishioners for signatures. And what was it that he asked his friends and neighbors to do? It was to make a radical change in their habits of social life — to uproot and cast out one of the most general and significant of all social customs. At that time the decanter was upon nearly every sideboard, and the host who suffered a visiter to come and go without offering a glass of spirits was considered to have committed a gross impropriety. The minister, and the doctor, calling either in a social or professional capacity, must be presented with the "generous stimulant," and even an ecclesiastical council was not considered perfect in its appurtenances if the decanters and glasses were wanting. And then let it be particularly borne in mind that the women were the most unwilling of all to listen to the proposition for a change in this custom. To them was entrusted the charge of the hospitalities of the house, and theirs was the privilege of extending the "spirit" welcome. The matron was proud of her glittering array of decanters and finely cut and polished goblets, and if these were removed it seemed to her that she should be forsaken by her friends. I will not say that women are more slaves to custom than are the men; but it is true that they are more strongly attached to social and domestic habits and institutions; and though the women now — God bless them! — are foremost in the good work, yet in those times they were very loath to have their china-closets and side-boards stripped of their prettiest ware.

Such was the state of things when Mr. Cobb devoted himself to the temperance work. He had no hope of pecuniary return; and, in fact, he sought no return save such return of happy reflection as might be his to enjoy consequent upon good done to his fellow-men. In these later days temperance workmen have been reaping where he sowed. Many and many a glorious temperance crop has been gathered by true-hearted, zealous laborers, which came from seed that he sowed in those other years. And he lived to see his work prosper; and his heart was often made glad upon beholding the rich returns of moral fruit in those places where he had "cast his bread upon the waters."

During the month of April, 1842, Mr. Cobb's eye caught the following item in the "*Mercantile Journal*," of Boston: —

"THREE CHEERS FOR MALDEN. — At a public meeting of the citizens of Malden, on Monday last, the question came before the town, whether the Selectmen should be instructed to grant any licenses for the sale of intoxicating drinks. NO! was the UNANIMOUS answer. What town will beat this?"

Such items as this brought gleams of comfort to the pioneer, and called up pleasing reflections in his mind. Upon the foregoing scrap of intelligence Mr. Cobb, in his paper of April 22d, remarks as follows: —

"This intelligence is pleasing to us, particularly so, as the inhabitants of Malden are our old neighbors and associates, and as that is the field of our early temperance labors. For ten years we officiated as Pastor of the First Parish in that town. When the Temperance Society had been in operation there a short time, and we had prepared the way by occasional private conversation, and by a public discourse on it in our own desk, on a fast day, we borrowed the Temperance Constitution, and

went from house to house among the members of our society, soliciting their names. This was no small undertaking. We had a great variety of objections to encounter, and generally a considerable discussion at each house. Some said, 'It is a sectarian thing; the society has conducted the matter in a sectarian spirit; and when we have been in to hear a temperance lecture, we have been paid off with a sectarian sermon.' Upon this we would endeavor to show them that they must consider the merits of the temperance cause, independently of the management of its professed friends; that if the cause was good, they were morally bound to give it their support; that they ought not to leave so good a cause in what they called sectarian hands, but should go forward and do their own duty, &c., &c. Others would urge that they knew best what was good for themselves; and others, that they would not sign away their liberty. All these objections, too, had to be talked over. We succeeded, however, to obtain the signatures of nearly fifty heads of families in our society, in the first tour through, which required about a week's time.

"One case in particular we will mention, as an example of good principle. We called upon a gentleman who had long been a sea Captain in the East India trade. We presented the case before him, and he cheerfully responded, 'I have been in the habit of taking a social glass of spirits with a friend occasionally; but if I can do any good by signing the pledge, and dispensing with the habit, I will do so.' His lady remarked that she had no desire to take spirit except when she came in chilly on a cold evening, and felt that there was danger of taking a cold. Then she found that a little hot drink, with a mixture of some kind of spirit, was warming—Our 'help-meet,' who happened to be with us on this call, replied, that doubtless she found the hot toddy more conducive to warmth than nothing, but there were substitutes which would answer as good a purpose, or probably better. For one of the substitutes she gave to the lady a recipe for a pleasant ginger tea. 'Well,' said she, 'add my name with my husband's to the Temperance pledge.' Since then, this gentleman and lady have done more good to society, by their temperance influence, than they could have done by bequeathing their whole estate, to endow literary and benevolent institutions.

"But there were some who became unfriendly towards us, because of our interest in the Temperance reform, and especially for our once signing a memorial to the County Commissioners, expressing the opinion that the licensing of dramselling would not subserve the public good. But we have never regretted the part taken by us in the Temperance reform; and we now rejoice in the blessed consummation in said town, in that, though there are doubtless a few individuals dissenting from this position, it has already come to pass that the town meeting has *unanimously* voted the truth of the same doctrine to which we subscribed our name some number of years ago. Brethren in Malden, 'hold fast that which is good.'"

In his speeches upon Temperance Mr. Cobb seldom, if ever, sought to amuse his hearers; and he never essayed to create smiles by presenting the subject of intemperance in any of its *funny* lights. He always treated the subject in solemn seriousness, and made his appeals directly to the heart and understanding. He never attempted to set an audience agape with wonder by drawing pictures that never had foundation in fact; and he never allowed himself to burst forth into wild, senseless tirade against any class of his misguided fellow-men; but he spoke calmly and deliberately, sometimes warming into zealous invective against the giant wrong, and severely denouncing those who sought to fasten that wrong upon the community.

There was one quality in Mr. Cobb as a reformatory speaker which peculiarly fitted him for the work. Under no circumstances could language be drawn from him in the heat of debate which he would wish to tone down upon after reflection; and the result of this was, that he could never be moved from positions once assumed. He possessed qualities which would have constituted him a most excellent Judge. He never expressed a decided opinion until he had given the subject in hand a critical investiga-

tion; and, moreover, his intuition was constitutionally healthy and reliable. The very ponderosity and calm truthfulness of his arguments rendered it impossible for him to produce one of those pretty, poetical, flowery speeches which delight an audience for the time being, but which impress upon the mind no ideas that can be carried home for after study and profit. He aimed not so much to elicit present response of applause as to fasten upon the mind wise and serious maxims of life that should grow and bear fruit in the time to come. Even in ordinary conversation he was guarded by this same principle. He seemed to regard spoken words as so many indices of the mind by which a man is liable at any time, and under any circumstances, to be judged.

The duties and labors consequent upon the publication of his paper did not prevent Mr. Cobb from laboring in the Temperance field as before. He was of course obliged to relinquish his agency of the Middlesex County Society; but instead of his usefulness being diminished it was rather augmented, for not only did his paper, with its healthy Temperance doctrines, find its way into families all over the land, but he was able to extend his circuit. He did not confine his labors to the rostrum. It was his custom, and his pleasure, to visit families where he thought his words of warning or of cheer would be productive of good; and he also visited those engaged in the traffic in spirituous beverages, endeavoring to win them over to a better life by reason and argument; and I know that in several instances he was the direct means of the quiet closing of bars where the death-dealing poison had been sold. During his long term of service in the Temperance field he was more than once threatened with personal violence by those who fancied he was infringing upon their liberties; but

never a hand was laid upon him, and never a successful attempt made to interrupt him while speaking. When there chanced to be any show of unmannerly obtrusion by the rum influence through its unfortunate devotees, as was sometimes the case, he generally managed to turn the battery against those who had brought it upon the field.

One instance of the kind which occurred about thirty-three years ago, I will relate.

Mr. Cobb had been announced to deliver a lecture on Temperance in a town not far from Lowell, and as it was known that he was a strong pleader for the establishment of such laws as were needed to protect society against the evil, the rummies had reason to fear his influence. They did not object to the lecturing of those who were content to let the rum-traffic have the protection of the statutes; but they liked not the idea of having their business branded by legal enactments, so they thought it would be good policy to "choke off" this lecturer. One of their number made his boast that he would "shut Mr. Cobb's mouth so that he could not speak," and a number of his friends were present to witness the fun.

Now it so happened that the man who had made this boast was one who, when free from rum, was industrious and kind-hearted, and who, moreover, had a respectable share of pride in his composition. On the evening in question he entered the meeting-house, where the lecture was to be given, and took his position in one of the side aisles, about midway between the door and the pulpit. He was well-dressed, and would have had the appearance of a gentleman had it not been for the flushed face and unsteady mien which betrayed the domination of the old tyrant alcohol.

Mr. Cobb, as was his habit, swept his eye over his audi-

ence as he arose, to mark the spirit with which he was to be received. He had been so long in the field, and had had so much experience in reading the character of an assembly at a glance, that he seldom failed to discover the whereabouts and intent of enemies, if any such were present. Almost the first thing that attracted his attention was the man standing in the aisle, and in a moment more he discovered a pew full of red-faced men who seemed to be looking to this individual as though for approaching sport. He saw it all while yet he was making his introductory remarks, and with shrewd judgment he calculated about what sort of force he had better hold in reserve to meet the exigency if it should arise.

The lecturer commenced, and ere he had proceeded far the man in the aisle raised his voice to dispute one of the speaker's statements, upon which Mr. Cobb simply repeated the statement, and went on. Again, and again, did the intruder interrupt the lecture, finally using language vulgar and abusive, whereat the red-faced men in the pew were greatly delighted. At length two gentlemen arose, and started towards the abusive interloper for the purpose of removing him, and as this movement was made there was considerable excitement among the female portion of the audience in anticipation of trouble.

At this juncture Mr. Cobb, with one of those efforts which never failed, commanded silence, and in a moment all eyes were turned upon him to see what he would do; and while the audience, rummies and all, were on the *qui vive* to know what would be the result, he raised his hand towards the gentlemen who had started to put the annoyance out, and, with a pleasant smile, and in a tone of humorous honesty, he said, —

"Gentlemen, I hope you will not deprive us of the help

which our opposing friends have inadvertently lent us. The surgeon, when lecturing to his class on the science of anatomy, finds it very convenient to have a *subject* upon which to demonstrate the lessons he would enforce. So we have before us a *living subject*, and if you will give your attention you will see it practically demonstrated how rum can abuse those who use it as a beverage."

At the close of these remarks all eyes were turned from the speaker to the "*living subject*," and that misguided individual, totally unable to bear the gaze of so many, and feeling that he had suffered himself to be led into a position of disgrace and humiliation, shrank down as far out of sight as possible, and during the remainder of the lecture was one of the most attentive listeners.

The demonstrative "subject" was withdrawn, but the episode proved a happy one to both the lecturer and his audience, and much good resulted from it. And it is safe to conclude that the hero of that occasion never afterwards attempted to "shut up the mouth" of a temperance lecturer.

What Mr. Cobb might have done if an opponent had attempted to lay violent hands upon him I cannot say. I saw him once, when he was in his prime, and his muscles all in tune, cast a vicious horse upon the ground as I would have shaken off a troublesome child. But I can say that the man who thought to overcome him by any strategy of debate or indecent interruption, assumed a task not easy of accomplishment.

In taking a survey of the results of Mr. Cobb's labors in the Temperance field we shall find that there are men who have induced more signers to the Pledge than has he; and so there are men who have created more enthusiasm for the hour, and called more hearers to hang upon the elo-

quence of their lips, and listen to their quaint sayings and startling anecdotes. There are men who, coming up themselves from the dreadful pit, have been able to picture the evil as he could not picture it, and lead old companions up from their slough by a bond of sympathy which he could not reach. But I think no man has done more towards educating the people up to a proper understanding of the great principles involved, and in leading them to a safe and healthy stand-point. In short, for the blessing of that mighty power which bears down upon Intemperance through the ballot-box society is indebted to no man more than to Sylvanus Cobb.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. COBB IN HIS SANCTUM, — VISIT TO A GREAT-GREAT UNCLE, — RETROSPECTIVE.

MR. COBB was now fairly at work as a publisher and editor, and from the issuing of his Prospectus, in 1839, to the close of his editorial labors, he left no stone unturned beneath which could be found anything that might be worked up for the moral, social, religious, or intellectual benefit of his patrons. He had not only travelled extensively over the country, and seen the wants of our denomination touching information upon the stirring topics of the day; but he had also made himself acquainted with the tastes and desires of the youthful members of the community, as well as with the likes and fancies of the children. So, in making up his paper, he took under consideration all these various needs, and governed himself accordingly. The result was that the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN soon became a pleasant and cherished visiter to the family; and there were cases where the head of a family would propose to stop it on account of its Temperance or Anti-Slavery features, when the wife and children stepped in to oppose the giving up of so pleasant and entertaining a companion.

Many of those friends who professed, and probably felt, a deep interest in Mr. Cobb's pecuniary welfare, advised him to give up his advocacy of these peculiar reforms; but he had no disposition to profit by such counsel. His posi-

tion had been taken; with humble recognition of his duty to God and to his fellowmen, he firmly believed that he was right; and no consideration of self-interest could be presented strong enough to swerve him from the course which his sense of Right and Justice had dictated, and to which the holiest instincts of his heart gave sanction.

During the year 1840, and the first months of the succeeding year, Mr. Cobb labored zealously for his paper, travelling much over the country, lecturing and preaching, and obtaining subscribers. I can remember that he was upon the move continually, and by reference to his Journal I find that he was hard at work all the time. He knew not what it was to be idle, for both his natural inclinations and his necessities kept him busy. His paper, though its circulation was quite extensive, was not yet self-sustaining; or, at all events, it yielded yet not a penny for the support of himself and family, so he was forced to work early and late — to work wherever and whenever he could. He published his paper upon the credit plan, and he was furnishing hundreds of papers every week for which he had received no pay. As he entered upon the second year he found numerous patrons neglecting him — taking his paper to their families, and enjoying its freight of good things, but forgetting to pay up. Mr. Careless, of Notown, knew that he had entered upon an unpaid term; but the amount due from him was only two dollars, and that could not amount to much either way,— paid, or unpaid. But the publisher had to pay the paper-maker every week; or, at least, every month; and also the help in the office had to be paid. He wanted five hundred dollars which he did not possess; he needed it, and have it he must. Now by referring to his books he finds that there are, even in this second year, five or six hundred of these Messrs. Careless, owing him, in

the aggregate, over a thousand dollars. What shall he do? They are scattered all over New England, and he can reach them only through his paper. Why — he must do the best he can. He must not offend his *patrons* by too frequent duns; so he must borrow to meet an emergency, and then drive off upon a lecturing tour; and he must remain out, too, until he has earned money enough to help him over the trouble.

In the Autumn of 1840 Mr. Cobb visited the place where his ancestors first found a home upon this side of the ocean, and as the visit was one of peculiar interest to him, and cannot fail of interesting the reader, I copy his account thereof from the FREEMAN of Nov. 20th, 1840: —

"Last Sunday I had the privilege of preaching in Kingston, Mass., the land of my forefathers. Here I met with a goodly number of intelligent and practical believers in the great salvation; and we had happy meetings. After the afternoon meeting, I called at the ancient mansion, which was the residence of my great-great-uncle, Ebenezer Cobb, who lived to be nearly a hundred and eight years old. I had heard, from my parents and others, so much said of the old patriarch, that my visit to the mansion he inhabited was attended with sensations similar to what would be excited in Christian pilgrims on visiting the scenes celebrated in Scripture history.

"The old gentleman was celebrated for his cheerful piety; and several anecdotes of him illustrate his cheerfulness of disposition. On his hundredth birthday, he had a sermon preached at his house, called his Century Sermon. Mr. Willis, who, I believe, is yet living, was minister in Kingston at the time, — but he being quite young, it was thought by the sons, some of whom were nearly eighty years old, that it would be more suitable to get Parson Robbins, of Plymouth, the old gentleman's former minister, to preach the Century Sermon. This they did. Afterwards the young parson Willis gave some intimation that he had expected to be called upon for that service. 'Well, well,' said the old man, 'it was my boys' doing. But never mind; when I

have my next Century Sermon preached, you shall be called upon.'

"He had been blind for some time, though his bodily health was good. He walked out with the company after the services, and remarked with much sang froid, 'I cannot see an honest man among you all.'

"It was common in these days to associate much gloom with religion, and religionists were prone to put on a melancholy tone in conversing with old people, who were nigh the tomb. A young preacher called upon the old man, and in a doleful pitch of voice asked him what he thought of dying. He, not well relishing such airs, familiarly replied, 'It is seldom that a man of my age dies.'

"When the minister of the place was, on a Lord's day, catechising the children after the meeting, and had made progress in the old Primer lesson which begins with, 'Who is the first man?' as he came at length to a little girl with the question, 'Who was the oldest man?' she pertly answered, 'Gran'ther Cobb.' The risibles of the minister were so excited by the answer, that he could not correct her, and he let it pass.

"I was happy to find the old homestead in the hand and occupancy of the direct descendants, being grandchildren, one of whom was thirty years of age when the old saint died, which was about forty years ago. They conducted me into 'the great room' in which the Century Sermon was preached, pointed out the spot where the Parson stood, and the way in which the company with the patriarch took their walk. I was interested also with examining a relic of antiquity, a large chest, with much panel and carved work, brought from England by my forefather, six generations back, who came over in the next vessel that came after the Mayflower.

"I find in Kingston much of that true politeness which is found in the simple and friendly puritanic manners. And the gospel of God's boundless love, so congenial with the friendly and peaceable mind, is making advances among them to do them good."

Among the sources of satisfaction and comfort which were Mr. Cobb's to enjoy in the midst of his arduous labors, none were more inspiring than were the items of

intelligence that came to him from various quarters, of the growth and prosperity of the denomination which he so fondly loved, and to the upbuilding of which he had devoted so much of his time and strength. In the month of March, 1841, looking back over the years he had spent in Massachusetts, he made the following entry in his Journal: —

"When we came into this State, and settled in Malden, thirteen years ago next month, the old Orthodox parish in that town, being at that time converted to a Universalist society, there was hardly another Universalist society in the Commonwealth, having a Meeting-house and constant preaching, excepting one in Haverhill, two in Gloucester, one in Salem, one in Charlestown, three in Boston, one in Cambridgeport, one in Roxbury, and one in Lowell. Since then there have been Meeting-houses built, and constant worship established, as follows: one in Woburn, one in Medford, one in South Reading, one in Andover, one in Marblehead, one in Essex, one in Newburyport, two in Danvers, two in Lynn, two in Boston, one in Quincy, one in Weymouth, one in Hingham, one in Hyannis, one in Brewster, one in New Bedford, one in Waltham, one in Holliston, one in Framingham, one in Marlborough, one in West Cambridge, one in East Cambridge, one in Methuen, one in East Lexington, one in Concord, one in Spencer, one in Barre, one in Petersham, one in Stoneham, one in Lowell, one in Wrentham. These we have put down upon a hasty run of the mind over the State, doubtless missing some new houses where constant worship is supported. Then there are many places where, within the above-mentioned time, Meeting-houses formerly occupied by other sects, have fallen into the persuasion of Universalists, where constant preaching is enjoyed, and where new Meeting-houses have been built by newly gathered societies, who have the preached word a portion of the time, and where societies have been raised, who have not a Meeting-house, but worship a portion or all of the time in some place temporarily engaged for the purpose. Besides, two of the old societies first named have torn down their old Meeting-houses, and built new ones, several have remodelled their places of worship at considerable expense. And our societies are generally in a more

active and flourishing condition than the few, even, were formerly in.

"Yet there are some whose ears are very pleasurably tickled by hearing statements from certain pulpit declaimers, of what nobody believes, that Universalism is fast declining!! When will they cease to 'glory in their own shame?'"

Surely his labor was bearing fruit, not only in the denominational field, but in other fields upon the soil of which he had cast good seed. And so he labored on, cheerfully and hopefully. The times were coming, he thought, when he should be able to sit down and rest. It was hard then; but it could not be always so. He saw gleams in the horizon which told to him of the coming of a brighter day — a day in which he should be called to toil only for the love he bore his fellowmen — when the toilings of the other years should have yielded him a competence, enabling him to render cheerful and inviting the patriarchal home where his loved ones should find always sweet rest and refuge while they lived. Home was to him

> "* * * * * the sphere of harmony and peace,
> The spot where angels find a resting-place,
> When, bearing blessings, they descend to earth."

A blessing to him, in those days of labor and trial, was the hope that sustained and led him on; and I doubt if there are many men who enjoy more in the realization of hope's full fruition than was his to enjoy in the anticipation. It made him buoyant and strong, for every blow he struck was towards a cherished purpose.

> "Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;
> Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
> Joy has her tears; and transport has her death;
> Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,

Man's heart at once inspirits, and serenes;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
Health to the frame, and vigor to the mind!
A joy attemper'd! — a chastis'd delight!
Like the fair summer ev'ning, mild and sweet!
'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!"

CHAPTER VII.

REMOVAL TO EAST BOSTON,—THE "CASTLE OF PEACE,"—THE BATH-HOUSE,—ITS STORY,—UPS AND DOWNS OF THE SOCIETY,—SUNDAY SCHOOL,—A GLANCE AT THE INNER MAN.

IN the early part of the year 1841, and towards the close of the second volume of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, Mr. Cobb made up his mind that it would be for his interest to remove from Waltham, and take up his abode in Boston, where, in the time to come, must of necessity be the centre of his business area as a publisher. That "*New House*" had never been wholly paid for, and the thought that such a debt hung upon him, the payment of which must swallow up money that ought to be used for the advancement of the interest of his paper, worried him more than he was ever willing to confess. In fact, he never confessed to anything's worrying him; but those who loved him, and sympathized with him, could plainly see when these unpleasant burdens weighed upon him; for there are certain involuntary muscles underlying the delicate integument of the face which will respond to the action of care upon the mind in spite of all a man may do to conceal it. The human face may well be termed "a mirror of the soul," for every man possessing a living soul, in which great emotions find birth, must, to a greater or less degree, look the things he feels.

The FREEMAN prospered — perhaps as much as its pub-

lisher had anticipated; but in another quarter his anticipations were not realized, of which I will speak presently.

In his issue of March 19th, 1841, Mr. Cobb speaks to his patrons as follows: —

"We have concluded to remove our Printing Office into Boston, and to take up our residence in that city, about the time of the commencement of the third volume of the Christian Freeman, which will be the first of May next.

"Several considerations have concurred to determine us to this step. 1. As the list of our patrons, and consequently the business of publication, is increased, we find a growing inconvenience in having our residence, and our press, so far from our city office. 2. We are quite sure that we can increase the value of the paper by having it published in the city, and residing there. 3. Many of our esteemed friends who feel an interest for the prosperity of our enterprise, for the sake of the common cause, have expressed a desire for such an arrangement. 4. The new, and the present growing Society in East Boston, desire us to live and labor with them in word and doctrine. * *

"The change here announced will include an entirely new contract for the publication, and it hereby becomes indispensably necessary that we should settle up all old affairs, to be able to do which we must receive all arreages on our paper. It is earnestly requested that all subscribers who owe for the past or current volume, or both, should send in their due immediately. Brethren, do not wait to have your bills sent; you know what is due. Send it on, and it shall be faithfully put in order on our books. If you have not an opportunity to send by private hand, get your Postmaster to forward it. Where it is more convenient, pay to our Agent in your respective towns. Agents will promptly forward this business of collection, &c.

"☞ Let us be able to say to the world in a few weeks, that *all* the Subscribers to the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN and FAMILY VISITER, are PAYING SUBSCRIBERS."

I have reproduced this appeal of Mr. Cobb to his subscribers, in connection with the notice of his intended removal, for the purpose of offering a few remarks upon the

subject of those anticipations of his which had not been realized. This was the first instance, I believe, in which he had made an earnest appeal to his subscribers to pay up. In arranging his business, and making his expenditures, he had based his calculations upon the supposition that those who took his paper would pay him for it. In taking a careful survey of the field, and comparing his expenses with his resources, he found that, if his subscribers exercised towards him anything of the spirit of the Golden Rule, he should come out all square at the end of the year. He could sell his comfortable house in Waltham, together with the twelve-acre lot, for just about enough to make him square with the world, leaving him the possessor of his household furniture and clothing, and just material enough of books, and types, and cases, and presses, to enable him to get out his paper. He had paid in part for his house; but more than that had been swallowed up by the publication of the FREEMAN, so that when he came to receive the price for his real estate, and had paid his debts, he had not a penny left which he could appropriate to the building or purchase of another habitation. In fact, a combination of circumstances conspired to render his pecuniary situation at that time anything but pleasant.

And now, ye delinquent subscribers — men of means and of ability — whom Mr. Cobb so earnestly entreated to come up to the line of simple duty and justice, and pay the paltry sums you owed, do you know that the only real cloud that ever settled down, dark and chilling, over his life, arose from your neglect? Do you know how many days, and weeks, and months, of anxiety and unrest you gave him? If you do not, I can tell you. First, I tell you truly, had you paid him promptly for the papers he sent you he would have been relieved from all trouble in the management of

his business. Had the money from his subscribers, when due, been forwarded through the mail, or by the hand of some friend coming to Boston, he could have sat quietly and peacefully at his desk, throwing all his energy into his paper; but you did not so bless him; you neglected him, and he suffered. When he should have been resting from labor, he was at work the hardest. Here comes a note, in bank, due to-day. He borrows of a friend, hoping that ere the week is out remittances enough will come in to enable him to meet it. The week passes, and the remittances do not come. Then he goes to a broker and hires the money to refund what he had borrowed of his friend; and then he drives away over the country to collect of his subscribers, — two dollars here, and two dollars there, and elsewhere two more, — and so on, over a wide territory, to scrape together the needed sum. Sometimes luck would be against him. Stopping at L——, or at S——, he looks at his pocket memorandum, and finds that on the second or third day from that another note in bank becomes due. To collect the amount is impossible; *protest* he must not allow, so he borrows the amount of a friend in L——, which he promises to return in one or two weeks. And in the end, worn and weary, he reaches his home, and the prospect before him has not grown much brighter. The friend in L—— must be paid, and the money coming in by mail will not more than pay the help. One more appeal to the delinquents!

"O! if my subscribers would but pay me what they owe, how happy I should be!" So utters the perplexed editor, in travail of soul; and he wonders how it would seem to have those who were indebted to him, all pay him. But he has no time, nor has he the disposition to repine. He must down at his desk, and write his editorials; and

in order that this may be done well, all perplexing thoughts must be driven from his mind.

And here we have a glimpse at the only source whence ever arose even a whisper of just complaint against any thought or act of Mr. Cobb's life. Why may I not speak of it, and speak of it frankly and freely, now that we have it directly before us?

Bills that must be paid come crowding in, and the friend in L—— does not get his money until a month has passed, and perhaps a longer time. And the friend in L—— is not the only case of the kind. His is a representative case. — Had it been an ordinary business-man who had neglected thus to pay a debt — especially of borrowed money — not so much would have been thought of it; but for a clergyman — a preacher of the gospel — thus to do, is deemed very strange, and various remarks are made thereon.

Ministers are never judged by the world upon a plane with other men. They are held in a "cross light," as it were, and specks are discovered and marked which would have remained unnoticed in the character of another. And, moreover, in this unfair light not only are these tiny motes rendered palpable to sight, but small errors seem large, while large ones become distorted into monstrous proportions.

But enough of this. The good man has gone, and on all the earth he has not left a man unpaid to whom he justly owed anything. Judge him ye who will, in what light pleaseth you best, and ye shall find nothing laid up against him.

But O, ye delinquent subscribers! How shall ye be judged? What balm of healing can reach your souls? — what excuse have ye to offer? How can you undo what you have done? — how do that which ye neglected to do in the

day when sore need pressed hard upon him whom you owed, and whose heart might have been made to leap with joy had ye but given to him of your abundance the simple sums that were your dues?

Mr. Cobb moved with his family to East Boston early in May, renting a house in "Locke's Block," on Sumner St., which he occupied three years, when he removed to a large, new house, on the corner of Webster St. and Belmont Square, which he had erected for himself. The location was one of the finest on the Island, commanding a view of the harbor, with its islands and distant shores, and also overlooking most of the territory of the Island itself. In this enterprise he was more fortunate than he had been with the building enterprise at Waltham. He obtained the land at a very cheap rate, having two good house-lots left after he had erected his own dwelling, which in time he sold at an advance of some two hundred per cent. over the price he had paid. And this was his home; and when he had become settled in it, and had fully assured himself that it was his own, only to be taken from him by some event beyond his power to control, he planted here his vines, and set up his household gods, being determined that upon this pleasant and attractive spot his "hours at home" should be spent for the remainder of his life. And his plan was realized. In this "CASTLE OF PEACE"* he

* The dwelling of Mr. Cobb received this appellation at an early day, and during the later years of his life, when his children had grown up, and were often gathered beneath the old roof-tree with *their* children, there came to be something of solemn and happy significance in the name, and by such it was generally known and designated among a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. It originated as follows: One bright, moonlight evening, while residing in Malden, Mr. Cobb's theological students held a meeting under the giant Sycamore in the door-yard, and dedicated the dwelling of their teacher, consecrating it to the Genius of the Domestic Virtues, and bestowing upon it the title — "CASTLE OF PEACE." As this testimonial name was a tribute to the household rather than to the mere house which had been built with hands, Mr. Cobb bore it with him

found a home during twenty-two years; and they were years crowded with the most stirring and eventful labors of his long and useful career.

The Society at East Boston was young and small; but there were warm hearts and willing hands, and Mr. Cobb took hold with them, willing to labor, and share with them the work of building up. There were some genial spirits in the gathering, and the seasons of social intercourse were refreshing in the extreme. When the Island was hardly yet thought of as a place of settlement for business men, a large and commodious hotel, called the "Maverick House," had been erected as a summer resort, and a healthful boarding-place for those who might wish to avail themselves of a transient home of the kind so near to the city. Connected with this hotel had been constructed a house for bathing purposes; but as the business of the establishment did not long require the bathing-house, this latter building was appropriated to other uses, and was finally hired by the Universalist Society as a place for worship. It was a neat, pretty building, centrally located, and though of humble proportions when compared with the costly churches that now surround the spot where once it stood, yet it was sufficient in every respect, and I opine that never was God more devoutly worshipped than he has been by the children of his grace who have assembled there, with united hearts and tongues, to do him reverence.

Mr. Cobb preached for the Society several times during the winter of 1840–41, and in the spring of the latter year, by the unanimous request of the members, he became their settled pastor. Under his ministration the society grew

to his new habitation; and no one could have spent a day, or a year, beneath that roof without being willing to acknowledge that never was a title more fitly bestowed upon a family mansion.

and flourished, and during the succeeding year, deeming the hall too small to accommodate the increasing numbers, the society erected a new and commodious house of worship on the First Section. In the spring of 1844 Mr. Cobb resigned his charge. His other duties pressed so heavily upon him that he felt he could not give to the society the time and attention they needed, so he took this step, not only that he might find more time for the improvement of his paper, but that the society might find a pastor who could devote all his time to their interest.

The Society engaged a pastor; but, from various causes, the interest died out, and finally the house was given up, and the meetings were discontinued. Mr. Cobb could not bear to see this; so he set himself about the work of gathering together the scattered flock, and himself assumed the responsibility of hiring Ritchie Hall, and preaching for whatever the friends could contribute. It was in the spring of 1846 that he took this step, and once more the Universalists of East Boston were blessed with stated meetings. Ritchie Hall was thus occupied about eleven months, when the place became unpleasant from the uses to which it was put during the week, and while the friends of our cause were considering what they should do, another religious society, that had been holding meetings in the Old Bath House, moved out from that place, and the Universalists secured it, and in the spring of 1847 returned to the scene of their earlier life.

And in that old Bath House were held some of the most glorious meetings ever enjoyed by the professed followers of Christ. The writer of these pages was at that time Superintendent of the Sabbath-school, and also Leader of the Choir, and he well remembers the soul-inspiring passages of social and religious interest that must ever sanc-

tify the memories of that humble place in our hearts. The noble preacher in his homely desk, surrounded by earnest and inquiring listeners, who had come to gain gospel food, — the grand sermon, preached with a spirit of warm and ardent love of the subject, and with a patriarchal regard for the hearers; — the prayer, solemn, sincere, and impressive, and responded to by every heart; — the singing, tuneful and prompt, but with no attempt at flourish or grandiloquence of style; — and then the benediction, followed by a scene of hand-shaking, congratulation, and outpouring of fraternal love and good-feeling; — and this scene of social re-union was generally enlivened by an impromptu passage of music in that corner where the choir was located. The writer, with his violin, striking up the good old "*Ode on Science*," or "*Majesty*" or "*Northfield*," which was an unfailing call to the patriarchs of song — those who had been singers in days lang-syne — and gathering around the dais they would raise their voices in jubilant strains till the old structure seemed one vast organ, with its grand diapason in full blast. "FATHER PETTENGILL," — "UNCLE WATERS,"— and many others of silvered locks and furrowed brow. Where are they now? O, for one more meeting of the good old sort in that humble Bath House! But the wish is vain. Its hallowed walls were long since swept away by the resistless hand of progress, and an imposing structure of massive stone now occupies the place where our loved Bethel stood!

And here I must speak of the Sabbath-School; for not many, I ween, even in East Boston, are aware of the amount of influence for good which has been wielded by that School. Mr. Cobb established it very shortly after he moved upon the Island, and with the assistance of his own family, and those of the friends who felt an interest in the

matter, it was very soon put into good working order; *and from that time to the present,* THE EAST BOSTON UNIVERSALIST SABBATH SCHOOL *has never ceased to live and labor;* and it has ever ranked one of the highest in point of faithfulness and interest, among the schools in the city; and I believe that there has never been a time, from the date of its inception, when some member of Mr. Cobb's family has not been connected with it. Through all the trials and troubles of the Society, the Sabbath-School has kept evenly and quietly on its way, affording opportunity for all who desired, to meet on the Sabbath, and listen to the breathings of that faith which holds God as the Universal Father and Friend. In seasons when the Society has been entirely dormant for months at a time, this band of Universalist Christians has been awake to the needs of the people, and the members thereof have never fallen short of their duty. So we may regard the Sabbath-School as the vital centre of our denominational system upon the Island, to which the present Society, with all its prosperity and promise, is indebted for its existence.

Mr. Cobb continued to preach in the Bath House through the Spring and Summer of 1848; and he did it at a pecuniary sacrifice to himself, as the writer well knows. The Society was small and weak, rich in gospel faith, but poor in this world's possessions. It had not yet recovered from the sad blow given by the mismanagement of those who had built the Meeting-house, nor was it likely to recover therefrom for some time to come. Mr. Cobb, when he commenced this second term of engagement with them, had been actuated solely by a desire to subserve the good of his own family, as well as the good of the few tried and faithful ones who were anxious to listen to the word of the Universal God. He assumed the responsibil-

ity himself, and preached for just what could be saved to him after all other expenses had been paid. But in August the owners of the land upon which the Bath House stood had planned to move it away, and erect another building upon the site. There was no other room which could be obtained upon terms that came within reach of the means of the Society, and Mr. Cobb found it necessary to dissolve his connection with them once more.

In the FREEMAN of August 11th, 1848, after speaking of the matter as above, annnouncing that the Bath House was to be moved away, Mr. Cobb adds, —

"Yet there are lovers of the gospel here, who, when the present pressure is removed from the business of the country, will provide a convenient place of worship, and build up a good society. We shall obtain the services of some worthy young man, who can devote his whole attention to the wants and interests of our cause here, as it is meet. As our responsibilities are in the care of our paper, we have only been able to supply them on the Sabbath, devoting to the society here no pastoral care in the week. This we have done at a pecuniary sacrifice, for the sake of having meetings. But on a new start, upon the work already done, and in better times, they must and will support a laborer in the work."

And in this connection I must give a letter which Mr. Cobb wrote to his wife at the time this suspension of his relations as pastor was under consideration. I give the letter for several reasons. In the first place, it will show the feelings which actuated him in his proposed movement, and demonstrate how his heart was in the subject, and how carefully he weighed such matters before determining upon his course of action. And then the letter gives a glimpse at the inner man; it reveals the spirit — the soul — of the workman, and opens up some of those traits of character that made him what he was — pure in thought and honest

in purpose. And it shows, too, why such a man is loved by his family. Those things which a man does to be seen of the world may not be a truthful index to his character; nor can we always accept what a man writes for the world to read as a true impress of his inner thoughts and motives. If we would know a man for what he is, we must see him at home, where his native spirit has full play, and where the restraint of society is removed; and if we would get at his innermost thoughts and emotions, we must find access to his private letters — letters which were never meant for the eyes of the world, but which the writer believed would never be perused by another than the loved and trusted one to whom they were penned.

I shall have occasion to present several of these private *morceaux* of correspondence, not for any literary merit, nor as indices of his style of composition, either in prose or verse; but simply as mirrors of his mind and heart; and as such the reader will take them; and, when read in that light, I am sure they will be grateful and refreshing to all who have hearts to feel, and souls that can be led to sympathize with that which is pure and true and good.

Here is the letter to which I have referred, and I give the first part of it entire, that the reader may gain an idea of Mr. Cobb's manner of doing business. Be assured, he never spent many idle moments when away from home: —

"*North Scituate, R. I., Aug.* 12, 1848.

"MINE ESTIMABLE WIFE, —

"You have already learned that I am to preach in Phœnix, or rather in the Arkwright School-House, to-morrow. I hired a team at Arkwright this morning, and took a ride to this place, nine miles, to fill out the week. It is a small factory settlement. My faithful Agent, Br. Cowee, said he did not think I could get another subscriber, as he had tried quite thoroughly, and there

were not more than one or two Universalists in the place who were not already taking the FREEMAN. However, I told my story, and he went through the mill with me; and I got three new subscribers, who paid me; and I sold four of my *Compends*, and six *Family Singing Books*, making ten dollars and fifty cents. So much cash I have received here, besides one dollar for a *Compend* sold on the way this morning. It is now eleven o'clock, and I am going to write here in Br. Cowee's house until dinner-time, and after dinner I shall ride out two miles to a man who owes for the FREEMAN, — and perhaps to find one or two new subscribers, — and then I shall return to Phenix.

"And now to the subject of my letter: I was greatly cheered by that little note which you placed in the bundle you sent me. It contained but a few words, and yet those words are of great value to me. To get, warm from your hand — '*We are all well and happy*,' and that inspiring '*Work on*,' and '*Hope on, hope ever*,' — is a cordial to my soul, and strength to my bones. And to learn, too, that you had got over that little nervous affection, gives me much pleasure.

"And now, my love, I see clearly that we have great reason for thankfulness and peace. My matters, to be sure, are in a situation to require some six months of continued attention to my out-door business; but then I do not make it laborious nor unpleasant. I am constantly among excellent friends, and am prospered, and take such methods of getting about as render it comfortable on my part,— much more so than running about the city to borrow money. And when I can feel that you are happy at home, I am certainly one of the happiest of men. I am impressed with the idea that the Lord has much good for you and me yet to do in this world, and we can afford to devote a few months to the persevering mission I have planned, which is not even unpleasant in itself, for getting into a situation still more desirable.

"I perceive that it is well that I am to terminate my regular supply at East Boston, for there seems to be a prospect of as much preaching out as I shall wish, upon better compensation, and perhaps to do more good. All right. It will be quite a relief to you, too, and give you more time to devote to your department of the FREEMAN.

"The FREEMAN is the favorite paper all through this region.

Let us keep up its interest. Look well to short and instructive Physiological articles.

"My whole-souled wife, how should I have known certain noble traits in your character, if we had not been brought through circumstances requiring us, together, to '*Work on*?' Would those traits have even been developed? — traits which will ever be more valuable to me than silver and gold. And you, too, have a sphere in which to 'work on.' Well — 'work on,' 'keep cool,' 'hasten slowly,' and HE who has always been with us will not forsake us. You will enjoy the satisfaction of reflecting that even the coming upon the stage of that 'little fretting Eunice Hale Wait' will effect not a little for *turning the world over*. True, you find human nature among mankind, and that is just what it is our province to cultivate. We shall not at once make it over anew, but we are to keep on *cultivating*, CULTIVATING, and making some spots of it a little, and yet a little better.

"But now the factory bell rings for dinner, and I will suspend my scrawling to you till after meeting to-morrow.

"*Sunday morning.* — Good morning, WIFE! I have just shaved, and put on that dicky with the wife's rich salutation. It makes me feel at home.* I went out yesterday afternoon as I said. That man paid me two dollars, and two others paid me two each, making $16.50 at that place. Then on my return to Arkwright one paid me two dollars who subscribed on Wednesday, and two others bought *Compends*, making $20.50 taken on Saturday, besides the *Compends* sold in the morning, which went on horse-hire. It is a pleasant morning. The Lord bless us to-day!

"*Monday morning.* — Good morning, my dear wife. We had good meetings yesterday. I preached at Appanaug, where I now am, at five-and-a-half o'clock. Am well this morning. Going to East Greenwich to get a few subscribers to-day. Shall get home, I think, about Wednesday, just to stop over night. All right. Kiss Jimmy for me. Love to Sarah.

"Yours ever, S. COBB."

* It was Mrs. Cobb's custom, when packing up her husband's change of linen on the eve of his departure from home, to imprint a kiss upon the clean dicky, remarking as she did so, "There, hubby, you'll find wify's kiss when you put that on." To some such things may appear light and frivolous in print; but to such the most holy and soul-cheering of all the domestic virtues would be but as the senseless breathing of the passing wind.

The Bath House was no more; the Universalists of East Boston lay back awhile from their labors, waiting for the spirit to move them; while their relieved pastor, as we have seen, had no lack of work, and no disposition to be idle.

CHAPTER VIII.

JAMES ARTHUR, — GETTING SUBSCRIBERS, — VIRTUES OF EVERY-DAY LIFE, — DEATH OF MR. COBB'S MOTHER.

MR. COBB was not disappointed in the result of the removal of his office to Boston. He was more easily accessible to those of his subscribers who wished to see him, and in every way he found the conducting of his business more convenient; also, being thus located in the great social and commercial centre of New England, he was enabled to gather more fully and readily such items of news as would be of interest to his patrons. And, furthermore, the name of BOSTON as the hailing-point of his paper, bore a prestige which was of no small benefit to him in the labor of introducing the FREEMAN into new localities. It was pleasant to be able to introduce the suppliant for popular favor as a "*Boston Paper*," for people are more apt to give respectful attention to a missive emanating from "head-quarters," than to one hailing from some out-post. Where local interest is the chief feature, a paper may well be located at the most accessible point within the area whose interests are to be subserved; but when a publication claims to represent an interest of a large section of country, it seems eminently proper that its head-quarters should be established at the general emporium of said section. In this removal the publisher took a wise step, and he never had occasion to regret it.

In the preceding chapter I carried to its close Mr. Cobb's connection, in his capacity as pastor, with the Universalist Society of East Boston; but it will be borne in mind that there were warm and ardent connections of friendship with the "tried and true" of the old society that could be severed only by the hand of death. During his pastorship there were many social gatherings — Levees, Picnics, Tea-Parties, and the like — gotten up for the benefit of the society, which gave birth to fraternal feelings that were not to be extinguished by any unfavorable breeze that might drive said "Society" out of its proper course. Through all the remaining years of his life he regarded that society as a child of his own, and though, upon gaining its legal majority, and starting out into the world to act for itself, it did not always meet with success, yet he loved it, and was never backward in extending a helping hand in its seasons of need. Once, as we have already seen, when it had "set up for itself," and had expended all its substance, he took it back, and carried it through a season of social and religious enjoyment and profit as pure and inspiring as ever fell to the lot of any body of Christians. And there is no telling how long he might have continued to bear the burden had not solemn duty to himself and family required him to drop it. I have heard of children who did not know their own parents, and have not wondered thereat; but I should marvel greatly if the Universalist Society of East Boston should ever forget the faithful patriarch who led them up out of the wilderness, and set their feet upon the promised land, giving to them the heritage of the glorious Truth of God's Universal Fatherhood, and his plan of Universal Redemption through Christ Jesus his Son.

The reader of the Autobiography has had the account of the birth of eight children to Mr. Cobb, the last — twins —

having been born on the sixth of August, 1834. On the 22d of December, 1842, another — a boy — the ninth child — was added to the number of the household, and he was christened JAMES ARTHUR.

Since writing the preceding paragraph I have been overhauling some old letters to see what the parents said about this child at the time. I was then in the U. S. Navy, cruising along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and, as a matter of course, was kept duly informed of all that transpired at home. I have found the letters, and have read them over. I find much about the "sweet babe," but I will not put it in print. I will simply say that the father's heart swells with pride and gratitude, and that he grows jubilant over this new addition to the flock he has to care for and to love. The impress of the mother's soul in written words is too sacred to be transcribed here. The treasure to her was beyond all price — a gift of Heaven, so pure and lovely, that words could not tell her emotions. She tried to tell to her first-born, who was separated from her by the trackless waste of a broad ocean, something of the ecstatic joy that thrilled her soul as she held to her bosom that new-born pledge — her youngest, and, in its utter dependence, her dearest. It was a precious gift, highly prized, and most carefully nursed. And now, with the light of subsequent events illumining the page, I am able to say that that youngest child was given to be the most precious of all the treasures of the household. His it was to perform a mission of love on earth — his to lead the way to Heaven! His it was to form the last link of love in the family — his to form the first link in the bright chain of heavenly birth that lifts us towards our God!

The boy James Arthur grew and thrived, and when I reached the old home in the Spring of 1844, I found him

(there is no fraternal prejudice in this) one of the brightest, best, and most attractive boys I ever saw. He was most emphatically "a light and a joy in the household."

In looking over Mr. Cobb's record of events for the year 1842, I notice that during the month of January of that year he had a fit of sickness which lasted him about two weeks. He was in Waltham on the last Sunday of December, and was taken quite unwell there; but he came home strong in the faith that it was only a slight cold, which a single dose of Thompson's medicine, and a night's nursing, would drive away. He was mistaken, however. On Tuesday he took his bed, and remained there nearly a fortnight. But let it be understood that the sickness did not tie his hands. His pulpit was filled by another; but his editorial labors were not set aside, save for one or two days when he was the sickest. A number of articles came from his *pencil*, written while bolstered up by pillows. I have given this event particular notice because sickness was something so unusual with him. In a note, appended to an article pencilled for his paper while thus confined, he says, —

"We will here add, that during the twenty-one years, and over, that we have been in the ministry, this is the *second* Sunday on which we have been prevented by sickness from preaching. We have more to be thankful for than we gratefully realize."

During the year 1842 Mr. Cobb labored hard to increase the circulation of his paper; and he did not labor in vain.

The year 1843 opened with prospects fair, and to him very promising. His paper was becoming popular, and its circulation was on the increase. He received a sharp punch now and then, accompanied by a distressed growl, from

brother editors and publishers who fancied he was trespassing upon their territory. Occasionally he took a trip into a neighboring State where there might chance to be located a Universalist publication; and as it was a passion with him — the getting of new subscribers — he never failed, on such occasions, to make additions to his list; whereupon the local editor would read him a severe lecture upon the impropriety of such trespass. But this never troubled Mr. Cobb, further than to give him an unpleasant conception of his brother's character for whining and fault-finding.

He made it a point — and one from which I believe he never deviated — never to present the claim of his paper to patronage at the expense of another. He never sought to obtain a subscriber when by so doing he would lead a man to stop any other Universalist publication. But he claimed that each paper should stand upon its merits, and that every man should have the privilege of taking and reading just that paper which suited him best. For himself he claimed no exclusive field. It was his earnest desire to spread a knowledge of the Truth, both Social and Religious, Civil and Political, and wherever man dwelt in ignorance or in need, there was his field. He cared not how many canvassers tramped over the ground in Massachusetts. If they could present a better Universalist paper than the FREEMAN, then they had the advantage; if they could not, then his subscribers would not be likely to forsake him. He was honorable in all his transactions, and he would have spurned as an act unworthy of him an underhanded deal of any kind, and much more a deal which could militate against the interests of an honorable competitor.

Here is a heart-throb, the tuneful echo of which reached

his wife by mail about this time. He was at Wellfleet when he wrote: —

"MY DEAR WIFE, — A pleasant morning this. I am in fine health; meet with many good friends, and with a variety of interesting scenery; but I am, in the midst of all these things, getting to be somewhat lonesome, — and I may as well out with the truth of it as not. I want to meet the beaming countenance of that wife, and of those blithe and happy children, and to mingle in the loved and loving domestic group. I can go out, and work, and get along very well for two or three days; but soon the world becomes uninteresting, a lonesomeness of spirit comes over me, and I long for home. And home never tires. THERE is the living, gushing spring of the real, genuine, unfailing pleasures of life."

So much, with a few items of business, was written at Wellfleet; but as no mail went from that place on the day of writing, he took the letter with him, and finished it in Provincetown, in part as follows: —

"My mind has been a little less troubled with lonesomeness since I commenced my letter, the scenery becoming more and more interesting as I neared the end of the Cape. And this morning —— What a treat! As I was sitting down to breakfast a young lady handed me a letter which a boy had just brought from the Post Office — a letter from the CASTLE OF PEACE. I opened it, but found that I could not, with propriety of appearance, read it before folks, and so "laid it on the table." After finishing my breakfast I went away by myself and perused the precious document. How rich am I in such affection, of such a wife and such children! And that blessed boy out upon the sea! God be praised that our prayers for his safety and weal are being answered. May the good seed which we ever endeavored to implant in his youthful mind bear abundantly of heavenly fruit. How I long for his return! But I will patiently wait."

And now a peep at the close of the letter just to see how

he is keeping up that old system of work. Look at his correspondence where you will; pick up his diary, and open to any page; refer to any week, or day, of these years, and we shall find the same note of preparation, and always in the midst of labors being performed. No rest; no respite; no recreation, save such as he could gain upon his travels; his one source of comfort and recompense through it all being "Home, Sweet Home." Thus he closes the letter: —

"*Sunday Noon.*— We have had a fine meeting this forenoon. This afternoon I am to deliver a funeral discourse on occasion of the death of Br. Stull; and a lecture in the evening. I intend to start at about five o'clock to-morrow morning, that I may get over the beach to Truro before high water, and breakfast at Esquire Small's of that place. To-morrow evening I am to lecture on Temperance at Orleans; Tuesday evening, preach in Yarmouth; and Wednesday evening, lecture on Temperance in Sandwich. Then, on Thursday, I will hie me home.

"I have more ink, and a little more time for writing; but I must devote it to editorials for the Freeman. * * *

"Your devoted husband,

"S. COBB."

If I could only hold the wrist of my reader in my hand, and feel when the pulses began to weaken and flutter from a surfeit of any particular kind of food, I might know just when to change the course; but as such a source of demonstration is beyond my reach, I must be governed by my own feelings and instincts; and I am thus admonished to give an extract from another letter. There is something to me peculiarly refreshing and invigorating in these outpourings of devotional sentiment from the heart of a public man. I claim that Mr. Cobb was emphatically a GOOD MAN, and the reader who calmly and candidly peruses these pen-prints of the soul will not fail to see where we base

our claim. And, furthermore, the young man, just taking upon himself the duties and responsibilities of husband and father, and who is preparing to step forth into the world for the battle of life, cannot fail to be benefited by these things. Mark not only the cherished love of family and of home, but also mark the child-like trust in God, and the devout reliance upon His almighty power and goodness. They spring to life as naturally in his soul as spring to life the fragrant flowers beneath the warm sunshine and dewy kisses of June. The spirit which thus finds expression in the most retired and common-place passages of life — which thus mirrors itself in a correspondence meant only for the eye of one who knew him as well as he knew himself,— could not be else than pure and humble. There could be no deceit, no hollow sounding of words; but only frank and honest expression of real feeling; — no parade of language and fine sentiment, meant for the conference or prayer meeting, introduced to fill up a place in the set services of a Sabbath evening's exercises, to be forgotten on the morrow when the busy din of secular life comes on; but living, operating, and ever-present emotions, forming component parts of the every-day life of the man.

"WRENTHAM, April 16, 1843.

"MY VERY DEAR WIFE, —

"Rising in good spirits on this blessed Sabbath morn, after lifting up my soul in devotion to the Lord of the Universe, I next sit down to commune with that being whom I honor most in this lower world. In this '*lower world*,' I say; for we live in a world so named, but 'our citizenship is in heaven.' Our minds, in a measure, grasp the beauties and the joys of the two worlds.

"WIFE, will you indulge me with an occasional expression of what passes in my mind every day? I query every day whether I sufficiently appreciate the value of her who is strewing my path of life with flowers; in my absence conducting the

affairs of so large a family with judgment and propriety; and on my return, and in my presence, cheerful and happy — no reflections; no complainings; no envying of other people's estates; pleased and satisfied with a numerous, healthy, and happy family around you; the bounties of a munificent Providence; valued friends with whom to interchange the civilities of life; and a plenty for us all to do, to keep us out of mischief and melancholy; making the great good of life to consist in the cultivation of pure sentiments and affections, and the exercise of high and enlightened principles, rather than in the vapory gew-gaws of style and hollow etiquette, never failing to sympathize with, and to cheer and encourage, a devoted husband, in his many, but pleasant, cares and duties, public and private. Yes, — I do think that I form some just estimate of the value of such a life-companion. And you will pardon this free expression of sentiment from me, which I make for you, and not for the world.

* * * * * * * *

"Ever your devoted husband,

"S. COBB."

And had Mr. Cobb lived to finish his Autobiography, the world would never have seen "this free expression of sentiment." He would never have opened those old budgets to expose their heart-gems; and the most tuneful and tender of all his written epistles might have passed from remembrance when the "life-companion" for whom they were penned, had gone to join him in the Better World. It is a fact in human nature that those virtues which are born in a man — which are a part of his very being, and which remain by him as do the features that mark his countenance, or the form that distinguishes his physical frame, are very apt to be held by him in light esteem when compared with virtues which are his through trial and victory. He seems to forget that the common virtues of domestic life are not so universally exercised as they ought to be. Those little proprieties and courtesies of every-day life, which go

to make up the joy of the household, are so slight and unobtrusive in their blessed office, that they seem to be held as matters of course, which every man will gather for himself, and which no man, professing the religion of the meek and lowly Nazarine, would neglect. Mr. Cobb, with all his travel, and consequent opportunities for observation, never fully realized how far above the ordinary level of mankind he stood as regards the social and domestic virtues. Always ready and willing himself to recognize the blessings which had been bestowed upon him, and to render proper gratitude therefor, he was inclined to think that others did the same; and if he found a man unmindful of the joys of home he fancied that that man's home had no elements of brightness in it.

O, how few seem to fully appreciate these LITTLE THINGS of the Home Life that go to make up so vast a sum of weal or woe! What tiny motes they are, and yet how freighted with momentous consequence! A man with a pebble no larger than the half of a poor little pea in his closely-fitting boot is as surely deprived of comfort as though he had a mill-stone hanged about his neck. And so a tiny mote, of no more import than a single harsh, ungrateful word, or a frown, or even a chilling look, may make the whole day as dark and uncomfortable as though a blow had been struck, or a volley of curses had been poured out upon the home altar.

Not many men were as free from these little vices and improprieties of home life as was Mr. Cobb; and I claim that this freedom from those much too common evils, with a possession of the virtues of purity and propriety in his domestic relations, was the chief corner-stone, or starting-point, if I may so speak, of his whole character as a man. He would have felt like blushing had he handed one of

those old familiar, lover-like epistles to the printer; but not so his son. I honored and revered my father in that he was good and kind; and in all the traces of character he has left behind him, none speak so directly, and so forcibly and unmistakably, of his native purity and goodness of heart as do those messages of love and blessing, coming warm and impulsive from the husband and father to the wife and children.

In the month of June of this year (1843) Mr. Cobb received intelligence of the death of his mother. The following is an extract of the letter from his brother informing him of the event: —

"NORWAY, June 23. 1843.

"DEAR BROTHER, —

"It has become my duty to inform you that our justly-venerated mother is no more. She departed this life yesterday at 30 minutes past 4 P. M.

"She has been quite calm, patient, and resigned during her illness, which at times has been very distressing. She seemed desirous to have all her children with her, and mentioned that she should have been glad to have seen you, but observed that she supposed that your engagements were such that you could not leave home.

"During a few of her last days, she was unable to speak much owing to canker in her mouth; she spoke of the Saviour, as the one altogether lovely, and was heard reciting, 'Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, and bring the welcome day,' &c. In the fore part of the day (yesterday) she appeared to be in great pain and distress for some time, but became to appearance quite easy, and her desire that she might gently fall asleep in Jesus, seemed to be granted. Her exit appeared like falling into a quiet and peaceful sleep; there was not a struggle, nor a groan, nor anything that indicated distress. To-morrow at one o'clock P. M. is the time appointed for her funeral."

In this bereavement Mr. Cobb did not experience a sense

of horror, nor of painful tribulation. There was no rending of the heart-strings, as is the case with those who have educated themselves to look upon death as the "King of Terrors," and upon the grave as "a gulf of dark uncertainty." That glorious faith which he had been preaching so many years for the guidance of others in affliction, he found equal to his own wants on this sad occasion. The following remarks he penned for the FREEMAN, and they accompanied the letter from his brother in publication: —

"It was the same in this case as on the death of my father, — we received the letter bearing the tidings of the event, on the day of the burial. Could I have been informed of the event, or of the probability of it, in season, how speedily would I have gone to mingle tears of sincere affection with the other mourning children, and to devote the last offices of respect to the remains of a most worthy and venerated parent. Yes, and how gladly would I have responded to her wish to see me with her other children, that I might there have received a dying mother's blessing, and there with a child's gratitude and love, I might have added a glow of comfort to the last hour of a mother in whose life I have never known a wrong feeling, word or deed. But I knew not to be there. All her other surviving children were there; and more than all, the blessed SAVIOUR was there.

"Her age was 83 years, 6 months, and 6 days. She attained to a good old age, — and her memory is blessed. Much of the good which her children find in life, they may justly ascribe to a mother's influence."

During the month of September following Mr. Cobb visited the old homestead in Norway, then in possession of Cyrus, the oldest living brother, and while there he wrote to his family a letter from which I make the following extract: —

"I arrived at this place last evening, and sit now in the room where I have always hitherto, on my annual visits to the pater-

nal mansion, met my worthy and venerated mother. How lonesome it now appears. O that spirit of maternal love, dignity, sweetness of disposition, kindness and affection, which has always lived and presided here. May its mantle be cast upon me.

"But though that pleasant countenance I see not, and that voice which rocked the cradle of my infancy, and by the law of kindness guided my juvenile steps in the way of peace, I hear not now, yet I seem to feel her presence here. Her gentle spirit seems to whisper, 'I have only gone to a higher, a better abode, to greet thy father, and brother, and sisters, who had gone before; — and we will greet you in due time, where mortality shall be swallowed up of life.'

"All things around here, except the vacancy just mentioned, appear as usual. The genial suns and refreshing rains have blessed the peasants' toil, and are crowning them with abundance. The fields are loaded with profusion, and the widespread scene is clothed with beauty."

CHAPTER IX.

TRANSFER OF THE "GOSPEL MESSENGER," — PROGRESS OF THE DENOMINATION, — ANTI-SLAVERY RESOLUTIONS, — A DOMESTIC MORCEAU, — COMPEND OF CHRISTIAN DIVINITY.

DURING the month of August, 1843, Mr. Cobb purchased the subscription list of the "*Gospel Messenger*," a weekly denominational paper which had been published in Providence, R. I., by Rev. A. A. Davis. By this transfer the FREEMAN found its way into hundreds of families where it had not before been known, and those who had thus become subscribers to that paper by a business arrangement with which they had had nothing to do, were sure to find an honest and earnest expression of the Editor's views upon all the great and important topics of the day; and if any of them disliked his course upon the subjects of Temperance and Slavery, they were at liberty to withdraw their patronage.

There had come a change, however, over the disposition of the denomination touching these reformatory matters since the establishment of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN; and the editor thereof was beginning to see the fruits of his labors in rich abundance. It was a source of glorious satisfaction to him that he had opportunity to show to his timid brethren and co-workers that his original stand, so firmly adhered to, had been the right one.

Dear Reader, at this stage of my work I find that in order to bring these memoirs within the compass of a book such as would meet the taste and wants of the public, I must study and practise the art of condensation. In showing how the denomination gradually lifted itself up towards his stand-point I would like to present in full the proceedings of the councils and conventions, giving the Anti-Slavery resolutions adopted, and quoting the remarks of other editors thereon. But I cannot do it. The documents and extracts are before me, and the most I can do is, to take a cursory glance at them as we pass on.

On the 21st of September, 1843, the United States Convention of Universalists, in session at Akron, Ohio, considered and discussed, calmly and candidly, a series of Resolutions declaring that the enslavement of the African race in this country was wrong, "pernicious alike to the enslaved and the enslaver," and "contrary to the plainest dictates of natural justice and Christian love;" and, furthermore, that "in the light of the doctrines of Christ we feel constrained to bear testimony against the institution of Slavery as maintained in a portion of our country." These resolutions were adopted without one dissenting vote.

Upon the passage of these resolutions, and the publication of the fact to the world, Mr. Cobb took occasion to compare them with a series of resolutions which he had presented to the Massachusetts State Convention of Universalists, at New Bedford, in 1840, and which, "*were rejected on the ground that it would peril the peace and prosperity of the denomination to adopt them;* and an interest was made to get a vote that they should not even go upon the published minutes of the convention!" And yet these resolutions presented by Mr. Cobb, in 1840, were not a whit more outspoken against Slavery than were these which

the United States Convention had adopted. And in this connection Mr. Cobb reproduces the objections which were made by some of his brother editors to his purpose when he started his paper, and contrasts them with the spirit which those same editors now manifest in support of the doings of the General Convention. Only a few years before they had denounced his course as "dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the denomination," and now they not only publish these Anti-Slavery resolutions, but appear proud of the fact that the denomination is openly and publicly committed to such sentiments.

Furthermore, Mr. Cobb quotes from a secular paper an article in which the Universalist denomination is highly praised for the noble stand it has taken upon the subject of Human Liberty and Justice; and he has the satisfaction of seeing our denominational journals copy this same article with various comments of pleasure and satisfaction. One of those editors, after quoting the article in question, says, — "The secular presses are beginning to do justice to the much belied and abused Universalists."

"Dear man," answers Mr. Cobb, "that is because we have just gone about doing justice to ourselves." And then he goes on to show how long and earnestly he has been laboring to bring the denomination up to the work of "putting forth its moral strength, and developing the beauty and glory of its principles."

Surely the editor of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN had cause for rejoicing; and by these bright gleams of sunshine upon his path was he lighted on in his course of duty, feeling that while he was right he must conquer. Most men would have faltered beneath the load he bore upon his shoulders; but when he beheld the glorious results of those labors which had been put forth in behalf of Human Freedom,

how could he let fall his end of the beam? His paper had become a power in the denomination, and a power in the land; and though he was forced to struggle with all his might to meet the demands that were made upon his purse, he chose to do it rather than fall back just when the first notes of victory were sounding over the land. O, if his subscribers had only paid him what they owed, how happy, how blessed, would have been his lot! But they were many of them thoughtless, and left him to struggle on while they reaped the benefits. But let it be understood that there were some grand good men and women who took the FREEMAN — men and women who made it a rule to pay promptly in advance. Their names are on record, and I know they must be a happy and prosperous set.

As a parent Mr. Cobb was most indulgent and most generous, — indulgent in all things that could conduce to the real happiness of his children, and generous to the extent of his means; and there have been times when his great love has led him to do more than those means could warrant. He never made an aimless present to any of his loved ones, nor did he ever give merely to satisfy a craving for some new thing. His gifts were always chosen with an eye to some real benefit, and he sought, as far as possible, to combine improvement with pleasure; and I am sure that no mortal was ever happier than was he when he had succeeded in giving a real joy to his household. As I have had occasion to remark before, these little gems of domestic life — these gleams of light that flash upon the atmosphere of home, leaving a genial warmth in their train, — give most surely the spirit of the inner man. A mass of great, gaudy flowers cannot make such a bouquet as a lover of floral beauty would contemplate with satisfaction. The regal peony, the double-dyed dahlia, and the gorgeous,

fragrant rose, are beautiful in their places, and have their appropriate sphere in the bouquet; but after all you shall find that the delicate violet; the unassuming pansy; the tiny forget-me-not; and the shrinking bud, just open enough to reveal the beauties of the hidden petals, are the features that will require the most delicate arrangement, and upon the proper distribution and exhibition of which the whole thing will depend for its consummation of grace and perfection. And so it is with the human character. Great deeds, such as are generally published to the world, and are caught up and passed from lip to lip, show very much of what stuff a man is made; but if you would look down into the soul, and find those graces of disposition and gems of the heart that lift the man heavenward, you must take note of these delicate, unassuming, tiny flowers that bloom in the secret places of home, without pride, and without thought of being seen of men.

My thoughts have been turned in this direction by the following poetical *morceaux*. The first is from Mr. Cobb to his daughter on the eighteenth anniversary of her birthday, accompanied by six golden half-eagles:

IMPROMPTU ACCOMPANIMENT.

My Daughter! What a name to write!
It fills me with a proud delight.
Respectful, intellectual, pure,
Nought shall thy soul from virtue lure.

Herewith a little gift you'll find, —
Emblem, instructive, of your mind.
More rich, be sure, than gold by weight,
The mind, uprising, good and great.

To Miss E. H. Cobb, from her father —
Sylvanus Cobb.

B. Boston, April 15, 1845.

To this the affectionate daughter thus replied: —

"LINES ADDRESSED TO MY FATHER ON RECEIVING FROM HIM SIX GOLD PIECES AS A FREEDOM PRESENT."

With heartfelt pleasure I receive
This token of thy kind esteem;
Highly I'll prize this gift of thine,
And may I not ungrateful seem.

But richer far those words to me
Which speak such confidence and love; —
My utmost aim — my prayer — shall be,
Deserving of such love to prove.

As thus through life I travel on,
In virtue's path, with nought to fear,
To God my voice shall be attuned
In blessing for such parents dear.

From your daughter,
EUNICE H. COBB.

COMPEND OF DIVINITY. — In the old Parsonage Library at Malden Mr. Cobb found a musty volume, written by some follower of John Calvin, the title of which contained the word "*Compend.*" It was a Compend of some kind of religious tenets; but at this day I am unable to give more explicit information, as my only knowledge of the book has been derived from remarks I have heard my father make. When Mr. Cobb had looked the work over he thought what a good thing it would be for the Student of Universalism to have a book, something after the same style, giving a thorough and concise epitome of the principles of our faith. There was no such work in the denomination, nor was there anything in the least approximating thereto. He felt this need the more directly as he had many students under his charge, fitting for the ministry; and in explaining to them the various parts of our system of theology

such a book would not only have saved him much labor, but the student could more readily and clearly have grasped a knowledge of the principles sought after from a concise and comprehensive work which he could have studied at his leisure. From that time Mr. Cobb resolved that if he ever wrote a book, it should be a *Compend of Christian Divinity* as he understood it, and as the leading Universalists had taught it; and thenceforth, when sermonizing, and when writing theological articles for the press, he held this thought in view, so that when he finally came to the work of preparing the manuscript for the book, he had much of the material already at hand.*

In the Spring of 1845 Mr. Cobb went at the work in earnest, and by the close of the year the book was in press. It made a handsome duodecimo volume of more than four hundred pages, and was ready for delivery on the first of January, 1846. The work met with a reception which could not be otherwise than flattering to the author. Those Universalists who had occasion for a book of reference in argument with their Trinitarian opponents, found it just what they needed; while the student and the preacher

* While residing in Waterville, Me., Mr. Cobb conceived some such plan as was perfected in this work. He took for his motto the words of Isaiah: "*To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.*" And under this general head he went on with his work. He commenced at the first chapter of Genesis, and went through the Old and New Testaments, to the last chapter of Revelation, taking up first the subject of Creation, and then proceeding in regular order, taking up each important subject of the Divine Record, and considering it in the light of those grand principles of Wisdom, Power, and Goodness which all Christians are willing to ascribe to Deity. In accomplishing this he preached about eighty sermons, the result of most unremitting toil, study, and research, displaying a power of keen perception and subtile analysis, which surprised even those who knew him most intimately. When the course had been concluded some of those who had heard the whole were most anxious that the sermons should be published in book form, feeling assured that the work would be one of inestimable value to the then infant denomination. Had Mr. Cobb acceded to this request, the world would have had even then something very nearly approximating to the "COMPEND OF CHRISTIAN DIVINITY."

found it a companion of much value. Father Ballou and Father Streeter each took occasion to write for publication an extended and critical article of hearty approval and commendation. Father Ballou says, — "Could I have been favored fifty years ago with this COMPEND OF DIVINITY, how light would have been my labors to what they were." Father Streeter says, — "I know of no single work which surpasses it in value to the common student of Christianity." The press throughout New England gave favorable notice of the work, and so far as its reception by the public was concerned, the author's highest anticipations were more than realized.

I well remember that when Mr. Cobb had seen the last of the manuscript of the COMPEND in the hands of the printer, he promised himself a respite from arduous labor; but his "respite" must have consisted in the thought that a labor which he had contemplated for years had been accomplished; for I remember perfectly well that he turned directly from the printer's proof of his book to other work, taking not one additional hour from the twenty-four for social or physical recreation.

CHAPTER X.

CHARACTERISTICS AS A COSMOPOLITAN, — DEATH OF HIS BROTHER CYRUS, — TRANSFER OF THE "GOSPEL FOUNTAIN," — CHARACTERISTICS AS AN EDITOR, — THE ONE GREAT VICTORY OF HIS LIFE, — UNIVERSALIST REFORM ASSOCIATION, — SPEECHES, — A POLITICAL ANECDOTE.

BY referring to the record I find that Mr. Cobb was continually upon the move during the year 1846, and the first half of 1847, and that many of his trips bore important results. He preached in many new places, and delivered many lectures upon reform subjects in different parts of New England. I find him one week in Connecticut; another in Rhode Island; the next in New Hampshire; and then off down upon the banks of the Penobscot, preaching in Bangor, and delivering a Fourth of July oration in Orono. It would be pleasant, if we had time and space, to follow him in some of these peregrinations; but as they have little to do with the matter I am anxious to present, I shall pass them by with the simple remark that he endeavored "to do good and to communicate" wherever he went, holding the good of the community paramount to any selfish end, and striving to return to the Master a good account of the talents which had been entrusted to his keeping.

I cannot forbear mentioning in this connection, that during the many years of Mr. Cobb's extensive and continu-

ous travelling he never, to my knowledge, met with direct insult from any person. In some few cases, while acting as agent of the Middlesex County Temperance Society, he may have received some hard words from those whose craft was in danger from his teaching; but even in those cases he never left a man until he had succeeded in touching a more sensible cord in his bosom. His own deportment was always kind and gentlemanly towards all, and he was never in his long life, from early boyhood to the day of his death, so heated by passion from any cause whatever as to be led to make use of an opprobrious epithet, or vindictive rejoinder, to an opponent. To use a common expression, "He always carried a civil tongue in his head." He regarded no man for his worldly wealth or honor. It was the internal, and not the external, qualifications of a man that recommended him to his favor and esteem; hence he was led to regard every man, no matter how humble his appearance, as good and true until circumstances had proved the contrary. His religion was not to him a mere form of belief and profession; but it was an absolute and defacto power of life, giving tone to his thoughts, and direction to his steps. No matter how torn and tattered the rags that covered a child of humanity, — if he was an honorable man, reduced by misfortune, he was no less a man on account of his poverty; and if he was a fallen brother, sunk in the slough of sin and shame, Mr. Cobb's religion taught him to stop by that man's side, and put forth a helping hand. A man so governed in his daily life would not be likely to excite any one to wrath or vindictiveness; and as he never chanced to come in contact with a frenzied maniac or prowling highwayman, he lived his life without being called upon to meet any grievous assault, either by way of opprobrious speech or personal violence.

On the eighteenth day of November, 1847, Mr. Cobb's elder brother Cyrus, who, it will be remembered, had taken the old homestead, met with an accidental death by falling from one of the high beams of his barn. He had not only been a true and loving brother, ever extending a warm and cheerful welcome to those who came to visit the paternal mansion; but he had been one of the most valued and honored citizens of the town of Norway, trusted with important offices, and looked up to for advice and counsel in the conduct of municipal affairs. He left a widow and four children to mourn his loss, and a cloud of sadness settled upon the hearts of the people, which remained for a long time.

I took the letter from the post-office which bore this melancholy intelligence, and on the way over in the ferry-boat I read it. I found my father in his study when I reached home, and I remarked, as I handed to him the missive, that his brother Cyrus had been called to his rest. I knew that between the two brothers there had ever existed a warm, enduring love, based upon firm and unyielding devotion, and I wondered how my father would take the news. He read the letter carefully through; not a muscle of his face betraying any spasmodic action within; then he laid it down, and turned towards me. There was a movement of the lips, but no speech. In silence he arose to his feet, and paced to and fro across the floor several times, until finally he stopped by my side. Then he brushed his hand across his eyes, and in a voice scarcely raised above a whisper he said, —

"He was a good brother, — a true man. God will bless him!"

And he suffered himself to speak no more until the first surge of grief had passed away. It was a mighty emotion

that stirred his soul; and I thought as I saw the strong man weep in humble resignation, how grand it is to mourn in a faith that takes sure hold upon the paternal love of God.

In the month of July, 1847, Mr. Cobb purchased the subscription list of the "*Gospel Fountain*," a Universalist paper, printed at Lowell, and published in "Lowell, Mass., and Nashua, N. H." Br. William Bell had been publishing the paper, but he found it rather more of a load than he could carry, and knowing that Mr. Cobb's shoulders were broad, he turned the burden over to him. And so the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN came to embrace New Hampshire within its purchased territory. Its list was swelled, and it gained addition to its limits of circulation; but in a pecuniary point of view, Mr. Cobb gained nothing. Still he fulfilled his contract, and the "*Fountain*" subscribers had the privilege of reading now and then an article on the Reformatory side of Christianity, a privilege which some of them, if I remember rightly, took with many wry faces, as sick children take medicine.

I had intended to devote this chapter to a consideration of Mr. Cobb's influence towards bringing the Universalist denomination to its present high and noble stand upon the great reform movements of the age. In the introductory chapter I claimed that the crowning work of Mr. Cobb's life was the part he bore in the identification of the denomination of Christians to which he belonged with the spirit of the Temperance and Anti-Slavery Reforms; and so I hold it to have been. It is not saying too much to say that Sylvanus Cobb did more to this end than any other man. We have seen what was the spirit of the pulpit and of the press when he issued the prospectus for his paper, and we know what it is to-day. Even at the breaking out of the late war a Universalist minister who should have refused to

vote for the strongest kind of an Anti-Slavery resolution, couched in proper language, and dictated by the Christian spirit, would have been looked upon as a man who had got most sadly misplaced. And who has done all this? There must have been some strong power at work; and there must have been some strong men wielding that power. And more still,—those men must have been at work within the body of the denomination; for, as I have already had occasion to show, those men who "*come out*" from a body have no longer power within it; so that those ultra reformers, who cast off the social bonds and kick themselves clear of really good institutions which they fancy do not move fast enough, seldom accomplish anything beyond the gaining of now and then a proselyte. The very nature of the position they occupy precludes the possibility of their moulding the opinions of society, or of purifying institutions which they spurn and denounce. They make a noise and bluster in the world, as do the lightning-bolts that flash and stream and burst in the sky; but the electricity that works for man's use, surely and safely, is gathered in well-ordered batteries, subject to rational control, and goes forth upon its mission of usefulness, confined to the highways and by-ways which sense and judgment have established for its transit.

As I write these pages it seems hard for me to realize that a new generation has come upon the stage since Mr. Cobb established the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN. It is easy for me to trace the growth of the spirit of Reform in the denomination; but when I come to reflect that there are men and women engaged in the active business of life to-day who had not yet been born in that day, I am led to believe that they may not fully understand to whom they are indebted for the blessings they find prepared for them as they

step forth upon the stage of active being. And that such may know who has been earnestly and patiently laboring during all these years of gradual change, let us look at the record.

In the first place, it is a simple fact of history that the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN was established on purpose to supply a desideratum, — to furnish to the Universalist denomination a paper which should discuss the subjects of Temperance and Anti-Slavery, — and that it was for some years the only Universalist paper which even admitted such discussion to its columns. In the second place, we all know that a paper must depend for its general tone and character upon its editor; and I might quote many articles, from the pens of our first men, to show how Mr. Cobb was held by the discriminating portion of the public as an editor; but I have not the space. Suffice it for me to say that the fathers of our denomination recognized in him a proper type of the true Christian editor, and so expressed themselves over their own signatures.

I have been tempted to reproduce here several extracts to show the spirit in which Mr. Cobb conducted his paper; but as my space is limited, and as the articles to which my attention has been particularly directed are somewhat lengthy, I will only say, that no man ever occupied the chair editorial who more deeply realized the sacredness of "*Editorial Responsibility*" than did he; and while he stood up boldly and manfully for the "*Freedom of the Press*," he never lost sight of those proper bounds beyond which the true moral teacher should not allow his passions or his prejudices to betray him. He maintained that it was his duty, as a Christian Editor, to speak out against all wrong; and while, as an independent man, he should exercise his own judgment touching the extent and character of his opposi-

tion, he would not forget that there were bounds of propriety within the limits of which he should circumscribe himself. Did a man send to him to have his paper stopped on account of its Anti-Slavery articles, he granted the request; but he did not lessen his opposition to the giant evil. He could not look upon chattel slavery, in any light whatever, without being struck with horror, and, firmly believing that Christianity was utterly opposed to it, in every way and shape, he spared no pains towards bringing the spirit and power of the denomination of Universalists to bear against it. And here let me say to the younger portion of my readers that this was before the time of our glorious Reform Festivals. The Universalists, as a denomination, had never, in that day, made any public demonstration signifying that they had any attachment to the Reform Spirit of the age.

The first meeting of "*The Universalist General Reform Association*," was held during the month of May, 1847, and the concluding ceremony was a *Breakfast*, partaken of at Washingtonian Hall, in Bromfield Street, at eight o'clock on the morning of the 28th. About two hundred were present, and Father Ballou made the opening prayer. The day was pleasant, and the occasion was a joyous one. Many of the brethren had come up to this first meeting of the Association with fears that it might be a failure. Some had prophesied that such a demonstration of Reformatory tendencies, and the recognition of such elements as proper constituents of the denominational body, would be dangerous in the extreme. Our good Br. Adams, then of Malden, in his speech at the breakfast-table alluded to these prophesies of failure, but it did not look like a failure to him. It looked like the beginning of good things — a beginning with good hearts and strong souls — a beginning

based on God's truths, and with the strongest desire that God's truth should prevail. Filled with the spirit of the occasion, and with a countenance made resplendent by the emotions within, he electrified the audience as he repeated the lines, —

> "On ! Let all the powers within you
> For the Truth's sake go abroad !
> Strike ! Let every nerve and sinew
> Tell on ages ! — tell for God ! "

And that Breakfast, in Washingtonian Hall, twenty years ago, was the new-born child that has since grown into our glorious Reform Festivals. And here, Dear Reader, let us indulge for one moment in sober thought. To whom are we indebted, as a denomination, for these grand social gatherings with their spirit and power of moral and spiritual good? You can see that the whole thing is the offspring of REFORM. As we gather about that festive board now, after the lapse of two-score years, and feel what a glorious heritage of faith is ours — a faith that takes within its broad grasp every son and daughter of Adam — a faith that takes to itself as its own legitimate forces all that can tend to elevate man and bless him — a faith that holds the ægis of Human Liberty as the rightful inheritance of every man to shield him from oppression and wrong — a faith which makes better and happier all who possess it, — as we feel all this, do we ask ourselves, whence came the heritage? Who labored long and earnestly? — who toiled without ceasing? — who persevered and worked on, opposed by friends who feared dissension in our ranks, and by enemies whose craft was in danger? — who did all this that the Universalist denomination might be imbued with the spirit of Reform, and identify itself with the great principles of True Life and Human Liberty?

Now in his quiet office, by the midnight lamp, writing his editorials for Temperance and Freedom; anon in the country, lifting up his voice in behalf of the down trodden and the oppressed; then warm in battle with the opposers of Progress and Reform; hard at work always, and with the one great end in view; trusting, hoping, praying, and striving for the blessings we now enjoy. Surely the editor of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN did something towards gaining for us the glorious heritage. And when you next sit at the festive board of the Universalist Reform Association, will you not turn one grateful thought to the memory of him who now rests from his labors, and who was at least one of the founders of the institution you so highly prize?

No man was ever able to make Mr. Cobb understand why he should hold his politics separate from his religion. He believed that if there was any one place more than another where was needed the renovating and life-giving power of Christianity, it was at the ballot-box. First to his God — then to his Country. And how could he do his duty to his country without the governing spirit of his religion. At one of the Festivals of the Reform Association he made a speech, an extract of which will come in here very pertinently. The subject under discussion was Slavery; but not introduced by him. Other brethren had eloquently described the sinful character of Slavery, and pictured in startling colors the alarming encroachments of the slave power, when Mr. Cobb arose. The following is the concluding part of his speech as given by the Reporter: —

"I would have all Christians act upon the moral principles of Christianity in all their relations, — certainly in political relations, which are among the most important. There can never be a reform of the evils and abuses complained of, which if unchecked will soon destroy our country, until the old political

parties are broken up, or abandoned, and the people act as a great Christian and American people, on Christian and American principles. As matters are now conducted, we might as well let the little knots of trading politicians in their respective districts appoint all the officers, and the people stay at home and take the consequences. In every section there are knots of trading politicians, or political gamesters, who make of this game their living. They care no more for the question of right, or for the moral and social interest of the people, than the technical gambler. They arrange among themselves as to the distribution of the offices; and when the caucus is assembled, though a few of the honest people may be there, these gamesters are expert in the tactics of their profession, they are instant to get up the organization from among themselves, including the nominating committee to serve their purpose. Their nomination being made, the *people* have nothing to do but to *walk* straight up to the ballot-box, and vote the nomination. It is the law of the parties that every member shall vote the regular nomination, or suffer capital punishment. It would be just as well, and would be a great saving of time and expense, for each member of the party to have a man of straw prepared as his representative, and placed outside of his front door election-day morning, labelled Whig or Democrat, and let the political leaders gather up these straw men, each according to the label, and cart them to the polls, and shake out into the ballot-box the vote that shall be placed in their fingers.

"This voting the regular nomination is all well enough, when all is right at head-quarters. But the people must see to it that their own sentiments are represented, and their moral principles are not outraged. They must teach the party leaders that unless they put in nomination good and true men, known to be trustworthy for their integrity to just and upright principles and measures, they shall find themselves alone, despised and rejected. In this way only can the lamented evils which prey upon us be removed, and greater evils be prevented.

"To illustrate the manner of political management, and enslavement to party, I will, said Mr. Cobb, if my friends will excuse the seeming egotism, relate an item in my own experience. I was once and again, for some reason or other, constituted a member of the Legislature of Maine. When I had occupied a

seat in that body a short time, a certain question was acted upon, and I voted as I pleased. A day or two after I received a note from an honorable Senator, an old Universalist friend, requesting a call upon him in a given lobby at a given hour. I promptly complied. 'It is reported,' said my friend, 'that you voted so and so on such a question. I have taken the liberty to contradict the report, but I thought I would have the contradiction from your own mouth.' 'Then,' said I, 'you owe it to truth and to me to correct, forthwith, your misrepresentation of me.' 'But I thought,' he said with great earnestness, 'that you were of *our party!*' 'Of *whose* party?' I inquired. 'I thought you were a *Democrat.*' 'And I *am* a Democrat,' I said with emphasis; 'a Democrat upon *principle;* and hence the vote I have cast.' And I proceeded to show him that mine was the true Democratic principle in the case. 'Yes, yes,' said he, 'I see it. But then *we must go for our party.*' 'Indeed,' I replied with indignation, 'if you suppose I have come here to be tied as a bobtail to the kite of a party, so that when my constituents ask me why I acted thus and so, I can give no other reason than that *my party did so!*—you mistake your man.' And he troubled me no more.

"But when a man is thus arraigned, who is looking for political preferment, and feels dependent on the power of his party, what is he to do? Aye, what is he to do? Let the *people* tell him what to do. Let their conduct assure him that if he will stand up as a man, and maintain the right, *they* will take care of his preferment; and that otherwise, they will shake him off as a viper from their hands.

"I tell you, my friends, we must cast the party divinities to the moles and the bats, and be a Christian people in our political relations and actions. Then shall our country be saved, and posterity rise up and call us blessed."

That was Mr. Cobb's position as a politician. Upon all questions involving the moral duty of the country, or of the individuals composing the government thereof, he knew no politics but CHRISTIANITY; and on all questions of purely a political nature, having to do with measures for promoting the thrift and success of the people, and developing

the material wealth of the country, he knew no politics but RIGHT. That was his ground, and he never swerved from it. He never took advantage of the ministerial garb beneath which to conceal his party preferences. He regarded man's political duty as one of the highest and most sacred, and he would perform it openly and boldly, and speak out thereupon when he deemed that occasion required.

CHAPTER XI.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A LEADER, — ARTICLES OF CONDEMNATION AND JUSTIFICATION, — THE COMPROMISE OF 1850, — "ASSAULTS UPON THE CLERGY," — HIS TRUE CONSERVATISM, — THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW, — A DEMISE DOWN SOUTH, — BUILDERS UPON FOUNDATION, — RESULT OF THE RECORD.

ANY man, possessing a fair degree of intellect, and moved by zeal and earnestness, with the accompaniments of will and perseverance, may succeed in raising a sect, or party, to follow him into even the most wild and whimsical paths. No *soi-disant* reformer was ever yet so extravagant and rabid that he could not find proselytes. But the man who would help lead a numerous body of staid, respectable, and intellectual Christians up to a new and higher stand-point of moral and social truth must needs be the possessor of stern and sterling qualities of head and heart. He must not only himself be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his mission, but he must be a careful and candid student of human nature; a cool, comprehensive reasoner; and he must be willing to accept society as he finds it, and make the best use of such instrumentalities as come to his hand.

Now we claim that Mr. Cobb possessed all these qualities in a high degree. He was never inclined to fly off on a tangent; but there was enough of conservatism in his nature to give proper centripetal force to his reformatory

movements. The chief centre of his aim was the good of man, and he allowed no wild longing after impossible things to break the attraction that held him within the circle of judgment and common sense. As I have before remarked, had his mind in youth taken a turn to the study of Law instead of Divinity, he would have made a most able and reliable judge. All his tendencies of thought and action eminently fitted him for such a position. But he found his true place outside the legal bar. His it was to be a leader in the Universalist denomination; and he was a safe one. None who knew him feared to trust him. When the giants of the Orthodox school of theology led their hosts against the citadel of Universalism, all were willing that Sylvanus Cobb should take the field against them. Let Orthodoxy send forth its strongest man, and when it was known that Mr. Cobb had gone out to meet him, all fears for the result were banished.

And as it was in the field of theology so it was in the field of Reform; only in the latter case he had more to contend against; for not only were the open enemies of Liberty and Equality arrayed against him, but of his own denominational household there were many who would hold him back, and who did really "give aid and comfort to the enemy."

In this chapter it is my purpose to pursue the theme introduced into the one preceding — showing how Mr. Cobb, by his steady, untiring, and persistent course, tempered with moderation and kindness, did his part towards bringing the Universalist denomination to the high and noble stand it now occupies in the world of moral and social Reform.

In the Spring of 1846 the "*Star in the West*," a Univer-

salist paper published by Mr. Gurley, put forth the following complimentary notice: —

"CHRISTIAN FREEMAN.

"This paper is published in Boston, is a trifle larger than the '*Star*,' well printed, and sells at $2 per year. Br. S. Cobb is editor; and he is assisted by the able pen of Br. H. Bacon, who is editor of the '*Ladies' Repository*.' It is devoted to the cause of Universalism, and contains the passing news of the day, and good miscellaneous articles for family reading. We regard Br. Cobb as an able man; a critical, although (like many of us) not a very polished writer. He publishes and preaches very sound doctrine — and we look upon him as very Orthodox in theology. We are compelled, however, to dissent from his policy on the subject of slavery — fully believing that his keeping in his paper the abolition question prominent, can do no good but must result in harm. And his late advice to our preachers to either preach what we should call modern abolitionism at the South, or stay away from it, we consider perfectly suicidal, and not at all in correspondence with his general good sense, or the teachings and example of Christ and his Apostles. He thinks differently of course; and everybody knows that he has just as good a right to his opinion as I have to mine. We wish him, and all our editors, great success in infusing into the lump of humanity the *leaven* of the gospel, which shall finally leaven the whole lump, and purge out whatever is impure and unholy."

To this Mr. Cobb replied in his usual straightforward, brotherly manner. First, he gracefully acknowledges the complimentary portion, and then proceeds to explain to his Brother Gurley the true bearing of the "*Christian Principle*," and to examine into the proper methods of promulgating those principles, even among slaveholders. He does not believe that this Christian Principle can be carried to the hearts of men with any degree of saving or redeeming power by allowing it to close its discriminating vision to any great sin. Once admit that a certain thing is abso-

lutely wrong, and we can gain nothing for our religion by attempting to wink that wrong out of sight. But the Editor of the FREEMAN finds ready at hand a crushing rejoinder to his timid brother's fears of harm from the keeping of the abolition question prominent in his columns. He copies from C. M. Clay's paper, published in Lexington, Kentucky, an article in which is considered the subject of the passage of an Anti-Slavery protest and resolutions by the Universalist Convention, wherein and whereby he is enabled to directly show to Br. Gurley that Mr. Clay, in a Slave State, where no Universalist clergyman is laboring, bestows a generous praise upon the Universalist denomination because of this outspoken spirit of hostility to slavery; and Mr. Cobb is furthermore enabled to show that all noble minds must give their respect to that body of Christians who square their speech and actions by the true spirit of the religion they profess.

Mr. Cobb's most violent opposer never thought of calling in question his love of Universalism. No man could know him intimately without discovering that Universalism was the one power of earth that he worshipped; and he worshipped it because he believed its spirit was of God. And then, in these years of his stalwart manhood he had a most undoubted right to claim and exercise a little authority in the Universalist ranks. He had been not only one among the first of its preachers, but he had been one of the faithful husbandmen who had sowed the seed in new places. In these years of which I write there were all over New England flourishing societies that had grown up from the seed which he had placed in the soil, and there were talented and hard-working brethren of the faith who had gained from him the light that guided their religious steps. So he had a right to love the household of the faith; he had a

right to assume one of the humble places of leadership: and thus loving, and thus leading, who shall say that he had not the right to labor for what he honestly believed to be the legitimate aim of the blessed gospel? But there is no need at this day that we should defend his course. Thank God! events have proved that he was right; and under the light we now enjoy there lives not a man worthy the name of Christian who would wish to deny it.

At this point I have been hesitating. I have at hand a long denunciatory article from the "*Liberator*," severely berating Mr. Cobb for his "conservatism," with the reply thereto; but I will not give it place here. Suffice it for me to say that the editor of the FREEMAN met with even more abuse from the "*extremists*," or "*come-outers*," than he did from the pro-slavery party. They saw that he was wielding much influence, and that the result of his labors, if persevered in, must be to bring the church up to the true Reformatory stand-point. Now these hot-headed men had made it an article in their creed that the church and the clergy, together with the institutions they upheld, were really stumbling-blocks in the way of Reform, and they liked not that one wearing the priestly garb, and belonging to the household of the New England clergy, should gain power in a sphere which they would arrogate to themselves. They had conceived a dislike of the church and of the clergy, and in continuation of the warfare they came to dislike and denounce about all the institutions cast in the New England religious mould. The institution of the Sabbath, especially, came in for a weighty share of their invective; and one of their *soi-disant* engines of Reform was an "Anti-Sabbath Convention." Against the influence of these men Mr. Cobb labored zealously, for he loved those institutions with his whole heart, and he clung to them as

arks of safety for the people; and in performing this labor he brought upon himself the denunciations of the whole Anti-Church and Anti-Sabbath force. Mr. Cobb admitted the errors of the church, and of the clergy, and he sought their reform.

Little cause had any man for accusing Mr. Cobb of backwardness in advocating all proper and needed reforms; and so far as his "Conservatism" went, read the following from his pen, and judge. Read it, and see how truly he spoke. Read it, and see how, at this day, nearly every true heart in the land will beat responsive to its sentiments. This is not a single article, slipped from his pen in a moment of spasmodic feeling, but it is one of many of the same kind. In fact, his columns, from week to week, bore to his readers just such stern rebukes of wrong, and earnest appeals for right. This is from an issue of the FREEMAN of March, 1850, at a time when the compromise measures of Mr. Clay upon the admission of California were under consideration, and when Mr. Webster had made that remarkable speech which so astonished his friends: —

"POLITICAL CROAKING. THE COMPROMISE.

"We do protest against the present style of croaking, by the political press of the North, in relation to the dissolution of the Union. Almost the entire political press indulges in a tone of alarm in respect to the safety of the Union, and with Northern members of Congress, suffers itself to be diverted to the discussion of ways and means for averting such a catastrophe. This is just the slavish business to which our Southern masters wished to put us.

"It is mortifying in the extreme to see our Representatives in Congress condescending to go into a discussion of *compromises* and *surmises* for saving the Union, and our political journals applauding their wisdom and patriotism in making "*discretion their better valor.*" What are they sent to the Capital to do? It

is to deliberate and legislate for the right and the good, for the present and permanent interest of the country. If they have a measure which is wrong and mischievous, or which infringes upon the constitutional rights of sister States, let there be no compromise, but an utter abandonment of their project. But if they have a measure to urge which is constitutional and right, and which is demanded by the law of republican liberty and happiness, let them not consent to compromise it away, but firmly, calmly, seasonably, justly, labor for its consummation.

"But what if secession is threatened by a sister State as the price of such a measure? What? Pass it as the idle winds, which you respect not, — and keep about your business. If we cannot have our holiest sentiments represented in our national legislature, and we may not perform our highest duties there as branches of the Federal Republic, for fear of the bowie knife, the pistol, or the secession of States, then the sooner the great bubble bursts, the better. We would not consent to occupy so degraded a position, as to sit in Congress as mere dotards, to do as any spoiled child may bid us do, under the threat of dashing out its own brains if we refuse. Depend upon it, every indulgence which Southern members extort by their threats, *endangers* the Union; for it fosters in them the spirit of tyranny, encourages further encroachments, and settles a precedent on which they will argue a prescriptive claim for such indulgence. In this way the Union will soon be made too shameful a thing to bear its own weight. It will decompose by its own putrescence.

"What is the question now? It has been pleaded by the apologists for slavery as it is, that they, and even *Southerners*, generally, are as much opposed to slavery *in the abstract* as we are. The introduction of slavery, they say, was a wicked transaction, and if it were not in our country, they would by no means have it entered. But as it is in the Southern States, and the present generation had no agency in introducing it, they are not to be blamed for its existence.

"Well, what is the question now? It is, whether we as a republic, we of the Free States even, will blast and curse the now free territories of our domain with the terrible sin and evil of slavery: Or, which is the same, whether we will open the doors of those territories to the influx of this evil. Every principle of

terity in those new and fertile coun
No hot-spur gasconade can render h

"Suppose you are in a product
A member of the firm comes to you
tensive murder and robbery for th
refuse to participate in the scheme, a
then attempts to procure your con
otherwise he will withdraw from th
threat constitute a justification of
robbery?

"No, let not our Representatives i
journals, set up their praises of a co
deliberate, calm, firm, persevering
turn their gasconade into an overt
Executive take care of them.

"We speak not as a political p
ought that bears against any one pol
a man, an American citizen, a Chr
terity are to enjoy or suffer, accordi
provide. And we speak unto wise n
would be patrons of the *Christian Fr*
say."

Let it be borne in mind by y
upon the stage of active and in

upon those compromises which threw the broad domain acquired from Mexico open to Slavery. It happened unfortunately for Massachusetts that her darling son and political idol, Daniel Webster, had committed himself to the interests of the Slave Power, and when the people came to be assured that the telegraph had not lied, those who felt party ties to be stronger than the dictates of Right and Justice, at once set themselves about devising ways and means to conceal their own chagrin, and to keep from the masses a full knowledge of the calamity that had befallen the genius of Liberty in New England. Of course one of the things necessary to be done to this end was to close the lips of the clergy; and to accomplish this they resorted to all means that lay within their power. With some they succeeded; but not with all. Especially among the Liberal Christians there had come up a power that was not to be crushed so easily; and they found many ministers who were bold and fearless in speaking the truth as they understood it; and among this number was Mr. Cobb. Not only for himself did he cry out against the monstrous wrong; but he strove to speak for the denomination. By every means within his reach did he seek to educate his people up to the standard of direct and open opposition to the Slave Power; and when the politicians flung their slurs and accusations against him he was ready with his answer.

During the year 1846 Rev. L. S. Everett had editorial charge of a Universalist paper published in Buffalo, N. Y., entitled the "*Western Evangelist*," and in his issue of July 11th he took occasion to come down with great severity upon Mr. Cobb. He commenced his article by alluding to the "fearful spread of Infidelity" brought about by the seductive teachings of Theodore Parker; and then he goes on to claim that things have come out "just as he ex-

pected." He had "warned Br. Cobb" of the result years before. If Br. Cobb had turned his attention to preaching a "Risen Saviour" instead of preaching "Abolitionism," all this might not have occurred. He did not expect that his advice would be heeded; but, for all that, he would once more advise Br. Cobb to let those "exciting topics" alone for the future.

In the same number of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN which contains the editor's notice of this article (the issue of July 31,) appears a commendatory epistle from Dr. Allen, of Deckertown, N. J., from which I make the following extract. The letter commences by speaking of the Presbyterian character of the neighborhood in which the writer resides, and of the refreshing influence of the FREEMAN'S religious articles, not only upon himself, but also upon many of his friends; and thus he concludes:—

"But in reference to that other mighty reform — the abolition of Slavery — the Christian Freeman is doing a noble work, both for the honor of Universalism and the cause of Philanthropy. And here I would ask, if we do not, in virtue of our professions, owe it to the world to take high ground here? By what other people can the great doctrine of human brotherhood be proclaimed if not by us? Can we excuse ourselves at this day of light, for confining our labors wholly to the controverted points of sectarian theology, without following them out to their legitimate bearings on the great reforms of the age, and enforcing their practical application there? To declare the equality of man in the sight of God, the universal paternity of the Father, the common brotherhood and common destiny of the race, these are the grand leading-points of our religion, and can these doctrines be held by those who will not 'protest' against human slavery? The very idea involves a solecism that shocks the sense. And yet I grieve to acknowledge that our friends of New York have never dropt a word in the *Union*, by which we could learn that over three hundred of our clergymen had published a solemn protest against this mammoth sin. Yet so it is.

No allusion whatever to the circumstance has, to my knowledge, ever yet appeared in its columns. I know not their motives. But the fact alone, I need not say, detracts largely, in my estimation, from the value of their otherwise acceptable and very useful labors. Brethren of New York! your course is noticed. Is Universalism too *good* to be put in practice, or too evil? Can man hold his brother in chains, and Universalism look on and smile? The world beholds the incongruity of this. And let me say, the world is rising up in judgment against all who are guilty of it.

"Br. Cobb, go on! The prayers of the good are with you. A glorious triumph awaits us.

"Yours very truly,

"C. ALLEN, M.D."

If Mr. Cobb's lucubrations had been refreshing to the doctor, he might have rested under the assurance that his friendly epistle was equally refreshing to the toil-worn and harassed editor.

The man who would be a safe leader in any enterprise must be one who is willing to give a projected movement fair examination in all its bearings; and he who would be a successful leader in Reform must have enough of conservatism in his composition to admit of a just and discriminating consideration of those points which involve human expediency; because even in pursuing the path of absolute right a proper degree of caution is never out of place. The true surgeon will be very careful about performing a capital operation upon his patient which his judgment tells him may prove fatal. In certain diseases very powerful medicines are needed; but your honest and trustworthy physician will, in regulating the times and the quantities of the doses thereof, be governed as much, and perhaps more, by a consideration of the possible dangers to the general system of the medicine, than by a simple consideration of the curative effect desired. And so in the

polity of Reform, the true and trustworthy leader will never forget the great body of the country, and the dangers to which its system is liable; and in the administering of his medicine he will look to it that he does not give doses which will create greater evils than those he seeks to eradicate.

Mr. Cobb had, in our humble estimation, just enough of this spirit of conservatism to qualify him in an eminent degree for the position he occupied — a Pioneer of Reform in the Universalist Denomination. Upon the occasion of the "John Brown Tragedy" he improved the opportunity to read to the country a valuable lecture upon the subject of the Nation's Duties and Responsibilities. He did not propose to make a saint of John Brown; but he showed how, by a regular process of ratiocination, that man had come to regard the course he pursued as a sacred duty, due alike to his God and to his fellow-men. And in closing a lengthy article Mr. Cobb tells to the country just what they must expect if this abomination of Slavery is further upheld and fostered; and in finishing his prophetic picture he quotes from the 28th chapter of Isaiah verses 14–19. He reads in this John Brown Tragedy the signs of coming destruction. Either Slavery must be destroyed, or our Nation must follow other nations that have persisted in upholding wrongs that were alike opposed to the laws of God and to the best interests of man.

The words of men, spoken with seeming inspiration, when the heart was warm for humanity, and the vision of reason had grasped, as if by sight, the consequences of persistence in great wrongs, have been handed down as prophecies; and why may we not say that Mr. Cobb spoke with prophetic power and vision when he pictured the evils that were to come upon our country from the nurture and spread

of Slavery? I have, at this writing, a large number of extracts from his written articles and speeches, all foretelling what would surely come to pass of calamity and destruction to the country if the giant wrong of Slavery were not put back, and its insolent demands spurned by an enlightened people; but I need not give them place here. I have enough of extractive matter without them; but I may be allowed to say that the destruction of Jerusalem, in the event of a continuance of the abominations of the Jewish people, was not more vigorously and startlingly portrayed than was that calamity which has already befallen this country prophetically portrayed by Mr. Cobb!

There is something instructive, and at the same time amusingly significant, in the course pursued by some of our ministering brethren when they found that the abomination of Slavery was really and truly swallowing up the very liberties of the American people. In other times they had been fearful of the result of admitting discussion upon the subject into the denomination; but when there came an act which stirred their souls so deeply that they could bear it no longer, *then* they felt that their duties as ministers of the Gospel required them to speak out. One noble-hearted father in the denomination, whose caution had led him to be wary of meddling with "vexing questions," when the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, concluded he had borne enough; and straightway he wrote a letter to the editor of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN thanking him for his course in relation to that abominable enactment; and then he goes on to say, —

"I have always been conservative and moderate on all agitations concerning slavery. I am so now. But, the law in question, is *so manifestly unconstitutional* and *anti-Christian*, that I can obey it only, in suffering its unjust fines and penalties. Others

may do as they think right. For one, I have examined the whole subject, and am prepared to defend the ground I take. If I cannot do it, I will, for the first time, acknowledge myself beaten. Still, I cling to the *Union* of *States*, so long as they *are* States; whilst I deny the unauthorized usurpation of Congress, as exhibited in the Fugitive Slave Law. This is not a *party* question; if it were, I would not, in my ministerial capacity, meddle with it. It is a question of civil rights, of morals, of religion, in which every citizen has an interest, and a right to speak freely."

Among the extracts at my elbow I find one clipped from the editorial page of the Freeman, headed — "GOING — GOING — GONE!" and it gives an account of the decease of a so-called Universalist paper, ycleped "*The Gospel Messenger*," published in the State of Alabama. I also find numerous articles of discussion between the editors of the FREEMAN and of the Southern paper upon the subject of Slavery; but we may sum up the whole thing in a very few words. The Southern editor had claimed that the Universalists, as a denomination, should let the subject of Slavery alone, so that the doctrine might be promulgated in the Southern States, to which, in considering the event of the demise of the Alabama paper, Mr. Cobb replies: —

"Brethren, — You are laboring to uphold and justify Slavery, that you may be permitted to labor for the upbuilding of Universalism in the South. But do you not see that the very institution which you are laboring to sustain, is itself destroying Universalism as fast as you can build it? Father Winchester labored to promulgate our religion in the South as early as Murray commenced his labors in the North. Efforts of this sort have been continued, as far as opportunities offered, ever since. And how does the matter stand? Why, in the Free States there are about twenty Universalist publications, weekly and monthly, in successful operation, and most of them are well sustained. In the South, *one paper alone cannot find support!* And our cause in its other aspects, except in a few places near the border of freedom, will well nigh compare with the case of the paper."

One of the grandest efforts of Mr. Cobb at speech-making was his response to a sentiment given on the occasion of the Universalist Reform Festival in 1855. The sentiment was, "OUR DENOMINATION — *Builders upon Foundation.*" The speech was literally a summing up of the results of his labors and observations during his long term of service as a worker in the field of Reform; and certainly no laborer of them all was better qualified to speak upon that subject with understanding than was he. He not only comprehended the glorious beauties of our denominational fabric, with its characteristics and adornments of all the graces and virtues and beatitudes of Christianity, but he fully understood what was necessary to support the superstructure. Wisdom might contrive, and Beauty might adorn, until a fabric had been reared that should command the admiration of the world, but what could it avail if there were not Strength to support. If the *Foundation* were faulty we could have little reason to congratulate ourselves upon the architectural glories of the superstructure. And then he went on to examine the various methods of those who have come forward with plans for the remodelling of our great social, moral, and religious fabric; and in the end he showed that only the true Christian, building upon the Foundation of the Gospel in its purity, could hope to be a successful workman. It was a noble effort, and those who heard it will never forget its power and pathos. He spoke as one having authority, by reason of long and faithful service; and he spoke to the point and to the purpose.

The lips that uttered these words are now hushed in the sleep of death, and the pen that wrote so much for humanity has dropped from the fingers that may no more wield it. But for the man there can be no such thing as dying. He has performed his labors in this lower world; he has expended the talents which were placed in his keeping; and

the Master has called him home. In spirit he is with us now; and for ages yet to come, when the brethren of the household of our glorious faith meet in social council, there shall be with them an operative influence of good, coming down through the lapse of time, from the lips and the pen of him who "TRIED TO BE A FAITHFUL SERVANT OF THE LORD."

So far as the distinctive doctrines of Universalism are concerned Mr. Cobb may claim no higher place than a faithful "Member of the Old Guard;" but when we judge of Universalism as one of the great social and moral powers of Progress and Reform — when we come to view it as a Palladium of Human Liberty set up in the midst of the people — then I claim for Sylvanus Cobb that he was a Leader of even the "Old Guard" itself. Does not the record bear me out? Where were the rank and file of the "Old Guard" of the denomination when he threw his banner of Reform to the breeze? — and where are they to-day? What, in that early day, was the spirit of the Universalist press and pulpit touching those vital questions of a Nation's weal, to the solution of which he gave the best energies of his life? — and what was that spirit when his life-labor was accomplished? I claim not that he did it all. — God forbid! But I claim that he did much — that he did enough to place his name high upon the roll of honor and of fame. Most assuredly did he accomplish the possibility of life enjoined by the sweet Bard of Erin: —

"Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,
This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities! —
Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,
When he might build him a proud Temple there, —
A NAME — that long shall hallow all its space,
And be each purer soul's high resting-place!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE EAST BOSTON HOME, — ENLARGEMENT OF HIS PAPER, — VALUE OF OLD BILLS, — THE TIME FOR A SILVER WEDDING, — LOOKING BACK FROM THE END OF HIS FIRST HALF CENTURY, — IDEAS OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT, — JOURNEYINGS AND JOTTINGS, — AN ANECDOTAL SCRAP.

WE now come back to something like order in dates, and proceed with the more prominent and interesting events in the life of Mr. Cobb. In the first place let it be understood that he had found an abiding-place upon the headland of Noddle's Island that suited him. The "CASTLE OF PEACE" was to him a pleasant home, and while he lived he saw not another spot for which he would exchange the site upon which his mansion stood. He thus speaks after having resided there nearly five years: —

"The weather has been excessively hot in this region for the past week. In the heart of the city it has been impossible to 'keep cool.' Not only has the sun scorched by day, but the people complain that they have not been able to get refreshing sleep by night, by reason of the heated state of the sluggish air.

"But we suffer none of this debilitating night heat in our domicil at East Boston. Situated on the summit of Belmont, in the first section, back of the site of old Fort Strong, we have the pure breezes from the Harbor, freighted with the perfume of the white clover of the Commons, and of the surrounding gardens. We sit by our window and snuff pleasure and health, and sleep with open windows, in an influx of air as pure as the breath of Aurora. Awaking from sleep in such an atmosphere and a peace-

ful conscience, with renewed vigor we greet the rosy morning, and enter upon the duties and enjoyments of the day.

"Now there is room for a few more families in this immediate neighborhood. There are a few beautiful houses in the market, and unoccupied lots for sale; and there are families living at a poor dying rate, in crowded and stifled parts of the city, who are able to provide a residence in this spot of spots. Don't tell us of your Melroses and your Somervilles. They are very pleasant, but mere moon-shine compared with the vicinity of Belmont Square. And then you have here the combined advantages of city and country in full. Why, what if the cars start while you are speaking the concluding word of kindness to your friend, or rounding off the last end of your bargain? Five minutes' walk will carry you from the Post Office to the Ferry; five minutes more, through the refreshing breezes of the Harbor, will land you on the East Boston shore, and four or five minutes more will welcome you at your door on Belmont Square. Come and see."

There may be some "beautiful houses in the market" still; but as for those "unoccupied lots," they have all been taken up, for the health-loving people who had the means were not long in making the discovery that the vicinity of Belmont Square was the place for a comfortable home.

At the commencement of the Tenth volume of the FREEMAN, in May, 1848, Mr. Cobb enlarged his paper far beyond the size and capacity of any other Universalist weekly; and he also procured new type, and a new dress throughout. The outlay of money thus called for was large, but the publisher was determined that his patrons should have as good a paper from his office for their money as could have been procured elsewhere; and if he could, by any means within his power, present them with a better, he meant to do it. He had come now to know what was required to make a first-class, readable paper; and as he had taken the lead in other matters having to do with the inner life of the denom-

ination, so now he took the lead in those matters which appealed to the taste for the beautiful and entertaining in outward things.

It was somewhere about this time that Mr. Cobb's understanding was first fairly opened to a just appreciation of the value of the claims which had been for nine years accumulating against delinquent subscribers. There were bills to the amount of thousands of dollars due him, but they were most of them against people whom he could not conveniently reach. Away up in the north-east corner of Maine there might have been forty or fifty subscribers, scattered over an area of a thousand square miles, owing him, upon an average, four dollars each — some perhaps owed two, while others may have owed from ten to fifteen dollars. In the Western part of the State there might have been two or three hundred of these delinquents, scattered over a territory three or four times as large as the former. In New Hampshire and Vermont it was the same; and so throughout New England and New York. Small sums in a town, all the way from Quoddy Head to Lake Erie. To send a collector over this territory was impossible, for Mr. Cobb had not the money with which to pay the expenses of such an agent; and yet there were the bills upon his books, continually staring him in the face, and he sorely needed the money.

At length a gentleman, by the name of Pease, from Hallowell, I think, made his appearance in the FREEMAN office, and offered to purchase these bills. He had made that his business, and had already purchased the outstanding bills of a great many New England papers, and intended to purchase all that he could. He could not have afforded to go down into Penobscot County with only the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN bills to collect; but when he came to have in his

possession the bills of a hundred other papers, the case was different. Having the whole business in his own hands he could afford to hire agents, and set them at the work. He did no collecting on commission. He bought the bills outright — good, bad, and indifferent. If he bought the account of one subscriber residing in Nopaton, he wanted the outstanding bills of all the others residing there. Mr. Cobb examined Mr. Pease's credentials, and having received a solemn guarantee that no honorable subscriber whose poverty prevented his paying should be hard pressed, he consented to sell. But, mercy! When he came to see the figures of the return he was to receive for his bills, how his ardor was dampened! At first he could not consent to it, and he took a night to sleep upon it. For some of those accounts he was to receive thirty-three cents upon a dollar, — for some twenty cents, — for some even less than that; while for those which might be deemed current bills — bills against men whose record showed that they were good paying subscribers — he got a fair price — a price but little less than would be left after deducting a fair percentage for collecting. By and by Mr. Cobb asks himself, — "What are these bills worth to me?" and the answer comes back, — "Some of them — many of them — are worth nothing!" And he decided to sell. It was a great sacrifice when considered in the light of what he ought to have received from those subscribers; but when he reflected upon what the bills were worth to a man who had got to assume the responsibility of collecting them, he felt quite satisfied; and, on the whole, the transaction was a favorable one for him. It not only gave him a little ready money with which to wipe off obligations that were outstanding against him; but it squared his books, and banished from his sight a

thousand-and-one old accounts that had long been like so many eye-sores to him.

Thus, in a measure, relieved for a time from the harassing care of running out every week to collect money for current expenses, Mr. Cobb devoted more of his time to the care of the editorial department of the paper which he had enlarged and beautified. In his address to his patrons on the occasion he says, —

"The general character of the *Freeman* will be the same which has gained it so extensive approbation. It will be decisive without dogmatism, — grave without austerity, — cheerful without levity, — philanthropic without pusilanimity, — and faithful without unkindness. While it discards Beelzebub, it will worship Jehovah. While it renounces superstition, it will reverence religion. While it respects man's *judgment* of truth, it will thank God for his *revelation* of it. While it shouts for liberty, it will plead for order. While it labors manfully and perseveringly to correct abuses and exterminate oppression and wrong, it will work assiduously to build and prosper those civil, moral, and religious institutions, which shall establish and perpetuate the right."

There was one event which I neglected to introduce in its proper place in order of time, but it will answer just as well to bring it in here. I allude to the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Cobb's marriage, which took place on the evening of September 10th, 1847. There was no "Silver Wedding" on the occasion, as that sort of thing had not then been generally introduced; but there was a happy gathering, and a joyous celebration; and the bride and groom were as gay and jubilant, and as full of hope and promise, as they had been just a quarter of a century before, when they first joined hands for the life that was to produce so much of the healthful influence through which society is purified and adorned.

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"We have this evening enjo
indeed. With nine children, all
maining under the same roof, we
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in unison to the throne of grace, l
tude to the Supreme Governor of
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words uttered — 'We thank thee,
series of years, sickness hath seld
death *never*,' our every soul seem
response of gratitude and love.
years scarcely a cloud has come
have seen cleared away to leave
with the royal poet, 'The Lord
praised.'

"We enriched our meeting by si
Collection, in the tune of 'Peterbo

" 'On thee, each morni
My waking thoug
In whom are founde
In whom my wish

"Both these tunes are favorites of our dear parents, and glad should we have been to have enjoyed your musical talents with us. After uniting in fervent prayer to God, we partook of some of the bounties of his munificent providence, and retired, each with the desire of the others' future prosperity and happiness.

"Affectionately, your daughter,

"E. H. COBB."

I may say in this place that as the years sped on, and the married life of the happy pair stretched towards half a century, the remaining children promised themselves much pleasure and satisfaction in celebrating the "Golden Wedding" with ceremonies and material accompaniments suited to the occasion; but the pleasure may not be ours. The next meeting of that family circle, when heart shall beat with heart in responsive sentiments of love and joy, must be in the home where the griefs of separation are known no more forever!

On the 19th day of July, 1848, Mr. Cobb was fifty years of age, and on that occasion he jotted down the following thoughts and reminiscences which the reader will find of more than passing interest: —

"This day, July 17th, completes a half century of my life. *It is my 50th birthday.** How wonderful is human life. I used to look up to men fifty years of age as old men. Yet I cannot think that I am old. I do not feel old, tho' I have labored hard. Time indeed flies swiftly; yet I cannot say so emphatically as some say, of the portion of my life that is passed, that it seems short, or like a dream. In looking back through the vista of years, I see a somewhat long avenue, and many prominent objects by the way. My reminiscences of the past are numerous, and interesting. It is a little more than twenty-eight years since I commenced the work of the public ministry. Of this time one

*Of course he means the 50th *anniversary* of his birthday; because, counting the day of birth the *first* birthday, then the years of life are marked by the anniversaries thereof. — MEMOIRIST.

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"Besides the above named labors, I
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of my life be devoted more faithfully and successfully to his service."

Thus far I believe no allusion has been made to Mr. Cobb's ideas and position upon the subject of Capital Punishment. As I have once had occasion to remark, he allowed no attachment to any single idea to lead him into forgetfulness of the weal of society at large. Could he have been brought to understand that the good and safety of society required the judicial taking of human life, he would have allowed no mere sentiment of horror at the thought of hanging to lead him away from what his judgment told him was the path of duty. But he did not believe that the gallows was a healthy institution. He believed that the real good of a people could not require the execution of a deed so fraught with inhumanity and horror.

Mr. Cobb wrote much, and spoke much in public, upon this subject; and his chief aim was to show that society would be the gainer by making the punishment for crime *sure* to follow the commission thereof, and also in showing to the murderously inclined that the law of a Christian people held human life as something too sacred to be taken in cold blood.

As the reader is very well aware, Mr. Cobb was, during his life-time, engaged in many important and labored discussions with various champions of the Limitarian faith, and most of these will be found noticed in order according to the respective dates of their occurrence; but there is one which I wish to notice more for the purpose of giving something like a bit of anecdotal entertainment than for anything else; and I will bring it in now while I think of it. I allude to the passage-at-arms between himself and Rev. A. W. M'Clure. While Mr. Cobb resided in Malden Mr. M'Clure was called to the pastorship of the Orthodox

Society in that town. It will be remembered that this Orthodox Society was the body which had been "left out in the cold" by the gaining of the "First Parish" property to the Universalists; and as the members of that body had never forgiven those who overcame them in that old contest, it was quite natural that their minister, when they came to settle one, should imbibe much of their prejudicial feelings. Mr. M'Clure was a warm-hearted, impulsive man, fluent and passionate, and very apt to allow his feelings to run away with his tongue, even in the pulpit. Some warm revival operations were going on in that region, which Mr. M'C. was doing much to aid, and Mr. Cobb delivered and published two sermons on the subject thereof, entitled "Christian Warnings," upon which Mr. M'Clure came out with a series of "*Lectures on ultra Universalism*," which were published in book-form.

I was but a mere child then — not more than ten years of age — but I remember those lectures very well, and I remember how different people were variously affected. Some were delighted; — those were a few of the vindictive ones who had suffered themselves to believe that the Universalists had robbed them of their property. Others were surprised, — others were astonished, — while many were chagrined and mortified. I remember how, when the book came out, I used to open to certain passages wherein personal attacks were made upon my father, and wonder at the genius of the man who could prostitute the pulpit to such invective. In fact, I read those passages as I read the sayings of the renowned Blunderbore in the then, to me, veritable history of "Jack the Giant-Killer." There was one passage in which the Reverend lecturer divided the Christian world into two vast fields, — or, one field divided into two parts, — and on one side he gathered all the patri-

archs, and prophets, and apostles, and priests, and teachers of Christendom, from the earliest days down to the present; and on the other side, coming forth to vanquish and to conquer all, he pictured "the great and mighty Sylvanus Cobb!" I remember I thought how grand it was, and I wondered if he really meant to ascribe such mighty powers to my respected progenitor. I was too young and unsophisticated then to see and comprehend the amazing wit and sarcasm of the figure. And I remember also how freely he recommended to Universalists the use of "ropes," "halters," "garters," "pistols," "butcher-knives," "fire," and the like, as instrumentalities by which they might in the twinkling of an eye throw off this tenement of clay, and leap at once into everlasting glory!

But that passage in his lectures which I particularly remember, not only on account of the oddity of the charge it prefers, but also on account of its truthfulness, is that in which he illustrates the "*insincerity of Universalists.*" Here is one of his points: —

"A second circumstance which discredits Universalist sincerity, is, that they commonly swear Orthodox oaths. Of this fact everybody is aware. Let them get angry, and you hear nothing but hell, the devil, and damnation."

I cannot imagine what the man was thinking of. He did not claim that Universalism led to profanity; but directly the opposite. If Universalists wished to be profane they were forced to flee to their Orthodox friends to borrow their oaths. And then, as though entirely forgetting where he was, and in what garb he stood, he gave his hearers an example of "Universalist swearing." Here it is, as it came from his lips, and as it was published in the first edition of

his book, — though I believe that in subsequent editions this, with some other passages, has been stricken out: —

"To set this subject clearly before you, suppose you should hear a married couple of that persuasion engage in high debate, and attempting to scold in consistency with their doctrine.

"*Husband.* My dear, I wish the angel Gabriel had you.

"*Wife.* My love, I wish you was in glory, with all my heart; you are not fit to live anywhere else!

"*Husband.* O, you torment! I swear I wish you was blessed: God save your cursed soul to heaven!"

Mr. Cobb, in paying his compliments to the book, thus speaks of this passage: —

"See, kind reader, what a masterly painting the Reverend lecturer has drawn of the moral force of Universalism. Here is a husband, angered in a guardless moment, — and he opens his mouth to curse his wife. The curse is half way down his tongue, when he happens to think of Universalism, and out comes a blessing. The wife, too, in a momentary pet, undertakes to curse her husband, and with the curse nearly spoken, she thinks of Universalism, and the word becomes a blessing. How sublime is the moral power of that religion, the very thought of which, even in the moment of turmoil and passion, will change a curse to a blessing, and sweeten wrath to love and peace. And such is the moral power which this Goliah of Orthodoxy is constrained by his own moral instincts to ascribe to Universalism.

"In behalf of the Universalist denomination, we tender thanks to Mr. M'Clure for his just rebuke of those nominal members of our order who meanly steal from Orthodoxy the very constituent elements of their most shameful practices."

And in closing this chapter allow me to say, what may have been said in substance already, and what I may allude to again, that no man had a better right to speak freely against profanity than had Mr. Cobb, for I believe that during the whole of his life there was never heard from his

lips a low, passionate expletive of any description. No such phrases as "My gracious!" "My conscience!" nor anything that could take the place thereof in spirit and intent, were in his vocabulary. There was something really peculiar in his utter freedom from everything of the kind. Surely

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple."

SIGNS OF WEAR, — THE CHI
"NEW YEAR" TO THE UNB
THUR, — HIS SICKNESS AND
HER DEPARTURE.

A MAN of iron, with nerves
of his entire immunity from the
work and extreme mental and
set above the narrow limits
seemed almost to be the Editor
And yet that man was made lik
subject to physical laws, and wi
estopped from bearing along th
messages of sense and pain. E
the second half-century of his
tokens of wear upon his stalwar
in his back, near the scapular re
there were times when much s
But he thought of "rheumatis
and paid no heed. Early and
deeming that he was never stro

ing touch upon the machinery that had borne so much; but in years then to come the son who read his sermon for him on that occasion was to behold that blighting finger-touch, and was to see whence arose the trouble which he, bold, fearless man, held so lightly!

As I write these lines I have at my elbow, clipped from the columns of his paper, numerous articles highly commendatory of his course as an editor, and of the general tone and character of his publication. Among them I find a communication from a poor widow who must stop her paper because she can no longer afford to take it. Her husband is gone, and she must, in justice to her children, curtail her expenses, even to the sacrifice of the weekly visits of the Friend she had learned to love so well. And does Mr. Cobb draw his pen across that woman's name on the page of his mail-book? No, no. It was not his nature. Thus his pen moves: — "If that bereaved family will accept the FREEMAN another year, it is theirs in welcome."

A small thing, — a simple stroke of the pen; — but it was the impulse of the heart of a man who would have bestowed thousands had they been his to give.

I love to look over those documents. They are treasures to me, bearing a gem in every line, — indices along his pathway of earth, pointing out the thickly crowding events of his useful life as they transpired; — precious to his loved ones; but they might fail to interest the general reader, and I pass them by.

On Christmas evening, 1850, was introduced into the "Castle" a custom, or ceremony, which was followed up while there were members enough of the family within call to make it interesting. The following account, taken from the FREEMAN, will give an idea of the joyous occasion; for

I remember very well that it was both joyous and jubilant; and the youngest child of them all, clapping its tiny hands in delight over the glittering bestowment of Santa Claus, was not more pleased and gratified, and moved to blissful realization, than was the stout patriarch from whose loins that family had sprung: —

"OUR CHRISTMAS TREE.

"On the evening of the 25th we introduced into our domicile the ceremony of the CHRISTMAS TREE. The Tree was a native Pine of Malden, a present from our friend, George Sargent. This was erected in the Parlor; and suspended on its branches, and orderly arranged upon the pedestal, were Boxes, Books, Gloves, Furs, Fans, Jewelry, Dresses, Kerchiefs, Penknives, Brushes, Combs, Baskets, Pens, Stationery, recently published Games for the amusement and instruction of the young, Toys of various kinds, Confectionery, &c., &c., each article being labelled with the name of the subject of the gift. Among the generous contributors to this richly laden Tree, were our friends, B. B. Mussey, Esq., Phillips & Sampson, Abel Tompkins, Esq., Ticknor, Reed & Co., James French, Wm. B. Little, Crosby and Nichols, Anson Peck, and Heyer & Co. A spread table in a corner of the room was loaded with varieties of rich and delicately manufactured cake, all a contribution from Charles Copeland, and nuts and fruits, from Gilson & Henry.

"At half past 7 o'clock, when the Queen of the Castle, with a little of our assistance, had got all these matters arranged in secret, a message was sent to the waiting family in the chamber, which, with children and grand-children, made a company of fifteen, besides three or four visiting friends, and they marched in procession into the illuminated parlors. As they entered, filed, and formed in front of the generous *Christmas Tree*, their sweetly varying voices, from the manhood of twenty-eight to the childhood of three years, chimed in loud and repeated huzzas. They surrounded the Tree, progressively spied out their respective labels upon the gifts of Kriss Kringle, an exercise which occupied some thirty minutes. Then refreshments were served, —

after which the Tree was harvested, each gathering his or her own, — and this was an agreeable labor.

"The harvest being finished, all becoming possessed of their portions respectively of the *products* of the *Tree*, the residue of the evening was spent in music, conversation, and experimenting on the new Games, till 10 o'clock, when, as an exercise than which none was more interesting, we sung two Christmas hymns from the Family Singing Book, to the tunes of Sherburn and Westbrook, in which all but the little grand-children were able to join. Then followed prayer and thanksgiving. And should not a family offer prayer and praise upon the altar of glowing hearts, who live in the blessed light of Christ, whose birth we celebrated?

"Such is a brief history of the CHRISTMAS TREE, in the house of Sylvanus, Dec. 25, 1850."

At the opening of the year 1851, Mr. Cobb wished his kind Friends and Patrons A HAPPY NEW YEAR through the columns of his paper, and thereupon took occasion to indulge in a little retrospection of the past, and healthy resolve for the future. He asks: —

"And what are we to accomplish? What shall the now current half of the nineteenth century bring to pass in our country and world? The past half has accomplished much. When we take a retrospect of the last fifty years, and see what progress has been made in the sciences, the arts, and in religious knowledge, we inquire with solicitous interest, can the future fifty accomplish so much? If it does, where shall we be, or where will our children be, in the year 1900? We cannot attempt to measure the height and distance of the world's progress.

"There is no one branch of human improvement which equals that in the mode and expedition of conveyance. Soon after we moved to Massachusetts, twenty-three years ago, we had occasion to ride through Brighton, and seeing a nicely graded road in progress, we were informed, upon our inquiry, that it was to be a *railroad* from Boston to Worcester. We believe the *Lowell* railroad was then nearly finished. When the cost was estimated, it was generally apprehended that the speculation

for the increasing good of God's
such as might be expected from
that on such occasions he ner
labors he had planned to per
world better and happier.

On Thanksgiving day of 185
all assembled beneath the old
for another of those festive occ
sure to yield much of pure and
following is the father's record: -

"We had beautiful weather for t
a pleasant occasion — this annual T
appointment. It makes the intere
tered families were gathered toget
mingled souls, and renewed old affe
tic happiness.

"To us it was a glorious day.
teen, with our children and grandch
and thankful.

"In the evening we dedicated
grandchildren, daughter and son
Printer of the *Freeman*. By the na
uel Tucker, they were, in the in
father Murray, filially confided for

appointment which the family were to enjoy with a band unbroken. The time was approaching when one of their number was to be taken from them —

"* * * * Their sweetest, fairest one,
In that it was their youngest"

JAMES ARTHUR, who was nine years of age on the 22d of December of that year, had been failing in health for some time. In his earlier childhood, before the hand of disease had been laid upon him, he was like other children who try to be good and true. He had all the loves, the instincts, and the passions of his age, and the same things pleased him and fretted him that pleased and fretted others. He was, from his infancy to his eighth year, seemingly robust and strong, and there appeared no reason why he might not grow up to stalwart manhood. During these years he was the light and joy of the household; and I cannot forget how many a hearty laugh his jocund spirit and precociousness of witticism gave us at the festive board. But as he approached the age of eight years a change came over him. Without any cause which the parents could understand his health began to fail, and his buoyancy of spirit began to give place to the thoughts and reflections of maturer years. Some time before this he had received a severe kick from a horse, the blow taking effect just below the breast on the left side, and there was some apprehension that this might have been a remote cause of the difficulty; but medical men decided otherwise. Those whose judgment was based upon long experience decided that the trouble was an organic disease of the heart. This the parents did not wish to believe; and, wishing so strongly, they sought all possible reasons for not believing.

As is often the case with children, and with older people

engage in the rough, erratic s
not have been; and, on the o
thus led the instincts of his
education been of the proper k
weakness could have called f
that cannot be developed wh
soul.

I know the reader will pardo
connection; for I do it in the fi
of interest. Remember, I do n
one whit better than are thou
over this land where Christian
nor was he more to be loved
dear sister. But, like your ow
was a good boy; he had ever b
ful child; and the home whic
brighter and better because h
speak particularly of a few thing
ition stage of his life, because t
ing. I have never known a
dweller upon earth came so nea

ume can perhaps give respectful consideration to the incident I am about to relate.

For some time the boy had been confined mostly to the house, and a greater part of the time, to his chamber. He had come to converse upon spiritual things as subjects in which he felt a deep and abiding interest; and many visiters grown to adult age gained lessons of wisdom from his lips. His Bible was his constant companion, and when he was not able to read himself, he got others to read its inspired pages for him. And to prayer he gave much attention, often requesting his parents to join with him in that devotional exercise. This could not have been the result of any influence exerted upon him at that time by others; for it was the aim of his parents, and of his brothers and sisters, to turn his mind to thoughts of worldly joys in the time to come, when he should get well and strong again. Of course they did not seek to divert his mind from these devotional and spiritual reflections. Far from it. They loved to dwell upon the holy inspiration that seemed to move his utterance. But they did not invite such conversation. Feeling that the bent of the mind, or will, had much to do with recovery from the thraldom of disease, they sought to make him think of getting well, and of joining once more in the sports of other days. But all to no avail. At times, as though to please the anxious ones who stood around him, he would speak of getting well, and of growing up to be a "great man;" but such was not the instinctive turn of his meditations.

On Saturday, December 6th, Jimmy had seemed to be more sick than usual. Towards evening, while sitting in his great easy chair, and while his eldest sister was by his side, he said to her, in a calm, rational tone, as though he

the room; and when she heard
from her darling's lips she was
paper, and write them down.
sister stood over him and press
and directly he reached up his
saying to her, — "Don't put
don't see out of my eyes as you
where my sight comes in."

The sister removed her hand
the boy beheld an angel host
was not asleep, nor was he in
the so-called "spiritual media
entirely awake, in possession of
what there might have been of
added to the normal. His eye
volition, because the moment
his brow he opened them, and
might be removed. "Oh! Wh
cried. And then, in answer to
and sister, he described what he
of little angels, gathering abo

mother wrote at the time. He had been asked if he could tell what the angels said to him:—

"'Yes, but I can't tell *you* as they tell *me*, for they *sing* it beautifully. *We* can't sing so.'

"He was then asked to *tell* what they said.

"'Keep still,' said he; 'don't talk, and I will listen and tell you.'

"'They say, "Come, little Jimmy, and be happy with us."'

"'Grandma is speaking now. She says, "You are a good little boy, Jimmy, and if you come now, I will take care of you."'

"'Uncle Eben is speaking now,' said he. 'He says Eunice and Hitty have been here to-day (these were his two daughters who had spent the night with us); write and tell them that I am happy, and if you do not get better, you shall come and be with me in this world of love and joy."'

"Again he spoke, 'Oh, this is *Sally*.' (My feelings here were indescribable; for this was a dear sister of mine, who died before I was married, and whom he knew nothing about.) He was asked what *she said* to him. 'She says, "You have a good mother, Jimmy, and if you do not stay with her, you will come here and be happy, and I will be like a sister to you."'

"After resting a few moments, apparently in deep thought, he turned to me and calmly said, 'Mother, I have *one* word more to say, and that is, if I should fall asleep, never more to awake, I want you all to live, a happy family, in peace, and often think of your dear little boy Jimmy.'

"He then looked around the room, and inquired how many were present. On being told, he sweetly said, 'There is *one* wanting, *my dear father*.' He was told that he should be immediately sent for, though we were fearful he might not arrive to see him, as he had been obliged to leave the city for a few hours. After this he seemed more quiet, and asked, 'if we should *know* when he was dead?' He felt that he was 'falling asleep.' On being assured that we *should* know, he remained, as if going to sleep, for some moments, and then brightening up, he said with a stronger voice, — 'I guess I shall live longer; I don't think I shall die now; and the *angels* said, "if I *did not* get better, I should come and be with them," and the angels are leaving me.'

In a few moments he said, 'They are going,' and again, 'They are all gone.' He seemed to see many who were waiting for him, and all appeared happy.

"Shortly after this, he turned to speak to his little niece, who stood beside him, when he said, 'O no, there is *one* angel flying around in the air, with a wreath on its little finger. *This* is my *guardian* angel.'"

After this he sank into a quiet slumber, and for a time he seemed to revive. On the following day he conversed joyfully about his vision, every particular of which was as vividly imprinted in his memory as could have been the particulars of any other actual occurrence; and during the conversation his mother asked him how he knew that the angel he had recognized as such was her sister Sally. "Because," he answered, "she told me so. The first thing she said to me was, that she was my mother's sister."

And from that hour the boy had no fears of death. In fact, he looked forward with anticipations of joy to the time when he should join that angelic band. And the influence upon the mind of his father was of the most peaceful and happifying kind, though he was by no means reconciled to the thought of giving up his darling. The following letter, written some weeks later, gives a true index of that father's feelings. No one can read it without experiencing a profound reverence for the spirit which dictated it, and a sympathy with the throbbings of his great heart: —

"SANDWICH, Sunday Noon, Jan. 25, 1852.

"MY DEAR WIFE:

"I parted with you yesterday with new and pleasing hopes, which greatly lighten and cheer my spirit. That precious little boy has the ties of affection so strongly wound around my heart that I could not give him up. And then I have great regard to the important mission which his pure and masterly mind may

perform on earth. My soul has labored in prayer night and day, that God would give and preserve unto us this noble and lovely boy; but my spirit was bowed down by the weight of a dubious prospect in this respect. I know it will be happy for him to ascend to the angelic sphere, and that, as we are to pass the ordeal which frees us from earth, it matters but little to us when that may be, as God wills. But my heart clings with a strong grasp to the idea of a noble earthly mission for our blessed James Arthur. And the result of our visit yesterday gives me much encouragement.* You know, from conversations we have often held, that I have much confidence in that method of treatment, and I have also much confidence in the diagnosis, so freely and so understandingly made, and it commends itself to my reason as correct. And I can but hope that this is a means which God has appointed, in answer to the prayers he has inspired, for relieving and restoring the darling boy. O! if he will do this, I will work with new life, and no earthly labor shall be otherwise than light and joyous.

"I do not love the less our other children. I have a sentiment in my heart that we have yet a great work to do as an unbroken band. They are all equally dear to me, from the oldest to the youngest, † * * * down through all the ages and varieties of gifts, they are beautifully adapted to that mutual aid without interference, which shall make them all parts of one harmonious and prosperous whole.

"You will, of course, apply freely the new prescriptions, which I consider safe, at least; and Jimmy will cheerfully take all with a good heart; with prospect of a relief from his sufferings; and, I hope and pray, in due time, a return to comfortable health. Let the other children render what aid they can, and they can do much, if they do it in faith, to relieve their little brother.

"Your husband most truly,

"S. COBB."

* This was in allusion to a visit made to a new physician, and for a new method of treatment.

† There follow here some words touching that "oldest" child, coming from the partiality and pride of a father's heart, which the memoirist could not properly transcribe with his own pen.

The diagnosis of this new physician was a fair and plausible one, entirely ignoring all symptoms of organic disease of the heart, and referring the origin of the difficulty to the kick of the horse, which had resulted in inflammation and ulceration in the neighborhood of the spleen. And, furthermore, as this was in accordance with the *hopes* of the parents, of course their faith was easily gained. Time passed on, and the boy failed. Sometimes he was moved to please his mother and sisters by telling them that he would like to get well and remain with them on earth; but oftener his expressed wish was that he might die, and be with those beautiful angels.

I dwell upon the circumstances connected with the sickness of little Jimmy, because they exerted a mighty influence upon Mr. Cobb's mind; and from the day of the death of that boy his faith was stronger and more firm than ever before; and the blessed promises of the Gospel, and the system of redemption therein laid down, came to be more of a solemn FACT than they had been in other times. Never before had such sermons come from his pen. After he had given that child back to the Heavenly Father he preached of heaven and heavenly things as one who had seen and felt them; and he preached of Christ with a power and pathos that moved even sluggish hearts to love and adoration of the Blessed Redeemer. It was after this cup had been pressed to his lips that the true eloquence of his soul magnified itself, and that he talked of heaven as a sphere wherein he had laid up treasure. It was after the darling one of his cherished affections had been taken to the bosom of the Redeemer that his own heart broke away from the bonds of earth, and really reached with its yearning love after that Mighty One who, in the fulness of time, was to gather all things to Himself!

The boy was asked on several occasions to describe the angels he had seen in his vision; but his powers of language failed him. He said they were clothed in white, but it was no such white as we had on earth. At his request his mother commenced to read to him the New Testament in course. One afternoon she read to him the seventeenth chapter of Matthew, wherein is an account of the Transfiguration. She had read the second verse when Jimmy put forth his hand for her to stop, and as she gazed upon him she found his countenance glowing with a happy radiance.

"That's it, mother," he cried. "That's just the way the angels looked. You know I couldn't tell you how white their robes were, — but that tells it exactly. Their faces shone like the sun, and their robes *were as white as the light.*"

Cannot the reader catch the inspiration of the boy's thought at that moment? The figure of "the light" as applied to a color had not before presented itself to his mind; and yet how simple and beautiful it was.

We cannot give an idea of the closing scene better than by copying the following from the pen of the bereaved father: —

"TUESDAY MORNING, Feb. 24th.

"Though our paper is filled, and ready for the press at early morn, yet we must pen a word for our readers in this midnight hour, asking their sympathy in our bereavement. Our blessed boy, James Arthur, the youngest of our nine children, fell calmly asleep this morning, at one o'clock. Our hearts bleed for the sundering of ties so tender and so strong, but O the blessed comfort of gospel faith, of which this little one was so bright an example. He has long contemplated, with serene and pleasant emotions, the passing hence to the world of painless, deathless life and glory. And now his sufferings are over, and he has

joined the angel band that came weeks ago to greet and bid him welcome. The God of grace and comfort be with us. Amen.

"Our last week's paper went to press before the above paragraph reached our office, and we let it go to our readers as it is this week.

"'*Our darling's gone.*' Never shall we forget this announcement, and the indescribable tones of resigned and affectionate pathos, by which we were awaked from our slumbers at one o'clock last Tuesday morning week. Two hours before, we had left our boy in the care of his eldest sister and her husband, and retired for brief repose; and at one o'clock that sister glided to our bed-side, and pathetically exclaimed, '*Our darling's gone.* Father! Mother! *Our darling's gone.*' O, the indescribable sensations produced by this announcement. Twenty-nine and a half years have passed since we united in the sacred ties which made us one for life, and forever, and nine children have been given us to form and bless our family circle, — and never before has one of the circle 'gone,' to be with us in the body no more.

"We arose quickly, and hastened to our little charge, and indeed he was quiet and at rest. O, the bleeding of severed ties, and mingled thankfulness to God. We knew he could live but to suffer. *He* could see no prospect of living but to suffer. And he wished to go and be at rest. That night he had said to his watching sister, 'Haley, I wish I could die; — when can I die?' And his wish was granted in a most beautiful manner. He had called for water, and on its being given him, he energetically pronounced it good. 'Now,' said he, 'fix my pillow.' She fixed his pillow, and he reclined his head upon it, saying, 'That is nice.' Immediately his sister, standing over him, saw his head drop slightly forward (for he was bolstered up in a sitting posture), and she looked, and saw that his spirit had gone. Not a struggle nor a gasp accompanied or followed its departure. That heaven-visited and angel-welcomed spirit was prepared to pass gently out from its earthly tenement, without another jar to a cord or muscle of that tenement. And the angelic band who had held intercourse with him, and whose converse he ever after continued to contemplate with sweetest pleasure, were the asso-

ciates and convoy of that freed spirit, according to their promise. O God, we thank thee. Thy hand, in this providence, has not sunk us deeper down, but it has raised us nearer to heaven. O God, we thank thee for thy grace, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

A *post-mortem* examination revealed that our reliable and trustworthy physicians of East Boston had been correct in their diagnosis. The heart was found to be fully twice its normal size, and a large amount of water had gathered in its membranous sac.

Fathers Ballou and Streeter attended the funeral, and rendered assistance to the pastor of the East Boston Society. Almost twenty-nine years before Father Ballou had taken into his hands and dedicated to God Mr. Cobb's first-born, and now he came to assist at the funeral of the last-born. The reader need not be told of that funeral. There were no outer badges of mourning, — nothing of form or ceremony or symbolism to tell of sadness and gloom. The hearts of the bereaved family were all lifted towards heaven, and I, for one, can truly say that the occasion was a holy and a blessed one.

Almost a year passed away, and Mr. Cobb was again called to part with a beloved child. This time his youngest daughter was taken from him, SARAH WAIT. She was a precious child; and God knows that a more fond and devoted sister never lived. Her disease was pulmonary consumption, and she lingered long, and suffered much.

Here is another letter from that great-hearted father, written when the fair blossom, just bursting into womanhood, had withered and drooped until only a seeming miracle could have restored its bloom and freshness of earthly beauty: —

"MILFORD, Jan. 2, 1853.

"MY DEAR WIFE,—

"It is Sunday evening, and I alone of all in this house am up and awake. In body I am here, but in mind and heart I am at home. O! that blessed daughter! How I pray that she may be restored! How much I had calculated upon in her, to cheer and bless us along in the evening of our days, and to do good in society. But O! what a blessing it is that she is resigned and happy! that while she would desire to live for our sakes, and for the sake of her beloved; yet, if it is the good Father's will, she is willing to go and join company with the blessed Jimmy. But Jimmy, with his glorious company, will be willing to wait, if the Father wills that she should stop with us and her friends yet many years upon the earth. May it not be so?

"I know that, as it respects herself, if she lives to rear up a family, and perhaps to suffer trials and disappointments on the way, when at length she is called from earth, she might be standing in relations and responsibilities which would render it harder than it is now. The views she has expressed to you on the subject are very beautiful, and a worthy example to us all. She has a mind to be useful if she is restored to health; and, on the other hand, to go pleasantly to the higher field of labor and enjoyment if God calls her away. This is the true frame of mind for us all. We who are now in health know not what shall be on the morrow. We cannot be truly and understandingly happy at any time but in the spirit of that precious daughter, whom we love so tenderly, feeling to be in the hand of God, who is love, and who will be the same kind Friend to-morrow, whether we are in his care here, or in the heavenly land. May God bless her with this glorious faith evermore! Yes — he WILL bless her! I have never known a child of her pure mind and Christian trust, whom the blessed Father's love has not accompanied, making all to be light and life, through to the life which never ends.

"I think much of you, my dear wife, and of your important position. O! your countenance is the very light of heavenly love to that sweet, suffering child. God will bless you! Your husband and your children will bless you! And then that faithful, loving sister, HALEY. How is dear Sarah blessed, how are

we all blessed, in her! And the affectionate brothers! I think you all over; I carry you in my heart; and I pray for you in faith. * * * * * * * *

"Good night, dear wife, blessed Sarah, and all. God guard and protect you!

"Yours ever,

"S. COBB."

When it became evident to the failing child that she must die, she said she had but one request to make of her Heavenly Father beyond what her faith led her to believe he would do for her; and that was, that her mother might be with her when she passed away, and that she might die as Jimmy died. And her prayer was answered. On the morning of January 17th, shortly before the breaking of day, her mother sat by her bedside, and, by request, sang to her the good old tune of Old Hundred. She loved to have her friends sing to her. She preferred singing to reading. A few minutes past six o'clock she requested her mother to lift her over upon her left side so that she might go to sleep. Tenderly the fond parent placed her in the required position, and then she placed her arm around her mother's neck, and looking up with a sweet smile, she said, — "That's right!" Then she reached farther out with her arm, and drew the face of the tireless watcher down until their cheeks touched; and then, clearly and distinctly, though in a tone scarcely raised above a whisper, she said, —

"SING TO ME, MOTHER."

And while the musical throbbing of her voice still vibrated upon the morning air she sank into quiet, peaceful slumber!

And so her prayer had been answered. Smiling in gratitude for the last kind office of a watching loved one,

bliss!

CHAPTER XIV.

REVIEW OF BEECHER'S "CONFLICT OF AGES," — DISCUSSION WITH DR. ADAMS, — DISCUSSION WITH HUDSON, — REFLECTIONS ON HUMAN DESTINY, — COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT, — THE CROWN OF LIFE.

THE chief labor of the year 1853 which engaged Mr. Cobb's pen was his "*Review of the* 'CONFLICT OF AGES,' *By Edward Beecher, D.D.*" There had been no book given to the public for years that had created so profound an excitement in religious circles, and especially in the Calvinistic school, as was created by this book of Dr. Beecher. The "Conflict" of which he speaks exists between man's intuitive perception and judgment of the principles of honor and right in God, and the doctrine of the eternal pain and torture which is to be meted out to so many human souls. For a reconciliation of this conflict of ages Mr. Beecher presents the hypothesis of a *pre-existence of our race.* He supposes that all men had an existence prior to their birth into this world, in a spiritual or angelic state, where they had powers and fair opportunities to secure to themselves eternal holiness and good; but sinned there, and forfeited their claim on the principles of honor and right in God. Then God created this world; and he successively sends these fallen spirits, or Satan's angels, into new-born animal bodies, designing out of the mass to redeem a church. But men have no reason to

complain of God for bringing them into this world with depraved and sinful natures, binding them to the necessity of sinning and suffering here, and eternally also, if he should not change them while here by his sovereign grace, since this sinful depravity is what we acquired unto ourselves in a previous spiritual existence.

Mr. Cobb gave this work a candid and critical review in the columns of his paper, in the course of which he labored not only to show how fatally Mr. Beecher had stabbed Orthodoxy in his conflict of ages, and how far short of the real wants of the human family his reconciliation came, but he also tried to present a system of reconciliation which would forever remove the whole difficulty. And here we have the closing paragraph of his Review, which plainly shows what he has been trying to impress upon the worthy Doctor's mind: —

"UNIVERSALISM, then, is the true system of RECONCILIATION. It is the highway of the Lord, where every mountain is brought low, and every valley is exalted; and the crooked made straight, and the rough places smooth; and the wayfaring man, though simple, may not err therein. It spreads out before you, as a field of labor, the world of facts as they are; and it sets you at work with a clear view of the affinity between your Christian labors and the effects you aim at. It presents you with a system of the creation, and providence, and purpose, and government, and judgment of God, the Father of all, harmonious with the principles of honor and right in the Creator, and with the judgment of these principles in the human soul. It creates a faith and inspires a hope, which clearly see in prospect that harmonization of all created spirits with the Eternal, from which shall flow forth the melodious voice of praise from the Universal whole, '*we thank thee, and adore thee, Lord God Almighty*, that thou hast so exerted, and doest, *and wilt, so exert thine infinite powers, and so order thine infinite example, as shall most entirely tend to our eternal good.*' AMEN."

Mr. Cobb's Review was highly esteemed by his friends, and the requests for its republication in book form were so numerous that he acceded thereto. Among the many commendatory articles from ministering brethren, I subjoin the following: —

"BR. COBB, — I want to express to you my very hearty approval of your 'Review' of Dr. Beecher's late work. It is admired in this region, by your patrons and others who have been induced to read it.

"It has been well done so far. I have heard but one opinion of it. I hope it will appear in book form, and be extensively and carefully read. Let all our friends take hold and interest themselves in giving it the circulation which it so richly deserves.

"H. JEWELL.

"*Stoneham*, Dec., 1853."

"CONCORD, N. H., Dec. 9th, 1853.

"BR. COBB, — What I may say in regard to your publishing in book form your Review of the 'Conflict of Ages,' may not make one hair white or black, but I hope you will by all means publish that Review, — do it in a cheap form so that the million may read it. Let us have *one* book advocating heaven's truth for the *sake* of the *truth*, and not so much for the sake of the *profit* — and in fact, this is the most successful method by which to make the profit in the end, in these times of large sales and small profits; but of this you are the better judge. By all means, I repeat, give us the book.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN MOORE."

Another ministering brother says, —

"The brethren you publish as being so highly pleased with your Review of Dr. Beecher, express, probably, the sentiment of all your readers. I hear but one expression about it, — everybody says, Br. Cobb has handled the discussion ably, interestingly, and triumphantly. Let the Review be published; it will make a fresh and valuable work."

The book was published, and met with quite an extensive sale; and I think the desire of Br. Moore was complied with so far as publication for sake of "profit" was concerned.

During the latter part of the year 1858, and the first part of 1859, Mr. Cobb held his celebrated discussion with Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D.D. I call it a "*celebrated*" discussion because Dr. Adams was not only an acknowledged champion of Orthodoxy, but also a noted man in other respects; and because the discussion at the time was regarded with the most profound interest by all classes of New England theologians. The following, from the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN of Dec. 10, 1858, gives the origin of the discussion: —

"In the month of May, 1858, Dr. Adams published a discourse in advocacy of the 'Reasonableness of Future Endless Punishment.' This discourse we reviewed in the columns of the *Christian Freeman*; and at the close of the Review we addressed to the author of the sermon the following

"NOTE.

"'To REV. DR. ADAMS:

"'DEAR SIR, — In your Sermon, to the review of which I have devoted some labor as above, and in last week's *Christian Freeman*, though you propose to treat the *reasonableness* of future endless punishment, yet you are perpetually falling back on the assumption that it is true, and is asserted by the Scriptures; and your argument for its *reasonableness* is but little else than an assumption based on the former assumption, to wit, that it *must* be *reasonable*, because in God's economy it is *true*.

"'And now, I respectfully invite you, and proffer you the columns of the *Christian Freeman* for the work, to show the *Scripturalness* of future endless punishment. And to avoid losing the subject in a wilderness of verbiage, and in running quotations of fragmentary Scripture passages, I propose that you select the first passage which, in your judgment, clearly

announces this doctrine; or, if it has crept into the Bible so gradually and imperceptibly that you cannot put your finger upon its beginning, select what you regard as one of the most clear and unquestionable declarations of it, and show from the subject of discourse, the natural force of the language, and the Scriptural *usus loquendi*, that it teaches such doctrine. And we will thoroughly discuss that passage before entering upon another. This will afford you an opportunity to carry your strongest reasons into several thousands of Universalist families; and I earnestly hope you will accept my proposition.

"'Yours most truly,

"'S. COBB.'

"On the morning of July 6th we received the following from

DR. ADAMS TO THE EDITOR.

"'BOSTON, July 6, 1858.

"'REV. S. COBB, *Editor of the Christian Freeman.*

"'DEAR SIR, — I have received your printed note in your paper of the 2d inst., in which you say: "And now, I respectfully invite you, and proffer you the columns of the *Christian Freeman* for the work, to show the *Scripturalness* of future endless punishment. This will afford you an opportunity to carry your strongest reasons into several thousands of Universalist families; and I earnestly hope that you will accept my proposition."

"'The form in which you propose that I should do this, viz., by an exposition of isolated proof texts, each to be debated by you before I proceed to another, does not strike me favorably. I will comply with your invitation if you will allow me to do it in my own way, — upon one condition, that there shall be no notes or comments on what I write, in the number or numbers of your paper containing my communication.

"'Very respectfully yours,

"'N. ADAMS.'

"Several notes in direct succession were subsequently interchanged between us, of which we give the following extract, which is from our second to the Doctor: —

cates of endless punishment in
Universalists, usually fill their sp
miscuous quotations from the E
mentary texts regardless of the
are taken, presenting no argumen
collected, but relying on the sound
the ear of popular prejudice. The
lows with his reply, he must emp
he deems misused, and would be c
through thus with the catalogue of
huddled together. You see the un
of this course. If you and I enter
with reverence for God's word, and
an understanding of it among ou
which I propose is just as fair for y
its main features, the only metho
work which you must do in order to
manner of use to the community.

"'You object to my plan, requiri
proof texts, each to be debated b
another." In truth my plan no m
isolated proof texts, than any oth
Your sending to me a collection
plained, and my printing them in t
be of no service. You will agree w
your reasons for

we differ, rationally, and, as Professor Stuart would say, "philologically and exegetically." * * * *

"'Yours most truly,

"'S. COBB.'

"Finally, we acceded to the method proposed by Dr. Adams, providing that he should do his complete work in argument for future endless punishment in one long article. And we now regard this as the best method. It brings his whole argument in one continuous and connected work, under seven important classifications, thus giving us at once the best thing that can be done for the doctrine in question. If this fails, the doctrine cannot be sustained.

"It will be seen by the extract of our second note to the Doctor, that we were particularly solicitous that he should show reasons for whatever applications he might make of Scripture texts to his espoused position. If it shall be found on review that he has not done this, we are sure that it is not his fault, but the difficulty is in the nature of the case. We regard the *Argument* for Future Endless Punishment as able as any that we have seen, and we do not believe a better can ever be produced. And the excellent spirit in which the work is conducted is signally creditable to the author. We commend the whole, 'Argument' and 'Review,' to the candid and prayerful perusal of the lovers of truth, in hope that, by the blessing of God, it will conduce to the honor of His declarative glory, and the spiritual interests of many people."

In entering upon this work Mr. Cobb did not commit the error of under-estimating his opponent. He realized that he had one of the "great guns" of Orthodoxy levelled against him, and he marshalled his own forces carefully and surely. But there was little of strategy in his method of conducting argument. What of strategy he used was simply in turning the arguments of his opponent back upon himself, — and this he found frequent opportunity to do; but his main dependence in argument was upon the overwhelming force of Right. In all matters touching the

against those who would limit

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Cobb's friends. I have a larg
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all felt that Mr. Cobb was jus
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appeared in the *Freeman*. The a
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satisfy all who understandingly a
great salvation. I want that disc

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the merits of his argument fo
Happiness of all God's childre

and in the power of Christ to do the will of Him who sent him, will find in this book a useful and convenient aid. Mr. Cobb himself truly says of it: —

"This Discussion is not a matter of mere transient interest. In support of Endless Punishment, it contains what able men who were educated in that doctrine pronounce as strong an argument as ever has been or as can be produced, and that by one of the most talented of Orthodox divines. In our Reply we have not been satisfied merely to show that our opponent has *not* sustained his cause, but have labored extensively to bring out the true and harmonious teachings of the Scriptures on the important topics introduced by him, so as to make the book a general Biblical Expositor in relation to the great subject in controversy. It will be adapted to the wants of mind in all time."

Even while this discussion with Dr. Adams was in progress Mr. Cobb was making arrangements for another of equal magnitude, both in labor and in importance. I allude to his Discussion with Rev. C. F. Hudson upon the subject of "HUMAN DESTINY." As the work is before the world there is no need that I should occupy space here in an extended explanation of its character. Mr. Hudson, in avoiding the theory of future endless punishment, sets up, and labors to defend, the doctrine of the Total Annihilation of the wicked. Mr. Cobb's first important proposition bears a wondrous weight of meaning in a very few words: —

"In our opinion Destructionism is a reaction of revulsion from Orthodoxy, and not a positive principle, or a result of positive principles, attained to by a de-novo study of philosophy or Scripture. It appears to us, we say it with respect, that men do not walk into it, — but they back into it from the repulsive force of the theory of endless punishment."

This belief in the total annihilation of the "finally impenitent" is more extensive than is generally supposed by

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guish, and yet whom she love
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whose name is Love, the will an
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exactly. The Prince of Dark
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portion of the human family,
torture forever! And now wha
mean when he declared that th
should see of the travail of h
Pardon me, dear reader, for thi

one character. It was hailed as a valuable contribution to our denominational literature, and the ministering brethren demanded that it should be published in book form as a work of reference.

While we are upon the subject of Mr. Cobb's published works we will follow it to the end, leaving other matters of interest, which transpired meanwhile, to be taken up afterwards.

The last, and the crowning work of Mr. Cobb's long and laborious life, was his *Commentary upon the New Testament*, which he denominated "THE NEW TESTAMENT OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES AND PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS." In setting forth the plan of the work he says:—

"The author of these EXPLANATORY NOTES AND PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS has seen for many years the want of a book of this kind, comprising the New Testament and Exegetical Annotations, complete in one volume, in the interests of his cause in whom it pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell. It was to supply such a want that I undertook this labor. I have found it a greater labor than I anticipated in the outset. But God has supported me; has made it my privilege to enjoy a thrilling interest throughout, in its performance; and has brought me to its close in perfect health, and with even a raised estimate of the Book of books. I think the notes will be found sufficiently full, in all essential particulars, to serve the wants of inquirers for the sense of the Record. They could not have been much extended without exceeding the limits of one volume, and thus defeating the primary purpose of the undertaking,—the provision of a single hand-book of the New Testament."

The first chapter of the work was written on Friday, the 15th of May, 1863, at the very desk where I am now writing, the commentator being at that time on a visit to his friends in this town of Norway; and from that time he

wrote steadily and industriously for about thirteen months. Of course he had at hand much material which had been gathering during his long years of theological research and investigation; but it had to be all worked over and remodelled for the use he would now make of it. During the succeeding November I spent a week at the "Castle" in East Boston, and I saw him at his work. While I was beneath his roof he seemed to have but one thought — but one purpose, — and he wanted no one to interrupt him. Early in the morning, and late at night, he was at his desk, with his Bible and his manuscript. The Bible was one he had used almost half a century, and he told me at that time that during all the years of his sermonizing he never but once found a text for a sermon in any other copy of the sacred book. That once was when he was away on a tour, and had occasion to improvise a sermon for a special occasion. That old Bible and his fast-growing manuscript were the only companions whose company could hold him. He used few books of reference, for there was hardly a biblical reference wanted that had not, during the eight-and-forty years of constant use, been jotted down upon the margins of his Bible. However, he referred to other authors when he had need, and no single point was left unfinished for want of a reference that was to be found in the country.

He found the labor far greater than he had anticipated, but he assures us that God had "brought him to its close in perfect health." A blessed thing for him was that faith. I wish I had at hand a letter which I received from one of my brothers, written during our father's severe labors. My brother possesses keen perception, and his eyes and understanding did not deceive him. But the letter is lost. It told me that my father was failing — that the large eyes were falling back into their orbits —

that the heavy lines of care upon his brow, and about his lips and cheeks, were growing heavier and deeper — that the involuntary shaking of the head, and the stiffening of the step, betrayed the wear and tear of the nervous system, — while the perceptible stooping of the whole frame told that the wondrous machine was breaking up. And yet he thought he had come through it all in perfect health.

Allow me to quote in this connection a few lines from a letter which will be given in full in a subsequent chapter. It is from Br. A. St. John Chambré, who was a member of the family during most of the time that Mr. Cobb was at work upon the Commentary. Br. Chambré writes, —

"In the year 1863–4, which I spent in his house, he was engaged in his last and best work, the Commentary on the New Testament. Day after day, and far into the nights, and in the mornings before breakfast, he labored upon that book, during the entire year. I am sure that that ceaseless labor hastened his end. But as though he felt that his years were few on the earth, and that he must work while the day lasted, he would listen to no objections, and persevered until it was completed. He wrote that book with his life. He literally coined his physical and mental powers into its pages."

I do not think Br. Chambré is far out of the way. Looking back now at the picture so fixed in my memory, I can sympathize with him in his opinion. And the picture is this: Early and late — late and early — the strong man at his desk — no rest — no respite — that pen moving persistently on — the book growing beneath his hand — growing — growing; — but not yet finished. Will the life last to the end? It must last. The work must be done. And so he crowded on all the sail the bark could possibly bear, as though to reach the desired haven before the flood engulphed him forever!

The Commentary was finished about the first of June, 1864; and the last sheet of manuscript passed directly from his desk to the compositor's hand, the rest of the work being in proof-print, and the revised sheets struck off. And the work was all that the author had hoped that it might be. In long, long years yet to come many a candid student of the Scriptures of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ shall bless the heart, the head, and the hand that gave that book to the world. The explanations and annotations, and the practical observations, are clear and comprehensive; and while, by their fulness and directness of application they render valuable assistance to the theologian and the scholar, they are so simple that a child may understand them.

The articles of commendation which have appeared in print in different sections of the country, would fill a volume; and I have also in my possession letters from numerous individuals speaking in terms of unqualified commendation. Abraham Lincoln's return of thanks to the author for the copy of a work "which had deeply interested him," was a source of gratification and honest pride; but those words which touched him most deeply were from his beloved brethren in the ministry in whose judgment and truth he had fullest confidence. Among the notices which he had most carefully marked and selected for preservation I find the following from the pen of Rev. J. G. Adams — a man whose judgment is both sound and reliable, and who is not given to flattery, — a man whose many years of critical theological investigation and general study have rendered fully competent to "speak with authority." The article was published in the "*Universalist*" of September 8, 1866, and was the last scrap that Mr. Cobb ever clipped from a paper. Such words to him, then, upon the verge

of the dark valley, were as gleams of blessed light, bringing to him the happifying conviction that he had not lived in vain: —

"COBB'S COMMENTARY.

"To the Editors of the Universalist: —

"I desire to speak a few words in The Universalist in reference to the Commentary on the New Testament by our well-known theologian and author, Rev. Dr. S. Cobb. Having had and used this volume in my study at home for a year past, I am more and more impressed with the conviction of its great worth to us, denominationally, and of its value as a contribution to the Christian literature of the age. It is a work of great ability, and must have cost the author long and hard labor. The clearness of the expositions of Scripture, and the manner in which references are kept up so that one passage shall explain another, all being in the reader's hand in one book, make it of inestimable value to the student of Biblical science, to the Sabbath School teacher, and to readers in the family at home.

"I speak thus from my own experience, and I find this repeated in what I learn of the work from other sources. Wherever it is attentively consulted it is most truly appreciated. Said an earnest woman of one of our country Societies, a few weeks since, in whose home I found a copy of the book, 'What an able work it is, and of how much service it is to our denomination! I would not be without it. Every Universalist family ought to have a copy of it in the house.' This is the right thought. It ought to be in all our families; ought to be read there daily, and studied habitually. There can be no better daily companion than this book for the inmates of our homes. Let me also say, that the theological ability manifest in this Commentary is not more apparent than the clear spiritual insight evinced by the author in his elucidation and application of the Sacred Word.

"The author of the Commentary is one of the ablest of theologians. His debates with Dr. Adams and Rev. Mr. Hudson do him great honor; but his Commentary on the New Testament will 'keep his memory green' in many hearts and homes for long years to come.

"I write this under a sense of the truth of the New Testament instruction, 'Render unto all their dues.'

"J. G. A."

With an humble and appreciative recognition of the limits and bounds of human possibilities we may say that in Mr. Cobb is presented a remarkable instance of a life perfect in all its parts, and perfect as a complete whole. From the day that he bore upon his shoulders to the door of his neighbor Sampson the hoop-poles with the proceeds of which he purchased the first grammar-book he ever owned, to the completion of his Commentary, he commenced no work which he did not complete, if we except the Autobiography; and that, of course, is a work which no mortal can do. The pen must drop before the end cometh, and other hands must finish the story. And then how all his labors, successful in their various parts, and meeting the present wants for which they were undertaken, culminated towards the end which was the crown. When he commenced the writing of those eighty sermons, which were produced in Waterville, almost half a century ago, "To the Law and to the Testimony," he had a present aim in view; and that aim was accomplished. And then came his explanatory sermons upon texts of Scripture which had vexed his friends, and discussions with opponents of his faith, each, in turn, answering the end for which it was taken up. And then his Compend of Divinity, perfect in itself, and meeting the wants which called it into existence. And so with the "Adams" and the "Hudson" controversies, — they were complete, each in itself, and each had its own alpha and omega. And then came the end, when these complete parts were to be gathered together into one COMPLETE WHOLE. He had studied enough, and enough had been treasured up of biblical knowledge in his mind,

to warrant him in undertaking the Commentary upon the New Testament — a work which gathered to itself the rich results of a lifetime of toil and research — a work which will endure for ages yet to come, — and a work which must transmit his memory, fresh and verdant, to generations yet unborn. So was his life complete, and he was ready to render an account to the Master of his stewardship: "Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold I have gained besides them five talents more."

And from the realms of the Unseen, borne to his soul through the ear of Faith, cometh the blessed sentence:

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant! Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

VISIT TO NEW YORK AND PI
THE RESCUE, — A "SIMILE," -
— OUT WEST, — FIRST MISSI
MISSION TO CANADA, — THE
LABORS OF PIONEERING.

IN the early autumnal weeks
New York, in company with his
occasion of the grand exhibiti
From New York he went on to
a son residing, and where he
This was his first visit to the
and he saw many things that int
for Br. Henry Bacon, in the C
formed new friendships that wer
end of his life. Of course he co
out paying a visit to Independ
he says, —

"We have just been to Fairmou
from which the city is supplied w

of liberty. The bell was cast by Pass & Stow, in Philadelphia, in 1753, with the inscription in large raised letters, 'PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND, TO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF.' What a remarkable coincidence, that this very bell did perform the divine office assigned it by this prophetic inscription, twenty-three years after it was cast. The minute after the name of the last delegate was affixed to the 'Declaration,' this bell was pealing out its notes of *Liberty*.

"But we cannot further particularize. Suffice it to add, that the pleasantness of the weather throughout, with the kindness and urbanity of the people, and all circumstances combined, rendered exceedingly pleasant our first visit to Philadelphia."

It will be borne in mind that even on his travels Mr. Cobb was continually busy with the editorial department of his paper. While on this visit to New York and Philadelphia he had in hand his Review of Beecher's Conflict of Ages. His custom was, wherever he might be spending the night, when the family were ready to retire, to call for pen and ink, and devote some of those hours, which should have been given to sleep, to the work of preparing editorial matter for his paper; and often, in those few hours thus filched from the proper season of rest and recuperation, when all was quiet and hushed around him, would he perform a full day's work.

During the month of June, 1854, he visited his native town of Norway, and was present at the meeting of the Maine Convention of Universalists which was holden there on the 28th and 29th insts. It was my privilege to attend those meetings, and there was one circumstance connected therewith which will long be remembered by many of those who were in attendance. The last day of the meeting was very pleasant, and many people had come in from the surrounding country, fully expecting to enjoy a feast of fat things. In the forenoon a sermon was preached, and in

the afternoon another sermon was preached; and this was to have concluded the services of the occasion. But the people were not satisfied. They had not heard what their souls yearned for. The sermons had both been good, but they had not met the spiritual wants of that congregation. They had been very finely written essays, containing good thoughts clothed in most proper language; but there had been not one particle of that gospel power that moves the soul to joy, and lifts the heart up nearer to God and heaven. The last preacher had pronounced his *Amen*, and the concluding hymn had been read; but it did not seem possible that the convention could close in such a spirit. It did not seem right. The only limit to the time that could be devoted to the meeting was the starting of the cars by which some of the brethren and sisters must go towards Portland. I noticed that a few of the veterans had their heads together. "This will never do!" said Ezra F. Beal, pulling out his watch, and consulting it a moment. "We must not let our meeting close in this fashion. We must be warmed up!"

It was found that a full hour might be safely spent before the cars would leave, and thereupon "Uncle Ezra," after conferring with a few others, while the choir was singing the hymn, went to Mr. Cobb and told him that he must wind up the meeting with one of his glorious old Universalist speeches. Mr. Cobb needed no urging. Those who had framed the order of exercises for the occasion had not known that he would be present; so he had had no part assigned him; but his soul was in arms, and he was anxious to lift up his voice in that place where he had listened to the word of God in the days of his boyhood, and where, when a mere youth, he had preached to some of those who now, after the lapse of many years, wished to hear

him again. And so, after the hymn had been sung, announcement was made that we had yet almost an hour on our hands, and "Father Cobb" was called upon to address the assembly.

I have heard that man speak many times, but I never heard him speak better than he did on that occasion. His whole spirit was in perfect harmony with the desires and needs of the people, and he launched forth upon one of those grand themes which he knew so well how to handle. In short, it was a UNIVERSALIST speech — Universalist at the beginning, in the middle, and at the close. It was a picture of the power, the majesty, the goodness, and the fatherhood of God, with a consideration of the mission of Jesus Christ, and the power of the Son, through the Father, to accomplish the work which had been given him to do. He spoke over half an hour — spoke to an audience that listened with almost breathless attention, — and when he had concluded, and the people wended their way from the church, they felt that it had been good for them that they had been there.

While we have Mr. Cobb here in the town of Norway I am reminded of an anecdote, or, rather of a simile, which he has often used, and which was drawn from one of the sports of his boyhood. On a certain occasion, when Mr. Cobb was present with a number of ministering brethren, the conversation turned upon the subject of the *Rationalistic* tendency of some of our clergymen, and the fear was expressed that it might bring the whole denomination into discredit. If so many of those claiming our fellowship are inclined to treat certain portions of the Sacred Scriptures as of no authority as words of inspiration, may not we who are free from such stain be implicated? But Mr. Cobb had no fears. He said that a bad man might pass himself at



times for a good man; but society seldom mistook a true and devout Christian for a rascal. And so a man who claimed that he was not called upon to place full reliance in all parts of the Sacred Record might pass himself off upon society as a safe Christian teacher; but there was no danger that society would ever mistake the earnest, sincere, and devout believer in the Inspired Volume for an infidel; and in illustration he related the following: —

"A brook runs through the homestead farm, called Sucker Brook. Early in the spring, just after the ice breaks up in the pond into which the brook flows, the fish called *suckers* run up the stream, and in the night they come out from their hiding places and lie about on the bottom of the open stream. In the days of our boyhood we used to go out upon the banks of the stream, with birch bark torch in one hand and spear in the other, and catch this species of fish. Sometimes we would get our eye on a hemlock knot or a club lying upon the bottom of the stream, which somewhat resembled in shape a fish. As we would look upon it, the rippling motion of the water would cause the object to appear as if slightly moving its extremities, and we would almost believe it was a fish, but always with doubt. But at length we would thrust the spear, and lo, up came a club. But we never committed a mistake the other way, nor had occasion to stop and query. We never mistook a real fish to be a club.

"Just so with our comet-riding philosophers who choose to wear the Christian name. They say so many complimentary things of the Bible, and Christ, and inspiration, and miracles, that we are oft inclined to believe that they are really Christian in faith; and yet we see so much of their equivocal definings that we are at best in doubt. But we never had doubt on the other hand. When the true enlightened Christian believer plants himself upon the foundation of the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone, he is ingenuous, unhesitating, open, bold, and seen and known of all men as what he is, a believer in the prophets of the Old and the Christ of the New Testament, as reliable in their respective missions as ordained and attested of God."

During the month of July, 1855, Mr. Cobb made another visit to New York, preaching two Sabbaths in Rev. Mr. Balch's pulpit; and also visiting Newark, N. J. It was the first time he was ever in the latter place, and he expressed himself as much pleased with what he saw in that "City of Churches." Rev. A. St. John Chambré, between whom and himself there had existed a warm and enduring friendship, was settled in Newark at the time, and he did what he could to make "Father Cobb's" visit pleasant and profitable; and here Mr. Cobb formed other friendships which I know were mutually warm and true.

In the Summer of 1860, Mr. Cobb, in company with his wife, made his first visit to the "great West," and it proved to him one of the most pleasant and agreeable trips in his long and varied experience of travel. He went by the way of New York and Philadelphia, preaching on Sunday, August 26th, for the Eighth Street Universalist Society in the latter city. From Philadelphia he rode 336 miles, to Altoona, where he found a kind and hospitable friend in Mr. D. R. Miller, of the "Logan House." From Altoona a ride of 117 miles brought him to Pittsburg, where he had occasion for gratitude to Bros. Alfred P. Anshutz, and J. C. Buffam for the many acts of kindness they did for the comfort of himself and wife. From Pittsburg a night ride of 188 miles brought him to Crestline, where he took breakfast; and thence, 206 miles, to Indianapolis, where he found a pleasant home with Bro. M. G. Lee, of the "*Herald and Era.*" August 30th, Mr. and Mrs. C. pursued their course 110 miles, to Cincinnati, where they were indebted to the kindness of Br. John E. Jones and his estimable lady for the comforts of home.

Sunday, Sept. 2d, Mr. Cobb preached in Cincinnati in the forenoon, and in the afternoon he preached four miles

his first ingress into a Slave St

From Cincinnati he went to
Indiana State Convention, in t
took several important parts.
was with Br. Charles F. Willar
with that of his wife, Mr. Cobb
a bright memory in his life's
the Convention he returned to
three days, preaching there on
Everlasting Smoke" afforded hi
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that smoky city of more tha
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route, reaching the "Castle" s
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gratitude was due to the Fat
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Early in the Summer of 1861
another section of the country
before trod, this time turning
West. He had long been des



Br. N. M. Gaylord. On Wednesday, the 12th, he reached Port Dover, C. W., where he found warm friends, and which place he liked; and here he remained during the sessions of the Association. There were a goodly number present, but many of them had come from great distances, some having travelled two hundred miles to be present at the meeting. On the 18th he preached a lecture in Selkirk, sixteen miles distant from Port Dover; and at the close of the services a Rev. Mr. Warner, of a sect yclept the "*Disciples*," had some questions to ask, which led to quite a discussion upon the subject of the "*Last Judgment;*" and those who are acquainted with Mr. Cobb's powers in that direction can easily imagine how the discussion ended. One lady, kind-hearted and intelligent, who had listened with deepest interest, after the controversy had been brought to a close, expressed herself as having been brought, by the teachings of the evening, to really love Universalism; but she had one important question she would like to ask concerning the Final Judgment, and that was: What is meant by that passage of Scripture which says, — "*As death leaves us, so judgment will find us.*" She was somewhat mortified when she was brought to understand that there was no such passage in the Bible.

After various peregrinations Mr. Cobb returned by the way of New York, preaching on Sunday, the 23d, in Newark, and reaching home on Tuesday morning.

In early autumn of this same year Mr. Cobb made a second mission into Canada. During his first visit, after the brethren of the household of faith had heard him preach, and had become convinced that he was just the man to give gospel light to those who dwelt in darkness, they urged him to tarry with them, and preach in places where there was need of his services; but he could not do

of his Journal, and you will k
tion of the work he performed

"AT HOME

"'Bless the Lord, O my soul, a
Oct. 23d, we are brought in saf
business charge, finding all in he
trust that we are not insensible to
in heaven, for his protecting care
nearly seven hundred miles out, c
ing us in perfect health, and sus
without fatigue, almost every ev
and twice each on two of the Sa
days. And, as it is well known
in such work, in these mission
pioneer labors, it is not practicabl
measure of time less than an hou

During this tour he preached

In June, 1862, Mr. Cobb ma
ada, and attended again the an
salist Association at Smithvill
at Niagara, where, with his wi



ble companion in honored and grateful remembrance. And our Canada friends may take to themselves the assurance, which may be to them pleasing, that the last missionary labors of him who had labored so long and so extensively in that field, were performed with and for them. And they can judge how faithfully he served them, and how productive of good among them his labors were.

And thus, in the evening of his life, was he engaged as in the early morning. In those other times the sun had shone not more brightly than in these of which we now write; only then it was in the Eastern horizon, arising for the journey of the day; while now it was in the West, its beams soft and mellow, but none the less effulgent. — In the West — slowly sinking — its disc almost touching the everlasting hills behind which, ere long, its glorious face was to be hidden from mortal sight. — Hidden, but not lost. No, no, — the sun of such a life cannot go out. When its course is run, and its evening rest is found, it still gives of its light to the fair-faced planets, thus smiling back upon the earth it has left, even in the hour of deepest night. And so the good works of such a man, set in the heaven of grateful memory, must continue to reflect back upon earth the enduring light of his life!

CHAPTER XVI.

VISIT TO WASHINGTON, — OLD FRIENDS AND NEW, — A CASE OF "MUTUAL ADMIRATION," — MARLBORO', — HIS LABORS AND SUCCESS IN THAT PLACE, — OTHER LABORS, — HIS LAST PREACHED SERMON.

DURING the month of January, previous to the third Canada mission, Mr. Cobb, for the first time in his life, made a visit to the Capital of the nation. He started from home January 24th, 1862, stopping over Sunday in Philadelphia, where he preached, in the morning in the Church of the Messiah, and in the Eighth Street Church in the evening.

On arriving at the depot in Washington he was met at the cars by his friend, Austin Fowler, Esq., of Worcester, Mass., at that time holding an important position in the Treasury Department, and who had corresponded with him in relation to this visit. Mr. Cobb in his Journal speaks of Mr. Fowler as a noble, whole-souled man, expressing for him a love such as only can endure between congenial hearts. His friend Fowler ("Just like him!" says Mr. Cobb,) had a carriage in waiting, and conveyed him to the mansion of Br. Vassall, where he was to find a home while at the Capital.

Although this was Mr. Cobb's first visit to Washington, he was far from being among strangers; and it was his good fortune not only to have been long known to many of the dignitaries by reputation, but with quite a number of

the most important of them he was intimately acquainted. When he called upon the Vice-President he met an old schoolmate, between whom and himself existed a warm and enduring friendship, and whose friendship was of much service at that particular time. And so in both houses of Congress, and in all the Departments, Mr. C. met those with whom he had been on terms of intimacy at other times, and in other places, and hence his visit was rendered exceedingly pleasant and profitable, as these old friends all seemed willing and anxious to extend to him and his wife every courtesy within their power.

On Tuesday, January 28th, he visited several of the departments, and also called in upon the Senate and the House of Representatives. In the Senate the Vice-President greeted him cordially; and at the other wing of the Capitol he gained a seat upon the floor of the House. In the evening he attended the President's Levee, where he and his wife were introduced to Abraham Lincoln. As Mrs. Cobb was introduced she said to him, — "Mr. Lincoln, before I left my home I resolved, if I gained an opportunity to speak with you, I would say that I considered it a sufficient introduction to the President that I had cast seven votes towards his election — through my husband and six sons." President Lincoln grasped her hand a second time, and jocosely remarked, — "That reminds me of an incident over at a review across the Potomac the other day. As I was leaving the ground a man whom I was passing exclaimed, — 'There goes Old Abe. I'm glad I cast two votes for him!' I turned," continued the President, "and asked him if he cast them both at once."

By particular invitation of the President Mr. Cobb and his lady were seated in a commodious ante-room, where they enjoyed an opportunity of reviewing the vast proces-

sion that thronged the Reception Room, taking the hand of the Chief Executive, and bowing as they passed.

Says Mr. Cobb, in his Journal, —

"Among the worthies whom we had the pleasure of meeting and greeting here, who also tarried some time in this cozy apartment, were Gen. Banks and his lady, and Mrs. Pierpont, as old acquaintances; and, by introduction, Gen. Jas. W. Ripley; Hon. Mr. Crittendon of Kentucky; Judge Wilkins, Secretary of War under President Tyler; and last, not least, the new and live Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. Him, in the vigorous emotions of our soul, we strongly clasped about the shoulders in our arms, told him of the earnest look of the country towards him, and bade him God-speed. With a beaming and lively countenance he evinced a reciprocal emotion, and, as he passed on, said, 'You must pray for me.' Then, turning to pass out, he again took the hand of our companion, to whom he had of course been introduced, repeating, 'I said to your husband that *he must pray for me.*' Noble public servant, — we *do* remember him personally, in our prayers for our government in all its departments."

On Friday Mr. Cobb entered the House of Representatives just as Judge Kelly, of Philadelphia, was commencing his powerful speech in answer to a member who had been opposing the policy of confiscating the slave property of Rebels. The chair in front of the Judge happened to be vacant, and upon that Mr. C. seated himself. He listened earnestly until the speech was concluded, and then, in the fulness of his heart, and the ardor of the moment, he started to his feet, and grasping Mr. Kelly by the hand, he warmly expressed, in his blunt, free-hearted way, the gratitude he felt in having been permitted to hear that speech. The Judge was far from being displeased by the compliment, as we shall see anon.

On Sunday Mr. Cobb preached in Rev. Wm. Henry Channing's Church, and he had good attendance, both in

the morning and in the evening. Quite a number of Senators and Representatives were present, and the preacher gave them one of his old-fashioned Universalist sermons. At the close of the morning's services one of the first to greet Mr. Cobb as he descended from the pulpit, was Judge Kelly. "Mr. Cobb," said he, grasping the preacher by the hand, "allow me to return the compliment you bestowed upon me. I can truly say that I thank you for that sermon." It was a pleasant little episode, and it formed and cemented a friendship based upon mutual esteem and respect.

On the following day Mr. Cobb left the Capital for home, entirely satisfied with his visit, and shortly after his arrival at the "Castle" he received the following letter from the friend through whose influence he had been induced to make the visit: —

"WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 10th, 1862.

"MY BROTHER, — Your visit in every respect appears, as I view it on my return, to have been what I predicted it would be — A DECIDED SUCCESS. Very intelligent men speak in hearty praise of your labors in the pulpit here. Some, being choice friends of mine, have gladdened my heart by such cordial and faithful credit to you; while others, bearing the 'representative' character, and being gentlemen of high mental attainments, in speaking so highly of your services, do fairly stamp the proceedings with peculiar and lasting interest.

"I hope nothing went amiss with you after I left for Boston, from whence I am just returned. A line from you, or dear Mrs. Cobb, will be thankfully received.

"Truly and kindly yours,

"AUSTIN FOWLER.

"TO REV. S. COBB."

During the month of May, 1863, Mr. Cobb received a request from Mr. Chipman, of Marlboro', to preach in that town, it being understood that he (Chipman) was to pay

him for his services. He went on the first Sabbath in June, and fulfilled the appointment. It then appeared that three gentlemen had agreed to furnish each a Sunday's preaching in Marlboro' by a Universalist minister; and when the other two had heard Mr. Cobb preach for their companion they, in turn, engaged him to preach for them. When this third service had been performed a subscription was raised, and Mr. Cobb was engaged to preach for them every other Sabbath, for three months. At the expiration of the three months he was engaged for six months.

And from that time Mr. Cobb was the stated preacher of the Word in Marlboro', and under his care a large society grew into life and flourished exceedingly. He loved the society as he had loved all societies that had grown up under his charge, and all that lay in his power to do for them he did. In October, with the assistance of his wife, who accompanied him much of the time, he organized and set in effective operation a Sabbath-School, which, for comparative numbers and interest was not to be excelled by any in the State. And the children of that Sabbath-School conceived a deep and ardent love for their kind preacher; and on the 17th of July, 1864 — Mr. Cobb's 66th birthday — they presented him with a beautiful album, containing the photographs of a large number of the teachers and children, as a token of their affection and esteem. He continued to preach for this Society until February of 1865, when, feeling that the interests of the growing society demanded that they should have a settled minister with them, and being unable to longer bear the burden of the labor his love for them had led him to impose upon himself, he sought and obtained for them the services of Rev. Wm. A. Start, a young man of superior attainments, and of much promise. Mr. Start had been serving in the army as

Chaplain, and as the Marlboro' brethren had expressed a preference for him, Mr. Cobb obtained his release from his military position; or, at least, was instrumental in obtaining it, and saw him in due time installed over the important charge.

Mr. Start was installed as Pastor of the Universalist Society in Marlboro' on the 9th of May, 1865, and on that occasion it devolved upon Mr. Cobb to make the Charge upon the Delivery of the Scriptures to the Pastor elect. And that charge, the last service of the kind ever performed by the faithful father in Israel, and prepared expressly for the occasion, was deemed by those who heard it one of the best efforts of the kind ever made.

I may add here that in Mr. Cobb the good people of Marlboro' found just the man to lift them up to an understanding and appreciation of the value of the Gospel in its fulness of Love and Blessing, and that they fully estimated and acknowledged his services. They regarded him, while he lived, as the father of their Society; while he, in turn, loved them, and prayed for them continually. But he could not have served them when they came to need a settled pastor; and I know that Mr. Cobb felt in his heart to bless God for the fortune that had secured to them in that capacity the services of Bro. W. A. Start.

After being relieved of his responsibility in Marlboro' Mr. Cobb preached in various places, averaging about half the time, during the succeeding year. But he ought not to have done it. There were times when he almost fainted in the pulpit, and when, even in prayer, his voice utterly failed him, as though there were some mighty convulsion within that for the moment paralyzed his vocal powers. And yet he talked of "colds," and of "accidental fatigues," just such as he might have met in the other years when there

had been no jar in the system, and such as would disappear upon rest and simple medication. And he loved to talk of how strong and well he was, flattering himself all the while that he was in perfect health. But he could not give up. His mind was never stronger, nor were his reasoning powers ever more clear and ready for use. The Scriptures had become as a book thoroughly mastered unto him, and his soul yearned, as in other times, to break the bread of life to his fellow-men.

On Sunday, the 28th day of April, 1866, he preached in Newark, N. J., and on the 20th of May following he preached in Canton, Mass. He came home from Canton suffering from one of his "colds." In fact, he had been suffering from it for some time; so that his wife, when she saw him depart, entered in her diary, ere she retired to her rest on that Saturday night: "O Lord, do thou give him strength for the duties of the day, and return him to me in health and peace!"

And when, on Monday, she saw him return, apparently no worse for his labors, she was led to exclaim, in the fulness of her heart: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, that my darling husband has been returned to me so well!"

And that was the last of Mr. Cobb's preaching. Never again was his voice to be lifted up in the sacred pulpit in behalf of the glorious cause of the Redeemer he had so long and so faithfully served. His physicians — the best in the city — placed their edict upon him, and his ministerial labors were at an end. They pointed out to him that his only hope of a longer hold upon life lay in a strict and entire abstinence from public speaking. He yielded for the present; but he was not entirely despondent. His pen was left him yet, and with that he might still speak to a world whose good was an object that lay very near to his heart.

CHAPTER XVII.

BACK WITH THE EDITOR, — SELLS TO USHER AND QUINBY, — MERGING OF TWO PAPERS INTO ONE, — "TRUMPET AND FREEMAN," — ANOTHER MOVE, — THE "PUBLISHING HOUSE," — A NEW NAME, — "THEOLOGICAL EDITOR," — "DOCTOR OF DIVINITY," — THE OLD VETERAN ILL AT EASE — "FAREWELL, OLD CHAIR!" — LECTURING AND SPEAKING, — CHARACTERISTICS AS A LECTURER, — HIS LAST LITERARY EFFORT, — REPOSE.

WE will now take up, and carry to its close, Mr. Cobb's career as an Editor; and I am inclined to the opinion that this was, after all, his most important mission, as we must include therein the production of his books. Through the medium of the pulpit and the rostrum he did much; but it was through the medium of his printed thoughts that he stamped his mind upon the denomination and upon the country, putting forth a power that was to be felt and acknowledged, and bending circumstances so far to his will as to be able to see every one of his earnest desires literally accomplished.

At the commencement of the twenty-second volume, in the Spring of 1854, Mr. Cobb made new outlays of money for the purpose of enhancing the value of his paper; and it is safe to say that he left nothing undone that lay within his wisdom to contrive, and power to accomplish, towards that end. He had been publishing the FREEMAN twenty-one years, and he was willing to turn all the results of his

long experience over to the benefit of his patrons. He told them what he had done in times past; and he told them what he would do in the time to come; and then he begged them to come up and help him. He stated to them plainly his wants, and he hoped they would lend an attentive ear to his appeal. Many of his subscribers answered promptly, and to such he extended his warmest gratitude; but many others neglected him, and gave him cause for sorrow. At this time the weekly expenses of his office were $150.00 in addition to the expense for the support of his family. Said he to his subscribers, —

"We pay rent, but receive none. We pay interest, but receive none. Our expenses *must* be paid promptly, or our business must stop. But the resources for such payment lie scattered over thousands of miles of territory. If, therefore, our patrons do not remit promptly, what shall we do? If we are compelled to hire on extra interest, that extra will by and by eat us up. To send out collectors is ruinously expensive, especially through regions where subscribers are scattering. What then shall be done? What? Why, a very simple and easy thing may be done. Each one who owes us may enclose his due to us immediately, or very soon. There is enough due us to make our pecuniary circumstances agreeable and pleasant."

Again he says, —

"Our editorial and other labors are great, and only an iron constitution could bear them. But a failure to meet our pecuniary obligation wears our mind and nervous system more than all the labor of both the Adams and Hudson Discussions."

Mr. Cobb struggled on, abating not one whit of his old energy and perseverance; laboring early and late; writing his editorials upon the wing, in railway cars, and on board steamboats; travelling hither and thither, far and near; collecting the dues of his delinquent subscribers; preach-

ing on the Sabbath, and lecturing before Lyceums, and other public assemblies, on week days, — working, working, working, as though work were life, and rest a state not necessary to the recuperation of wasted powers. But this was not to continue much longer. He had borne about all he could bear, and tired nature demanded repose. He strove on until he became satisfied that while he continued to publish his paper he must hold strength to bear up under the old load of trial and perplexity; and, being at length convinced that he could not safely bear the burden longer, he made up his mind that he would throw it off as soon as he had opportunity. And that opportunity was at hand.

In the Spring of 1861 (March 21st) Rev. Thomas Whittemore, the publisher of the TRUMPET, passed from this life to the higher sphere, and shortly after that his paper was purchased by Rev. James M. Usher, who had for some time previous had charge of the book and publishing establishment connected therewith.

Early in the spring of 1862 arrangements were made for uniting the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN and the TRUMPET into one paper. Rev. George W. Quinby, then of Middletown, Conn., who had formerly published and edited the "*Star in the West*," and who was a thorough editorial manager in every respect, entered into a copartnership with Mr. Usher, and the two together bought out Mr. Cobb's pecuniary interest in the FREEMAN, thus consolidating the whole Universalist publishing interest of Boston, so far as weekly papers were concerned, into one establishment; and the offspring of this union was named "THE TRUMPET AND CHRISTIAN FREEMAN." Mr. Cobb was retained as Editor-in-Chief of the paper, Brs. Usher and Quinby acting as Associate Editors.

And here allow me to remark that from that time, while Mr. Cobb remained upon earth, the friendship between himself and those two brothers was never broken — never shaken. It was warm, true, and enduring. Br. Usher he had known from early youth, and years before, while residing in Malden, the said brother had been a member of his family. Both loved Mr. Cobb for his many good qualities of head and heart, and I think they never withheld a favor which was in their power to grant. The union was a harmonious and happy one, and Mr. Cobb still continued to throw his whole soul into his editorial work. But this arrangement was not long to continue.

For some years there had been a desire on the part of a number of the ministering brethren that steps should be taken towards the establishment of a paper to be published and controlled by the Denomination; and even before the death of Mr. Whittemore some of these brethren had approached Mr. Cobb to ascertain on what terms he would dispose of the FREEMAN; but at that time he was not anxious to sell, and the price which he set put a bar to further negotiations. Many able men among our ministers were opposed to the project, feeling that a paper so owned and conducted could have no *individuality* of sentiment and purpose; but as they were not directly interested they offered no serious objection, and placed no obstacles in the way of its accomplishment. The men who had charge of the movement were industrious and persistent, and at length the desire of their souls was gratified. An association was formed, called "*The New England Universalist Publishing House*," and to that association Messrs. Usher and Quinby sold their entire establishment — Books, Papers, Plates, and all. So the TRUMPET AND CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, in the month of November, 1862, became the property of the

"Publishing House," Mr. Cobb being retained as Theological Editor.

The following letter tells its own story: —

"TUFTS COLLEGE, July 8, 1863.

"To REV. SYLVANUS COBB, D. D.

"MY DEAR SIR, — I take pleasure in informing you that the Government of the College have this day conferred upon you the degree of DOCTOR OF DIVINITY, in recognition of your high Christian character, sound Biblical Learning, and eminent services on behalf of the Church of Christ.

"I am, with great respect, yours truly,

"A. A. MINER, *President*."

This honorable and revered title, if we can believe the best and most observing men of our times, was never more worthily bestowed, nor more eminently merited. Surely the recipient of the degree in this case had most emphatically and unmistakably been proving to the world for long and laborious years that he was a complete master of the whole entire system of Divinity. Mr. Cobb accepted the gift with gratitude because he knew that it had been bestowed as no empty title, but as a mark which he had won, and which he could now wear, legitimately. And his numerous friends were pleased because the conferring of the degree upon the old and faithful pioneer was a response to their most earnest and devout wishes.

And so the *Theological Editor* was now "REV. SYLVANUS COBB, D. D."

As I approach the closing scenes of my father's life, of which I am to make a record that shall go down to posterity, I feel, resting solemnly upon me, the duty I owe to the memory of the departed, as well as to those who are to read what I write. I take counsel of my own heart, trust-



ing that God has placed therein a desire and a will to deal justly, and to bear witness to the truth.

Mr. Cobb, in his salutatory, adduced evidence to show that he "*ought* to have some experience even in the new position in which he was placed."

But he was to find that no such experience had been his. Never before had he sat in the chair editorial with a censorship above him other than his own conscience and his God. That old chair had lost its sublimity of entire independence, and in it now he began to feel cramped and out of place. He was no longer master of the situation, and in deploying his forces he was obliged to consult the movements of others, so that there might be no clashing. But in this result there could be no blame attached to any one. The very nature of the circumstances rendered it impossible that his position could have been else than it was. He was only "THEOLOGICAL EDITOR." During nearly quarter of a century he had been general-in-chief of all the forces in the field; and every movement, from the throwing out of a picket to guard against surprise from some wandering guerilla in the shape of a rum-seller or a slave-catcher, to an advance of the grand army against the main body of the enemy, had been directly under his supervision. No matter where he was, nor what was the occasion, his fancies went upon paper as they found birth in his brain, and thence into the columns of his FREEMAN; and all his readers, young and old, grave and gay, conservative and progressive, knew just where to find him, and to whom to look for the thoughts that marked the character of the paper. *Then* he had been able to meet the old enemy of Orthodoxy in this quarter; the foul fiend of Intemperance in that quarter; the dark shadow of Infidelity in another quarter; while other evils,

great and small, he could attack at will. But *now* all was changed. He had his department assigned him, and he had the privilege of writing theology to his heart's content.

No, no, — it was not to him a pleasant position, even though at times he may have tried to make himself think to the contrary. I know how he felt, and I know that he did not feel at home. The Directors of the Establishment did all they could to make his position a pleasant one; but — the very fact that THERE WERE Directors to whom he was to look was in itself sufficient to annoy him. It was not his Old Chair of the other years; and it laid not in the power of the Directors to make it so. It was not his old "CHRISTIAN FREEMAN; SYLVANUS COBB, *Editor and Proprietor*," — and all the Directors in the world could not have made it so, without giving up all that they had so long striven for.

It is hard to take an old general, who has led the hosts in a thousand battles, marching and fighting under his own colors, and place him upon the staff of a confederation of commanders, expecting him to throw heart into the work as he did of old! And more especially when the veteran has grown gray in the service, and has reached a stage of life when, if ever, he must feel naturally restive under restraint.

But there was no trouble — no heart-burnings nor jealousies that ruffled the waters upon the surface. What there may have been of under-currents — occasional meeting of waters setting in different directions deeper down in the flood — I am unable to say. All I can say is, Mr. Cobb retained his place as Theological Editor of the TRUMPET AND FREEMAN until the Spring of 1864, and then he gave it up. The duties had come to wear upon him; other

matters of business were upon his hands; his Commentary of the New Testament was in press; and he felt that he had better take a short respite from continuous, pressing, obligatory toil. The labors of the year just past — the year of the writing of the Commentary — as the reader already knows, had been of the most wearing and exhaustive kind, and at length his own good judgment told him that there was a limit to his powers of endurance; and that limit had been reached. He left the chair editorial bearing with him the best wishes of all with whom he had been associated; and I know that he treasured up a just appreciation of the uniform kindness of his associates towards himself.

Farewell, Old Chair! In all the years to come there shall never sit within thy waiting arms another that can bring to thee a truer heart, a more genial spirit, or a purpose made more blessed in its aim for Universal Good, than was thine to bear in the honored person of him whose Memoirs I write!

After leaving the editorial chair Mr. Cobb continued to furnish theological matter for the first page of the paper, which had come to be called "*The Universalist.*" He also wrote quite extensively for the secular press upon the current topics of the day. How could a man who had for so many years been a constant observer and faithful chronicler of passing events, lay himself away upon the shelf of oblivion while the nation was engaged in a mighty struggle for the salvation of its very life? — while on every hand were transpiring events of surpassing moment? He could not do it. As well might he have thought to live without nourishment for the body as without this outlet to the

crowding impressions and conceptions of his busy brain; and so, after leaving the editorial office, he passed the lighter results of his literary labors over to the secular press; and many an old friend and admirer gained entertainment and profit from his articles in the Boston daily papers without knowing whence they came. In fact, he was in the habit of contributing occasionally to those same columns while engaged as Theological Editor of the "*Universalist*," for there were many subjects connected with the political affairs of the country which he COULD NOT "let alone," and which, at the same time, he could not with propriety assume to publish in a periodical of which only a stated and limited department was his to occupy. And in this connection it will not be deemed out of place for me to record the fact that for his labors in this latter field he received the personal thanks of such men as Governor Andrew, Senator Wilson, Gen. Banks, and others of like high standing. And I also find among his papers an autograph letter from Abraham Lincoln, warmly thanking him for an able and masterly defence which he had made of the then contemplated Presidential policy of Emancipation. Hon. Henry Wilson once remarked to the writer, — "It does me good to meet Mr. Cobb when I come home on a visit from Washington. I love to feel his warm grasp, and receive his cheering words of congratulation and God-speed."

In addition to his literary labors, Mr. Cobb was engaged to some extent in the Lecturing field; but he could not in these later days, do justice to himself in that department. A Lyceum lecture must be necessarily long, as the speaker generally has the whole burden of entertainment upon his own shoulders. And then speaking in the evening, and in cold weather, — for the lecture season is during the late

Autumnal and Winter season, — was bad for him. Those who have never tried the experiment may not understand it. But when a man has been using his voice for an hour, or more, in a heated, crowded room, perhaps not properly ventilated, it may be supposed that his lungs and bronchial tubes are somewhat excited when he gets through; and it may be readily understood how liable a man is, under such circumstances, to take cold if he is not very careful when he comes out into the cold, fresh air. And Mr. Cobb found difficulty in this tiresome lecturing on Winter evenings, — so much so that he was forced to refuse many calls for his services. And here I may as well speak of what was not known until after his death. I have spoken of those "colds" that had troubled him; and he thought they were simple colds that broke him down so completely in voice on different occasions. But the autopsy revealed that there was an old adhesion of the right lung to the wall of the thorax, in the region of the inferior angle of the scapula. This adhesion was so positive that over a superficies of some twenty-four square inches the substance of the lung was so firmly grown to the ribs that the point of adhesion was far stronger than the lung itself. So the reader can now understand what had troubled the man so much in other years, for it was very evident that the difficulty had commenced when he used to complain of those "stitches" in that region even while preaching in the Bath House.

Still Mr. Cobb lectured considerably, and to good acceptance. I speak now of course, of lectures before literary bodies and societies. And he also made it in his way to address political assemblies whenever he had opportunity, and his services were required. Says the *Milford Journal*, at the close of a lengthy report of one of his lectures on

"The Duty of the Citizen to the Country in the (then) Present Emergency" —

"The lecture throughout, was a sound, logical, philosophical, patriotic production, evincing a clear historical and moral view of the cause, and treatment, of our present national difficulties."

But, after all, Mr. Cobb was not what would be denominated a popular lecturer. He was not mentally constituted for such an office. His thoughts were too ponderous, and his ideas too plainly practical and utilitarian. At times he could relate an anecdote with extreme gusto, and descend to light by-play and flashes of wit; but it was not natural with him. When he found himself before an audience, prepared to speak to them, he had some subject upon his mind, and be sure it was an important one; and when he arose he had but one aim in view, and that was, to impress upon the minds of his hearers the same sentiments and convictions that dwelt upon his own; and to this end he used the plainest kind of language, moving straight on towards the end — never stopping to pluck flowers here; to peep into a beautiful grotto there; to pick a few berries from this bush; and knock an apple or a peach from yonder tree.

Mr. Cobb had his province, and no man could have filled it better. When people were hungering and thirsting for light and truth, he could satisfy them. When they needed to be led upward to higher and nobler walks of life, he could lead them; and when they failed to perceive the duties that devolved upon them as children of God and constituent members of a Christian government, he was the man, fully warranted by his own practical observance of those duties, to "stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance." But when it came to catering to those

did not feel like throwing a
market, — though he had the
all laid out,* — and he co
should he do? His youngest
said to him, "Write your Au
it and pay you a handsome s
he went at the work; and ho
reader has seen. He was a
pages. Dear Reader, could
the end, after he had becom
difficulty move from his cha
been admonished by his phys
over ten minutes at any one
your head in sadness and so
him, the mere shadow of his
his chair by the window of
the busy harbor, and toil slo
study, where he would sink
ments of rest, and then you
his pen and write; but he di
wont. The pen that erst h



not have seen him labor thus a great while. Poor, tired nature soon became exhausted, and, with looks so sad that even a cynic would have gazed upon the scene in pity, he allowed the loved pen to drop from his fingers; and then back to his chamber he slowly made his toilsome way.

It was very hard for him to give up; but the end was at hand. As the ripening breath of Autumn had perfected the blushing fruit and the golden grain for the garners of the husbandmen; and as nature, in token of coming rest, had donned the sere and yellow leaf for its garb, he laid the implements of his toil aside, and sat down to quiet repose.

INFLUENCE OF THE WIFE, — I
RESPONDENCE, — MORE HE
ER, — MR. COBB'S UNIVER
POWER OF GOD, — THE SA
OF HAPPINESS IN THE FUT

I NOW approach a subject w
centre of my heart that I mus
sacred repository some of the
tions of my soul for the gaze c

Mr. Cobb's life-story could r
allusion to that Companion wh
and his sorrows; the one che
earthly love was centered; the
to support, to cheer, to aid, an
forty years.

A man of Mr. Cobb's temper
and so strongly bound to his
much for his success in life up
tion of his wife. Had fortune
hood, bound him to — —



Mrs. Cobb, like himself, had been educated during childhood in the strictest school of Calvinistic Orthodoxy; and, like himself, she had come forth into the glorious light of the Universalist faith through her own instincts and researches.

Mr. Cobb could not have found a companion better suited to his heart and his head. In those years he had gained little polish, and he found in Eunice one who could prize him for his worth; and while he gave to her the support of a stout heart, a firm will, and a strong arm, she rendered in return not only the priceless love of a pure and devoted heart, but she did much by her own native gentleness and delicacy of character and feeling to smooth off the rough edges of habit acquired upon the farm and in the rural school-room, and to bend his attention a little more carefully to the adornments of the outer man. The world has seen Mr. Cobb at his work, and it has seen what he has accomplished; but the world may never know how much of his success he owed to the influence of that gentle, faithful, true-hearted being whose every thought and aim of life centered in the one purpose and desire to make home pleasant and attractive to her husband and to her children. What would Mr. Cobb have been without the Home of love and true affection? I, who know how keenly sensitive he was, am able to understand that "Clouds at Home" would have made him the most miserable of men. But God had blessed him, and ever in his Home, let the world without darken as it would, he was sure to find peace and joy.

And no man could more fully appreciate the blessing than did Mr. Cobb. The reader has already seen some of the out pourings of his soul in this direction, and I will present a few more of them. The following I do not tran-

custom, founded upon a deter
her power, he should never b
than the memory of sunny sm
through the parting — had kis
a smile upon her face — and
then, when she fully believed
head and wept. But the husl
portant matter which called
wife in tears, upon which cir
lowing, —

TO MY

1.

What was that crysta
Which, on that par
In those blue eyes wa
As I had turned aw
It was the wife's affec
It was the fount of
Pure as the love of H
The fount of bliss a

3.

What was the light soon gleaming —
The light which grief beguiles —
The light whose radiant beaming
Soon changed thy tears to smiles?
It was the cultured spirit,
The philosophic mind,
Resolved that I, when absent,
Should mem'ry's pleasure find.
Resolved the image to impress
Of pleasant, smiling cheerfulness.

SYLVANUS COBB.

MALDEN, Jan. 27, 1858.

The following is an extract of a letter written by Mr. Cobb from the "Castle of Peace" to his wife, who was at that time — September, 1841 — visiting their friends in his native town of Norway. Read it, and see into what trains of thought and reflection he was led by the absence of his beloved. Mark the deep, pure love of his heart, and, at the same time, the instinctive religiousness of his nature. Such words are a sacred treasure to the lonely wife now in her hour of bereavement. He writes how affairs are going on at home — how the daughters are revealing marvellous powers of housewifery, and how the boys are rugged as usual, and how he tries to enjoy himself and feel content with his children: and then he goes on, —

"But much, very much, of life is gone, when my MIND'S COMPANION is gone. I want no corporeal presence without the mind, and there is no other mind in the universe that can take the place of that one which has so fully mingled and assimilated itself with mine own. I do not mean to dethrone the blessed Son of Mary. The place you occupy has the smile of his approbation. Our souls are united, not by a legal ceremony, or by the policy of temporal convenience, but by a spiritual union for eternity. When God shall have kept us together here as long

as he has any good for our united labors to accomplish on earth, should you be taken hence, and raised before me to the building of God on high, I would still hold communion of spirit with you there, — I would be cheered by the smiles of your angelic love, and in prayerful meditation I would be often partaking of your joy, as you should be witnessing increasing developments of the Creator's wisdom, power, and goodness. Or, if I should be called to leave you here behind me, I would in yonder home commune back with your believing, hoping spirit, and have a special pleasure in the thought of being permitted by the Master to welcome you and lead you in that field of glories, when you should come and join me."

* * * * * * * *

"God bring you in safety to your devoted husband and loving children,

"S. COBB."

Even then Mr. Cobb was a Christian spiritualist, as the reader can plainly see; and though he lived more than quarter of a century after that letter was written, yet I believe he never made an advance in that direction beyond what he then professed. He early imbibed the glorious hopes of the gospel, and they were full to overflowing in their richness of spiritual gifts. It would be impossible to over-estimate the love which Mr. Cobb bore his wife; and never did he fail to come up in practice to what his lips and his pen professed. As I have said often enough, Mr. Cobb was not a poet; but there were times when he had a strong penchant for rhyming; and this desire generally manifested itself in connection with his sentiments of connubial and paternal love.

I can say that Mr. Cobb not only fully realized the duties required at the hands of the husband towards making home all that it should be, but that he also performed those duties truly and faithfully. And I know that his wife did all in her power to make his home all that he

would have it. Yes; to his wife he owed the heaven that was his to enjoy upon earth. Sometimes a sense of editorial propriety may lead a man to express sentiments of esteem that he could not well account for in fact; but when we come to his private letters, we are pretty sure to find his heart laid bare, especially if he be writing to one who possesses his entire confidence. As it is my desire to show how Mr. Cobb's life was influenced by the circumstances of his home, I cannot do better than to quote his own convictions, put upon paper, at times when the emotions that stirred his soul were his only guide. And I do this not more to open up to view the circumstances that influenced him, than to present a domestic picture which may be studied and copied with profit by others.

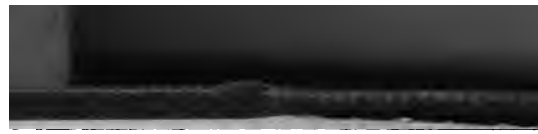
The following extract of a letter from Mr. Cobb to his wife presents another of those heart-pictures which reveal the inborn goodness and native grandeur of the man. Mrs. Cobb was at that time on a visit to her friends in Hallowell, and little Jimmy, then seven years of age, was with her. She had taken the trip not so much for her own pleasure as for recuperating the failing health of her boy:

"*The Consecrated Castle,*
"*Sunday evening.*

"PRECIOUS WIFE,—I have been to meeting this afternoon, and heard Br. Sebastian Streeter. Since meeting I have been reading Prof. Stuart on "*Conscience and the Constitution*," * * !—and now, for a little genuine pleasure, I must turn and converse a while with you.

"Well, it is lonely without you, but, after all, it is blessed to be AT HOME. Some how or other there is a peculiar charm in this spot. It seems like a paradise;—all is peace and serenity. It is truly the "CASTLE OF PEACE," and the Angel of Peace has taken her abode here.

"True, there is a lack just now. When I come over from my



office, I cannot look up and ken from the window, or at the door, that countenance of countenances, beaming with the light of intelligence and love; and the light tread and affectionate greeting and converse of that little boy Jimmy, I miss exceedingly. But I do not indulge melancholy on this account, because it is all calculated upon as a duty and privilege all around. I enjoy your company in spirit, and think how happy you are, with that little star of hope by your side, greeting your old friends, and renewing pleasant acquaintance.

"Wife, I have thought with a great deal of pleasure on the chief subject and expression of your letter you closed for me before you left home. Your appreciation of your own improvements, privileges, and blessings, is to me, observant of the same facts, a rich source of enjoyment. But in regard to the few words you say of my harder lot, and the non-reception of deserved consideration, I take pleasure in assuring you that I enjoy a Christian and philosophical view of this matter. So far as it relates to the public in general, there is no lack of as much honor as my merits can claim. And with regard to certain trials to which you refer, I decidedly feel that they were necessary to qualify me for a work I have to do. I clearly see that I have acquired qualifications by my business difficulties and hardships, and by the *use* made thereof by certain persons, which I could not otherwise have acquired, for a work yet before me. You and I shall yet see and know it. And then my burdens have all along been made light by the consciousness of rectitude of intention; by a firm faith in the wisdom of God's designs; by the noble sentiments and kind sympathies of SUCH an help meet as few, if any, other men are blessed with; and also by the love and sympathy of the whole numerous home circle. Yes, — I am more than blessed, and doubt not that I shall yet be able to do more than I have yet done to render blessed the valued companion of my joys and sorrows.

* * * * * * *

"I miss you very much here — more than I can tell; but yet I would not have you hurry home on that account. I would have you feel perfectly contented, and fill out the time of your contemplated visits. But it will be a great treat to receive you when you come. All the children send love to you and Jimmy. Squeeze him for me — the darling boy!

"Forever thine, "SYLVANUS."

Such was the Home of Sylvanus Cobb — made so, in a great measure, by the gentle spirit of her whom he called WIFE.

WIFE! — MOTHER! — How sweet, how pure, how blessed her influence! To her husband she never spoke a word unbecoming her station; and if, in the other years, she may have been weak and at fault at times, her faults were only such as bound her more closely to the heart of him whom she loved, in that they brought her to his stout bosom for strength and support. When he went forth from his home she gave him the memory of smiles to be his on his journey; and when he returned he was sure to meet that same blessed smile to warm and cheer his heart. O, wives, what a crown of life is this! Show me the husband who *knows* that when he returns to his home the arms of his wife will be open to receive him, with the warmth of smiles upon her face, and I will show to you a man who has a blessing above all the material wealth of earth. And I know that such a blessing was his whose Memoirs I write.

Can I leave this subject here? Is the story of the wife's influence complete until we know how she performed the duties of mother to his children? MOTHER! I can write it in a sentence. Three-and-forty years have I borne the blessed privilege of calling her by that hallowed name; and I can look back over all the past of my life, and find not in my memory one single look, word, or deed of hers that ever gave me pain. During all the years of my life she never spoke to me a harsh word; she never did to me a pain-imparting deed; and she never gave me to feel that she had a fault laid up in her memory against me. And yet God knows her heart has ached many a time and oft. Did I say she had never

in deed given me pain? O, when I remember how she has taken me to her bosom and imprinted a tearful kiss where many another would have placed a blow, I can call to mind pangs of most exquisite pain. But they were such pangs as the redeemed may feel when they remember how they have crucified their Saviour. And in all those years I can remember well how she has sought to lead my mind and my affections up to Christ and God. To my father I owe much, — as much as mortal child ever owed to an earthly parent, — but to my mother I owe more than life. But enough. Within the depths of my own heart let my most sacred memories of my mother rest. They are mine,— not the world's. Mine to bless and cheer with emotions akin to heavenly bliss while life shall last!

Such a Mother could not but make a happy home for her husband. Such a mother could not but command the confidence of the father; and so was the man doubly blessed in the possession. Not only to her could he look for all the joys the blessed love and constancy and purity of a wife can give, but to her could he also with unwavering confidence look for that mild and gentle influence made up of all the Christian graces, which should be safe and healthful guidance for his children. He realized it all; and he was happy!

At the commencement of these memoirs I had thought of giving a full chapter to a consideration of the subject of Mr. Cobb's UNIVERSALISM; that is, its kind and character. But no such space will be necessary. The reader who has read thus far must have gathered already a pretty thorough idea of the character of the Universalism which Mr. Cobb professed. But I will say a few words, to give in brief, the essential points of his doctrine.

He believed that God had a PLAN in view when he created the world, and placed upon it children of his own, after his own image; and he believed that that Plan, perfected, was to redound to God's glory and honor. He believed, furthermore, that God entered upon the work with the intent and purpose of securing his own happiness in the grand consummation. And, further still, he believed that God intended, when he created man, to make this mortal immortal in joy and bliss, to partake with himself of perfection.

He believed that God had the Power to accomplish that which he had planned. He did *not* believe that in the very outset, — that in the very first stroke of labor upon the highest object of his creation — God made a woful blunder which was to convulse the whole creation with disorder and confoundment. He did *not* believe that the Power to create was put in operation without the Wisdom so to contrive that the original Plan should be perfected. No, — he believed that God had not only the wisdom to plan, and the power to create, but also the power to accomplish all that he undertook.

He believed that, in time, as had been appointed from the beginning, God sent his Son Jesus Christ upon the earth to be a teacher unto his people, and, literally, a Saviour, — a Saviour from sin. And he believed that the coming of Christ was a part of the great original Plan, — one of the instrumentalities by which man was to be led to the Father. He believed that Christ was sent to do a certain share of the work; that he was sent by One who knew the work he should do, and who endowed him with full power to consummate it. So God was in Christ, redeeming the world to himself.

He believed that now, upon the coming of Christ, the

whole Gospel Scheme was revealed in its beauty and grandeur. That Scheme did not contemplate a *partial* doing of the work of redemption; but it contemplated an entire and thorough consummation. Upon the professed Christian who should have declared that the Father only contemplated the saving of a part of his children through the mission of his Son Mr. Cobb would have looked with pity and commiseration; and upon the professed Christian who should have declared that God and Christ combined could not accomplish all they desired he would have gazed with sorrow and amazement.

Mr. Cobb believed that all would be accomplished just exactly as God had planned that it should be accomplished, when, in the morning of creation, he stretched forth his hand to commence the work. And since a Being of Infinite Wisdom and Love had laid the plan, he believed that that plan must look to a consummation of Universal joy and blessedness, so that the Father himself might be blessed in the perfection of his works. And since a Being of Infinite Power had taken the plan in hand, he believed the end would be accomplished.

And so Mr. Cobb was a UNIVERSALIST.

There is an important point upon which there is diversity of opinion among even the clergymen of the Universalist denomination. That is: How shall men be raised? With what sort of spirits shall they enter upon the higher life? Or, how far may the circumstances of the earthly life affect the entrance upon the heavenly?

In the first place, Mr. Cobb could not believe in anything like punishment in the higher state, because that would involve the necessity of sin there; since a just and merciful God would not inflict punishment after the child had lost the desire and capacity to sin. In the second

place, he did not believe that there could be any *degrees* of nearness to the Father established by the Father himself, whatever might result from the various abilities of individuals to comprehend the value and glory of Godlike character. In short, he believed that all would be raised in a state of happiness — of happiness to them perfect in itself, and as refined and extensive as they were capable of enjoying; but, as he believed in eternal progression, of course he admitted that there were grades of bliss-imparting knowledge to be gained, and still gained, by the wisest and the best.

For instance: The poor inebriate, sunk in the very lowest depths of vice and debauchery — his lips profane, and his every word a curse — his frame shattered, and his soul a wreck — his home dark, drear, and desolate, and his wife and children crushed and broken-hearted. See that man, at midnight, reeling forth from the tavern, so beastly drunk that his senses are gone, and his limbs refuse their office. Out into the stormy night he staggers, and after struggling a while in his uncertain way, he sinks by the wayside — sinks, he knows not where — and his stupor holds him there upon the cold, wet earth until morning. Suppose that poor wretch had died during that night of storm and exposure — suppose in that drunken state he had passed from earth to another world — what would have been his condition there? Here is opportunity for difference of opinion. What would God have done with that poor, wayward, misguided soul? Different clergymen might give you different answers.

But mark! In the morning the wretched man awakens from his stupor, and at length he sits up and gazes around. Behold where his struggling instinct — perhaps some kind guardian spirit — had led him. In the dim grey light of morning he sees a white slab of marble, and upon it the

the spirit of his sainted mother,
be all that a true man, as husba
should be. And then he went t
wife and his children the story o
told to them what he had done.
kind to him, and to trust him o
What was the wife's answer to t
her husband off, and tell him t
mence quite yet? Or was heave
hold in that hour, and joy ecst
long was it before that man sent
a prayer of praise and blessing?

And would God have been les
stricken wife, who had suffered
cruel hand? And would Heave
with blessed influence than wa
of poverty and want?

So much from my own pen by
Cobb regarded the sinner's ent
how is it with the sentient Scof
an extract from one of Mr. C

earth, and to the close of life, was an Atheist, and a sensualist. Cyrus is astounded to see that once atheistic sinner glowing with the inspiration of sublime and elevating thought, as he *knows* the blessed truth of life from the dead, and the being and glory of God, and most of those glorious truths which the gospel reveals to the believing soul on earth. And as he looks, and beholds, and meditates, and admires, he breaks out into a song of praise and prayer, — 'O God, from whose love I have been alienated through the ignorance that was in me, thy wonderful working has dissipated that darkness, and I know that *thou art!* And life immortal, which my dark soul could not anticipate, O, gracious God, thou hast given it to me, and I shall congratulate the loved of earth, whom I had supposed to be lost in utter death. I am full of humble thankfulness! Father, accept the humble gift, myself to thee, through Jesus Christ my Lord. O, guide me evermore, in this boundless field of glories.'

"'Hold, hold! exclaims the critical philosopher in heaven. You, Mr. Atheist, are making naught of my philosophy. Visible to you as is the being of God, and thrilling to you as is the fact of immortal life, and the infinite grace of your Father in heaven, you must be an atheist, and a sensualist, and a scoffer, for a season, here in this world of spirit life, and heavenly glory.' And he lifts up his voice in supplication, 'Lord, if thou wilt vindicate thine own honor, and my philosophy, exert thine "*arbitrary*" force upon this repentant and loving soul, and quench his joy, and silence his praise, and compel him to remain a decent term of years, in the darkness of atheism, and the hell of sensualism.'

"Then appears the Son of God, and he kindly instructs the upbraiding philosopher. 'Cyrus,' says the Master, 'I have somewhat to say to thee.' And he said, Master, say on. 'There was a certain creditor which had two debtors; the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most?' And Cyrus answered and said, 'I suppose that he to whom he forgave most.' And he said unto him, 'Thou hast rightly judged.' And then the philosopher bowed with reverence to the Master, and cheerfully joined with the converted atheist, born into the spirit

which he held for himself he held
ter of Adam. PRAYER he held
blessed privilege; and through
for others; in weal, or in woe;
with brightest promise, or wh
upon him; he could look trusti
his Father in Heaven, and devo
DONE!"

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUDING SUMMARY OF CHARACTER, — HIS POWERS AS A WRITER AND AS A SPEAKER, — HIS POSITION IN THE DENOMINATION, — HIS CLOSING HOURS, — SICKNESS AND STRUGGLES, — "I HAVE TRIED TO BE A FAITHFUL SERVANT OF THE LORD!" — THE NEW LIFE.

DEAR READER, — Surely there can be need that I should say but little more concerning Mr. Cobb's general characteristics and habits. It has been my aim in the foregoing pages to present the various features and points of his character as the course of his active life has developed them. It is sometimes the custom of the biographer to devote a large space towards the close of the work to an estimate of the various qualities — intellectual, social, moral, and religious — of his subject; but I trust the reader, who has travelled with me thus far, is able, at this stage, to make the full estimate for himself. In fact, I stated in the commencement much that I intended to show in the Memoir; and now the question is, Have I shown it? I can only answer, — I have so striven.

As I desire to present in these pages a few of the estimates which others have expressed concerning Mr. Cobb's peculiar traits and powers, there is no need that I should occupy space with any further analysis of those points. I think it has been most conclusively shown that the subject of our Memoir was a man of wondrous power, and with tongue or pen he was equally able to impress his thoughts

upon the minds of others. He never arose to speak, nor did he sit down to write, until he had mastered his subject, and as he never uttered a word of support save in behalf of what he sincerely believed to be right, nor a word of condemnation save against that which in the very depth of his moral sentiment he believed to be wrong, it was not an easy matter to overcome him in argument.

No man could have possessed more fully the confidence and esteem of a denomination than did Mr. Cobb. Wherever he had preached, and was known, he was looked up to as a teacher and a father; and from him his friends were always willing to receive counsel and instruction. His words were not only eagerly listened to, but they were treasured up for use and application. And especially was this the case towards the close of his life, after he had left the Chair Editorial. Then, when his thoughts came no longer forth from week to week, the brethren of the household of faith were glad when they had opportunity to gain lessons of wisdom from his lips.

And this is the boy we have seen sitting by the old kitchen fire-place, away off in a new and wild country, studying his lessons by the light of the blazing logs. This is the boy who asked his father for a grammar, and was told in reply that such a thing would be of no use to *him!* This is the boy who had the will to improve; who had the courage ever to do right; who never shrank from maintaining that right, let the opposition come from what source it might; who commenced life with the determination, set foremost in every thought and plan, TO BE A MAN; and who pursued his purpose boldly, steadily, and industriously, to the end. All that he was he owed to his God and his own endeavors; and his life is well worth the studying and imitating by the youth of our land.

After leaving the editorial chair he became engaged in a somewhat extensive and important business which required his occasional attendance at the office of the company in New York, and he continued to attend to the publishing and sale of his books, and to the business of the company, without experiencing any difficulty which he was willing to acknowledge as such, until the Spring of 1866. On the last of April he went, alone, on business to Pennsylvania; and I find entered in my mother's diary the following, under date of "*Sunday, May 6th*, — My dear husband returned this morning safe and happy. He came from New York last evening in the Stonington boat. He stood his journey well, and appears very well and strong." On the 20th he preached in Canton, as the reader has already been informed, and returned rather better, he thought, "of a cold that had been troubling him for some time"! But on the next day after his return — the 22d — his wife's diary bears record that the preaching must have been bad for him, for his "cold is worse." On the last day of the month was held the Universalist "Conference and Prayer Meeting," which Mr. Cobb was very anxious to attend, but his weakness forbade. On the following day he sent a note to Rev. A. A. Miner, bearing words of cheer and blessing to the brethren; and at the close thereof he writes: "By God's favor my health is improving. I trust he has yet some good for me to do in co-operation with you all." He could not believe that his health was failing; and yet at that very season his wife was continually praying — and I read the prayers in her diary — "O God! in mercy spare him unto me!"

After the first of June Dr. Cobb sank rapidly, and very low; and it was now that Dr. Thorndike, a physician whose judgment and skill are of the very highest standard, and whose diagnosis based upon external symptoms, is about as sure

as are the facts revealed by an autopsy, came in and made a critical and thorough examination. He decided that there was a most emphatic *hypertrophy of the heart!* He not only found symptoms of an enlargement of the heart, but he also decided that there must be trouble with one, or more, of the valves. It was hard to believe this — very hard. Might there not be some mistake? But the doctor shook his head. The disease was there, and the most that could be done was, if possible, to lift the system over it for a while longer. And to that end such medications and invigorating agents were given as would be likely to overcome the tendency to inefficient nutrition; and after a time Mr. Cobb rallied. Other medical counsel was sought to consult with Dr. Thorndike, and the opinion was put forth by one who stands high in the profession, that there was no organic disease of the heart. This gave the sufferer great hope; but it could not save him. His regularly attending physician, Dr. T., knew very well what was the matter, and prescribed accordingly. During the months of August and September Mr. Cobb visited the city-proper several times, not only attending to business at his office, but visiting the Publishing House and conversing with the brethren there assembled; and occasionally on these visits, some theme would be brought into discussion that served to draw a little of the old fire from his soul. Towards the latter part of September he had so far regained his strength that he planned a visit to New York, and then he was coming down to visit the home of the writer, in his native town of Norway; and he wrote to me, making me acquainted with his plan.

On the first day of October, in company with his wife, and with the consent of his physician, but with many admonitions from this latter personage, he went to New York,

transacting some business there, and also visiting his twin sons in Newark. He reached home on the fifth of the month, trying to make himself believe that he had sustained no great fatigue; and on the following day he wrote to me that he should be with me on the next Wednesday. But when I received his letter, and marked the tremulousness of the hand in the straying, straggling, struggling words, I said to my wife: "My father will not come!"

And so it proved. The frame was shattered and sinking, and its strength was once more departing. On the 9th of this month of October he bade his wife to write that he could not come then; but that he would come next June, when all was beautiful and fresh in our pleasant country abode. On the morning of the 12th he went over to the city; but the effort was exhausting; and he went not from his home again in the flesh!

After that, he complained of sleepless nights, and of painful unrest. Opiates were resorted to, but with little effect. Mr. Cobb held them in horror, dreading the result of their continuance to the forming of habit. From this time he grew worse, and the symptoms were alarming. It was evident to his medical attendants that he could not again revive. His distress increased; he gained no rest in recuperative sleep; and the system was slowly and surely sinking. On the 21st, he was assisted to the dining-room, where he sat down to dinner with the family. This was on Sunday. In his old accustomed seat at the board, in accents grown weak and faltering, but with spirit as strong in hope and faith as ever, he raised his voice in prayer and supplication, not forgetting to return thanks to the Giver of all good for the manifold blessings he had so long enjoyed. That old familiar custom of prayer! He never omitted it for a day at his home when he was there.

The custom of almost half a century. His prayer ascended from the old place on that holy Sabbath day, and he never sat at that board again!

How fondly we cherish the memory of the incidents of those last days! Adjoining his chamber was the apartment of his daughter Haley, where, when able, he would go for social converse with those who might be assembled there. He bent his tottering steps to her room on the 25th, and gazed once more out upon the green carpet that yet covered the beautiful inclosure of Belmont, gazed off upon the distant walls and spires of the great city, and then returned to his chamber, — returned to come not forth again until the angel should come to give him conduct to that sphere where pain and unrest are known no more forever.

After this, he became aware that his end was approaching, though he refrained from speaking of *dying*. There was something peculiar in his course in this respect. In all his conversation upon the subject he avoided the least allusion to death as an earthly change, and would listen to no remarks bent in that direction. Thoughts upon what the world calls Death, with its accompaniment of "dark rivers," and "silent tombs," did not seem to occupy his mind; but, all the while, fully conscious that the end was approaching, and calmly willing to prepare his business therefor, his every expression gave token of coming from one who saw only the gates of Eternal Day invitingly open before him.

To him there may have been no such thing as dying. I have thought that he did not so regard the change which he knew was at hand. He had seen his darling Jimmy, and he promised that he would tell what he had said to him; but he was weak then, and put it off to another time.



Yes, he had thought only of passing out from that weak, broken body into the realm of the bright Unseen. He may have wondered if there would be much pain in the rending of soul and body; and he may have shrank from talking of that event which men call death, but which to him was only an approaching severing of bonds that had become weighty and burdensome.

That such were Mr. Cobb's ideas of death may be seen by the following beautiful poem, clipped from a periodical, and placed by him in his wife's diary but a few days before his departure, and which she found, as he probably intended she should, after he had walked

——— "That starry stairway
Leading to Jehovah's throne:"

"I SHALL NOT DIE, BUT LIVE.

"Tell me not, ye cold-eyed mortals,
Tell me not, ye souls of gloom,
That Death comes a midnight monster,
Blasting every earthly bloom;
Though the clasp of death be icy,
Willingly this frame I'll give,
For a Saviour's voice hath told me
That 'I shall not die, but live.'

"No, I will not dress in mourning
All the golden gifts of God,
Hope shall shed her sunbeams o'er me,
Faith shall be my staff and rod.
Death shall be a beauteous angel,
And thrice blest this earthly goal;
Death but buries up the body,
Life entombs the living soul.

"When my days on earth are numbered,
Weep not where my dust is sown,
I shall walk the starry stairway
Leading to Jehovah's throne.
Have I not the glorious promise?
Christ arose, and I believe;

Oh, I thank thee, Holy Father,
That 'I shall not die, but live.'"

Never, in all his pulpit exercises, did more beautiful and inspiring prayers ascend from his lips than were uttered by him while he lay upon that dying bed. On one occasion he prayed with a fervor and power that seemed the offspring of more than ordinary strength of body and mind.

In giving an account of the closing scenes, I cannot do better than copy the following extracts of a letter from my sister Haley, who, through all her father's sickness, was as an attendant angel of mercy by his side, ever ready to answer his slightest wish; anticipating his graver needs; and taking no thought of comfort to self while she could render the slightest service to the sufferer. These offices she shared with her mother; and to that dear mother, also, in her seasons of greatest alarm and fear, she was a messenger of peace and hope. God will bless that faithful child for all she has done of good in that household. Little Jimmy fell asleep upon HALEY'S bosom; and our precious Sarah, during all her long sickness, found an attending angel in that same sweet sister! Ah, Haley, are not the richest rewards that earth can give, or that Heaven can bestow upon the child of earth, already thine!

As will be seen by these extracts, even while the struggling spirit was bursting its bonds of earth, the loving daughter fancied the earth-life was gaining new hold upon its shattered tabernacle of clay. The letter was written somewhat in the form of a diary, and to me it was the bearer of blessed lessons:—

"CASTLE OF PEACE,
"October 29, 1866.

"MY DARLING BROTHER,—Knowing how anxiously you must watch for tidings of our precious father, I steal from his room to talk a while with you.



"Since Saturday father's mind has wandered much of the time. He has had brief intervals of consciousness, but his senses are mostly prone to this wandering state, caused, the doctor says, by the water having reached the brain.

"Yesterday was a blessed day to us all, and I would that you could have been with us. Father seemed in much closer communion with Heaven than with earth. Peaceful, trustful, and happy, he converted his bed of suffering into an altar of prayer and praise. Now he would be engaged in prayer — then preaching to a congregation from the text: — 'O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men;' and, in tones of pathetic sweetness, he repeated nearly the whole of Psalm CVII. At night, when I took his tea to him, he thought himself surrounded by the Brethren, and would not taste his tea until I had assured him that the Brethren were all provided for; and, then, not a sip would he take until he had lifted up his voice in prayer and thankfulness to God for mercies received; as you and I, Vaney, have been wont to hear him for so many years when seated at that old family table.

"Last night, for the first time since father's illness, we persuaded mother to leave him to take her rest. We insisted upon this, knowing that she could not endure constant watching; and father needs the bright and cheerful face of his 'Guardian Angel,' as he terms her, and which she truly is to him. So La Fay watched with our dear one, who passed a restless night, sleeping but little, so great was his labor for breath.

"This afternoon, as I stood by father's bedside, he looked up with a light upon his countenance that seemed almost divine, and, with yearning earnestness he said, —

"'I HAVE TRIED TO BE A FAITHFUL SERVANT OF THE LORD!'

"Eben and Jennie have been over to-day. Father's face lighted up when he saw Jennie; and when Eben went to the bedside, father took both his hands in his, and held them for two or three moments in perfect silence, his eyes lifted Heavenward, as though giving a father's last blessing to his boy. It was a touching scene upon which we all looked with tear-filled eyes.

* * * * * * * *

"*Tuesday eve.*, 30*th*. Last night George watched with our precious father, who passed quite a comfortable night. To-day the labor for breath has been more severe, but the dear one is easier to-night. We thought this noon of telegraphing for you and the twins; but he seems much better again. The doctor says he is no worse; and though he gives us no hope of his recovery, we cannot help thinking that the Supreme Father may spare him to us yet a while longer.

"This morning when Tucker came in before leaving for the city, father, for the first time, failed to recognize him; but he soon rallied from this state, and when, towards noon, Uncle Samuel Locke, who came over to see him, entered his room, he knew him at once, and greeted him with his accustomed cordiality. Br. White also called this noon; he recognized him at once, and after greeting him, said, 'You remember what I said to you last spring, when you called on me, Br. White?' (This was an exhortation for him to be faithful to his trust as a minister of the blessed Gospel.) This afternoon his mind has been wandering most of the time, but always on pleasant themes. Now he was back in the pulpit, with an audience before him, preaching as of old; anon he was holding argument with a doubter of his faith; then gradually he seemed to come nearer and nearer to his Lord, and his voice was tuned to prayer and praise. '*All-Wise and merciful Father!*' '*Most Beneficent and kind!*' *And then* — '*All-Loving Father!*' '*Thou who ever shieldest thy feeble flocks upon thy Loving Bosom!*' *Then a pause, and* — '*So Infinite in goodness and* ——'

"Here his voice failed him, and he sank into a short slumber. When he next aroused himself he was back amid the scenes of his boyhood; now upon the farm; now felling trees; then at school spelling *b-u-t, but, t-e-r, ter, butter, — n-u-t, nut, — butternut;* and then he took up his Latin conjugation. After this he sank once more into unconsciousness, and when he next spoke, his words were all of one accord, betraying *nearness to God.* There was really no wandering, and yet no sense of earthly things. His mind seemed already soaring away from the body, and grasping Heavenly beauties. O, Vaney, sweet and inspiring were these disconnected utterances, welling up from our father's soul; a soul filled with spiritual power.

"But I must leave you now and go to father. George will

sleep in the Green Room, within call. I am to sit with father until twelve, when La Fay will take my place. I will close this in the morning. God grant I may come with cheering tidings of our father. Good-night. God bless and keep you.

* * * * * * *

"*Wednesday morning*, 31*st*—Father labored much for breath during the first part of the night; but when I left him, at Twelve, he seemed rather more comfortable. Between Three and Four, mother, who could not sleep, joined La Fay in his watching; and, as she sat by the side of the loved one, his hand in hers, his struggles for breath gradually grew less, and she deemed him better. When I went in at six o'clock, he looked up and sweetly smiled, but could not speak. I noticed a cold sweat upon his brow, but dreamed not that the end was so nigh. When the others went down to breakfast I had some warm water sent up, thinking that bathing his head might soothe him, as this was something he had enjoyed all through his sickness; and it had never failed to quiet him. For nearly a half hour I bathed that noble brow; rejoicing that it was soothing him into so sweet and peaceful a sleep, little thinking it was to be that sleep that knows no waking upon earth. And when George came up for me to go to breakfast, I joined our mother with a lighter heart; and told her that father had fallen into a sweet sleep and seemed really better. At this intelligence the anxious clouds were lifted from her dear face, and with a bright, hopeful smile she left me to go back to him, who was so much more to her than all the world beside.

* * * * * * *

"With love, as ever,

"Thine affectionate sister,

"HALEY."

And so once again the wife's hopes were raised, and the cloud of anxiety was lifted from her brow by the thought that she might enjoy the blessed companionship of the loved one yet a while longer upon earth. She hastened back to her precious charge, the new-born hope whispering sweet music to her soul; but, alas! those notes of promise were to faint and fail in mournful cadence. As she entered

in all those years he had failed
But he must have recognized
companion; for a sweet, tr
features—a smile which left
that mortal form was exposed
smile was the only token of re
a few moments, and then sent
to call Haley, for she knew tha

Haley came into the chambe
by their mother's side. A sole
air, and they broke it not even
nized, as from the impress of
Messenger from the Unseen was
filled them with an emotion so
that they could not have spok
had suffered so much lay now s
seemed like the falling to sl
mother's bosom. There was
of any feature; but the eyes w
lips fixed as though with some
light of that smile still lingered

CHAPTER XX.

OBITUARIES OF THE PRESS, — THE FUNERAL, — MEMORIAL SERVICES, — A TRIBUTE FROM A. ST. JOHN CHAMBRÉ, — LETTER OF DR. J. V. C. SMITH, — CONCLUSION.

NOTICE of the death of Dr. Cobb was taken by the press generally throughout the country, and the spirit which marked the obituaries was of one character. There is no need that I should occupy space here in transcribing them. I will only give a few, to show the general tone of feeling.

The following is from Rev. Dr. I. D. Williamson, of the "*Star in the West*": —

"DEATH OF DR. COBB.

"It is our painful duty to announce that our old and beloved friend and brother, Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, D.D., died at his residence in Boston, on Wednesday morning, Oct. 31st. Thus, another of the fathers in our Israel has fallen, and we that remain, are warned that the time of our departure is at hand. We first met Br. Cobb in 1828, and from that time to the day of his death we have known and loved him. He was then in the strength and prime of his manhood. With a herculean frame, and a massive brain to match, he was a man of commanding presence, and one who looked upon him would be apt to think that he was as well able as any man to defy the assaults of time. The last time we met him was in Boston, in 1864. Thirty and six years had passed since we first met, and though the marks of age were apparent, yet 'his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated,' and we thought he had a good chance for a quarter of a century more of life upon the earth. But he has gone

nent. If he had done nothing o
as a clear thinker and sound theo
secured. He was characterized
of thought, than by elegance of
His logic was compact and stron
man who engaged in controvers
premises and conclusions. His
was consecrated to the cause he
labored with tireless industry th
Few men, we think, have done
more widely or deeply mourned."

The next is from the "*Bostc*
lows: —

"Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, D. D.
clergyman of the Universalist de
at his residence in Webster Str
ninth year of his age. Dr. Cobb
which age did not impair. His
because his heart was in everyt
known for his polemical earnestne
tion of a champion as well as
faith. In politics and reform hi
advanced liberals. His acquirem
was ardent, and his earnest exp



"Liberal Christianity has lost a zealous and able defender by the death of Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, which occurred at his residence in East Boston on Wednesday, Oct. 31, at the age of sixty-eight. As preacher, author, and editor, he labored sedulously and intelligently for the advancement of his denomination, and was rewarded by seeing it arise out of its persecution and weakness to be a power in the land. As a polemic he was a man to be feared by a contestant; for, armed with the simple truth of the gospel he loved and preached, and aided by the strength of a vigorous intellect, there were none who could controvert his positions. This was proved in the celebrated Hudson and Adams discussions, which are printed, and form most excellent volumes of his printed works. He never, however, forfeited the respect of opponents by any departure from the rules of fair controversy, though there were cases where they were less kind to him. Though a zealous contestant, he was kind and generous, and manifested towards all the charity he professed. His ability as a theologian is evinced in his Commentary on the New Testament, his last and grandest work, a monument to his erudition and his industry. As a preacher, he was earnest and impressive, holding his hearers in the deepest interest, and, though not what the world calls eloquent, while he had the fervor of youth and in his matured intellect, he stood in the foremost ranks of his denomination. Styles changed; he was no longer wanted as a controvertist, where, indeed, the denomination itself had advanced farther than he, and he left the field to others, doing little latterly beyond literary labors. He was a zealous Temperance man, and was interested in most of the Reform movements of the day, busying himself in all good works, which will miss his support. We have known him long as a kind friend, always ready with a pleasant word of encouragement; and though the death of a good man at a ripe age is no cause for grief, we heard of his departure with sincere regret."

I have many more notices at hand, but there is no need of giving them here. Dr. Saywer, of the "*Ambassador*," gave an extended obituary, worthy alike of his subject and of his own great heart; and he may take to himself the



assurance that his kind words of respect for the dead, and sympathy for the living, have called upon him blessings from the bereaved.

And so of the others who have offered their generous tributes of consolation. They will be remembered and blessed.

The funeral services were held on Monday, November 5th. As on the occasions of the burial of Jimmy and Sarah, there were no badges of mourning worn by any of the family. It had been Mr. Cobb's earnest desire that no such dark and, to him, unpleasant regalia should ever come in to add external gloom and shadow to the occasion of the passing away of any member of the household. He held it as the relic of times when Death was regarded as the most awful and calamitous fate that could befall humanity, and as a custom which the glorious light of the Blessed Gospel should banish from the Christian World. But he urged nothing of this upon others. He respected the feelings of all who honestly felt the need of outward trappings of mourning; but for himself he wanted them not.

The following, from the "*Universalist*," gives a full account of the funeral services: —

FUNERAL OF DR. COBB.

"The funeral services of our late brother in the ministry, and honored Father in our Israel, Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, D.D., were held, agreeably to the announcement made in our last, in the School Street church on Monday. At 12 o'clock, there were brief services at the house of the deceased in East Boston, a prayer being offered by Rev. A. St. John Chambré.

"The church was promptly filled at the hour of 1, save the seats kept in reservation for the family, the relatives and the clergy. At 1½ o'clock the coffin containing the body was brought in and placed on a bier in front of the pulpit; the seats that had been reserved were occupied; and, in every part, the

house was filled. The plaintive notes of the organ, breaking the solemn stillness, were a fitting prelude to the rites that were to follow.

"Rev. J. Boyden offered a fervent Invocation; after which, the pastor of the East Boston Society, Rev. C. J. White, read a selection of Scripture. A part of this selection was the 107th Psalm, and was read at the request of the bereaved widow. This Psalm contains the passages which our late brother so frequently repeated, in his half-unconscious state, the Sunday before his death. This circumstance was stated in explanation of the request that this Psalm should be included in The Selection.

"Rev. T. J. Greenwood next read the very appropriate hymn, beginning, —

"I looked upon the righteous man,
And saw his parting breath,
Without a struggle or a sigh,
Serenely yield to death."

"The hymn was sung by the choir of the church, conducted by Mr. Ball. Following the hymn came

Dr. Miner's Address.

"The address was highly eulogistic; but every point of excellence, as it was named, instantly commanded the assent of all who had known the departed. Dr. Miner's opening remark was, that the current of human life is flowing on to bear us to our rest. We cannot note every rill that goes to swell the current. Occasionally, one of larger magnitude commands especial attention. When, in the providence of God, one passes away who was gifted with extraordinary powers of mind, with an unusual degree of the Christian qualities, and who has faithfully used the opportunities for great influence, we are compelled to pause, and pass in review the gifts that have wrought with such effect. The late Sylvanus Cobb was such a man. Born in the town of Norway, in the State of Maine, he breathed in his early youth the atmosphere that nurtures a noble ambition. From the first, he felt the call to be of service to others; and his first public career was that of instructing youth. The next step was to him a natural one — into the Christian ministry. His settle-



ment in Malden, in 1828, was at a time of peculiar trial for a minister of the Reconciliation. The ten years of his pastoral labor there are especially noted as a controversial era. The current hostility to the doctrines of Universalism, always strong, then raged with especial vigor. The Malden pastor did not find, and he had not sought, a position of ease. But he was equal to the conflict, and he did his duty valiantly. Allusion was made to his brief settlement at Waltham, and also in East Boston. He did not long continue in the pastoral office. He had undertaken the herculean task of establishing a weekly journal in a field in some measure pre-occupied. For years he labored against discouragements of no ordinary magnitude. His financial resources were small. His investments in real estate were not such as practical business men pronounced wise. What means he possessed were not at his command; and financial revolutions brought him unlooked-for embarrassments. But he never failed to pay an obligation when the means for so doing were in his possession. Nor did he, while claims were resting upon him, squander in reckless luxury. He was never guilty of any indifference in regard to his obligations, nor of any conduct which Christian criticism would condemn. Under all circumstances, he retained the confidence and the respect of the community.

"What was the style of Dr. Cobb's faith? What was the quality of his thought? What was it that gave him peculiar power as a teacher of Christian truth? He recognized in God a Father; and interpreting the character of the Divine paternity, in the light of the paternal affection which was so strong and so noticeable in his own heart, he saw in the Divine administration a Paternal Government. He could not believe anything possible in the administration of the Divine Ruler that did not accord with this fundamental conviction. Hence his mind saw Divine justice always tempered with mercy. He could not fail to see that such a government embraced the world. And he lived to see a great change wrought in public sentiment by the patriarchal ministers, of whom he was one. And with them, he saw in prospect the coming world accomplishing for human souls what cannot be accomplished under the shadows of the present. He saw in the life beyond the grave the soul relieved of many burdens, and the veil removed that now hides the Divine presence. But he did not trouble himself with any question of in-

stantaneous change. In reality, he saw but one world, having indeed its various phases.

"Dr. Cobb's faith at once assumed the most practical form. It was not in his nature to cherish a cold faith. It warmed into practical application, and made him active in doing good. It shone forth in the cause of temperance; and he did a large share of the work that established the great principles which have since got embodied into law. He was early among the earnest men who worked in the anti-slavery movement. Wherever he preached, he assailed the wrong. In the pulpit, and through the columns of his paper, he was the steady defender of liberty. And the older he grew, the more earnest and the more uncompromising was his devotion to freedom.

"Though not what is technically called a learned man, in all that pertained to his professional labors he was truly and profoundly learned. He was always thorough and persevering in mastering all the points involved in any work he undertook. His profound and accurate researches were exhibited in his 'Discussions.' In his controversy with one of the ablest and most cultured divines of Boston, we never had occasion to fear the result. We all knew that the work was in safe hands. All the points were handled with care. And if an impartial jury could sit upon the Calvinistic dogmas that were tested in that discussion, the verdict would be, 'Died of the hard blows dealt by the hands of Sylvanus Cobb.' To the young who would get a knowledge of the essentials of Christian doctrine, Dr. Miner said he could commend no book with more confidence than Cobb's 'Compend of Divinity.' His most valuable work was his last — his 'Commentary on the New Testament,' which was pronounced philosophical, clear, comprehensive. Dr. Cobb's mind was always massive; it moved with a weight that would not admit of resistance. Such a character must be persevering. His spirit was as indomitable as truth itself. If difficulties came, he bore himself above them. Nothing could crush him.

"Dr. Cobb was the friend of young men. He could criticise the young preacher with great severity; and yet treat him with the greatest magnanimity, and make him feel that he was his friend. It is not strange that such a man has the confidence and the sympathy of his seniors — Ballou, Streeter, and Balfour.

"It was not claimed that Dr. Cobb was faultless. Faults he

doubtless had. But the great purpose of his life rose above them, and it was never tarnished by them.

"The central principle in the character of Dr. Cobb was his deep religiousness. No worldly difficulties ever impaired this. Under any and all circumstances, if there were occasion to elicit his thoughts, his uppermost thought was sure to have regard for the honor and the glory of God. While his mind wandered, his lips repeated the words 'O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.' Not many in health and comfort and prosperity feel like saying this. How few, in the hour of adversity, of weakness, and of pain, are ready to utter the words! But here was one broken in body, prostrate on the bed of disease, and only waiting for his departure; and *he* sees this truth, and he testifies to the infinite goodness of God!

"Dr. Miner concluded with a feeling address to the mourners, and also to the ministers. Could we compare the present with the future, as we can the present with the past, the great work accomplished by Dr. Cobb and his co-laborers would be full of encouragement; and would exhort us to persevere in confidence and in hope.

"ORIGINAL HYMN.

"Following the address, Dr. Paige read, and the choir sang, the following hymn, written for the occasion by Mrs. P. A. Hanaford: —

"Go to thy rest, O man of God! on high,
With those who bore the burden and the heat
Of bygone days, when Truth, that could not die,
Burned on your lips and guided all your feet.

"We mourn thine absence from familiar ways,
But high and pure the paths which thou hast trod;
We hope to follow till we meet and praise
With thee and thine before the throne of God.

"Long will thy name be cherished 'mid the ranks
Of those who teach our God's undying love,
While evermore we bow with rev'rent thanks,
And ask for grace to follow thee above.



"Go to thy place amid the radiant host, —
We mourn thy loss from earth with tears to-day,
Yet they who knew thee best and loved thee most
Say not, 'Return,' but 'Speed thee on thy way!'

"Rise to thy place beside the valiant few
Who boundless grace proclaimed in days gone by;
The crown is thine; the victor's palm thy due,
And thine the welcome where no more we die.

"A prayer was then offered by the former pastor in East Boston — Rev. A. St. John Chambré. This part of the service seems hardly a proper one for comment. We may say that while it was comprehensive, it appeared to be an inspiration of the solemn scene.

"The anthem, 'Rest, Spirit, Rest,' sung by the choir, concluded the service. All who desired to take a last view of the face that in life was so familiar, had the privilege granted; and nearly all felt the invitation to be a privilege. Then all that was mortal of Sylvanus Cobb was borne to the last resting-place. The remains were conveyed to Woodlawn Cemetery, the following gentlemen acting as pall-bearers: Rev. R. H. Neale, D.D., Hon. Richard Frothingham, Rev. J. M. Usher, Rev. J. G. Adams, Deacon Caverly of the Shawmut Avenue Church, and Deacon Kendall of East Boston. At the grave a solemn prayer was offered by Rev. A. J. Patterson; and the last respects to the earthly remains of a faithful minister of the New Testament, were paid. Peace to the ashes of the worthy dead!"

Memorial services were held in many places. In Malden, Rev. T. J. Greenwood preached an eloquent sermon on the subject of Dr. Cobb's life and death. In Lynn a sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Biddle. In the town of Norway, Mr. Cobb's native place, Rev. N. Gunnison preached an able and truthful discourse in memory of the deceased. In Marlboro' a memorial discourse was preached by Rev. W. A. Start; and one in Waltham by Rev. Benton Smith.

There were other memorial services; but I have not been sufficiently informed to make a note of them.

The following, from the pen of one who was long a member of Mr. Cobb's family, I present with emotions of deepest love and gratitude. Passing over the few words spoken of myself, which I know were dictated by a brother's love for one who always loved and honored him, I have to thank him for the generous, and yet, I firmly believe, true and just, estimate of my father's character:

"STOUGHTON, MASS.,
"Dec. 8, 1866.

"MY DEAR BRO. COBB: —I have been informed that you are to complete the memoir of your father. I rejoice to hear this, for I know the work will be done well and lovingly.

"When your father died, one of my first thoughts was, who will write his life? I remembered that he had been for some time engaged in the preparation of his autobiography. But had he completed it? If not, who would? My mind turned to you, for I felt sure that you, better than could any other person, would accomplish the labor of love. I hope you will be eminently successful, and that we may have the result at an early day. I am very anxious to read the events connected with his early life, and to know more of the circumstances and conditions that combined to produce the noble, Christian character I loved so well. Many others are equally anxious. I believe the volume you will give us will be highly prized, not only by the ministry, but also the laity of our denomination. Our whole 'Household of Faith' looked up to the doctor as to a 'father in Israel,' and mourned when he was stricken from the ranks of the living. A sadness fell upon us all when his soul passed on to God. But he went up higher. He rests from his labors, and his works abide after him.

"Very few have I known so strong of intellect, so firm of faith, so warm of heart, and so faithful to Christian truth and duty, as was he. But he has finished his course! He kept the

faith. And now he has been taken to receive the crown of righteousness reserved for him.

"Some thirteen years I have known your father intimately — probably as intimately as any one not a member of his own family circle. Of this you are well aware. I was his Pastor for a time. During a year of my early ministry I lived with him; and again was of his family another year after leaving the army. I think I may say I was one of his friends; I know he was one of mine. During all the years I have known him my esteem and love for him strengthened; for, always he was the same, — always the gentle-hearted Christian, the affectionate husband and father, the true and sound theologian, the earnest servant of Jesus Christ.

"It has often been said that what a man is, will be most fully shown in his own family. There is much truth in this statement. In the privacy of home, if anywhere, a man's real character *will* stand revealed. If we judge Dr. Cobb accordingly, the very highest eulogium may be pronounced upon his life. In his family he was all that could possibly be desired. A stranger meeting him upon the street, and beholding his large physical frame, and marking his deeply-thoughtful countenance, might perhaps wonder if he could be social and genial. But no one could be long in his home, and not discover that none could be more so. There, what he actually was did really make itself manifest. He was *always* genial and social — always happy. I never knew him to be otherwise. No one in his house was made uncomfortable or unhappy by him. At morning, at noon, and at night, he was the same good, pleasant, Christian gentleman.

"In this connection I recall what I consider an evidence of high Christian attainment and rare kindness of heart — that I never heard him speak an uncharitable word of any one. Nor was this because he was indifferent to wrong. None could be more severe than he sometimes was in the condemnation and denunciation of evil, no matter by whom committed. And his indignation against wrong was freely expressed in the presence of the wrong-doer. But for individuals he had a large charity. Of them he always spoke in words of affectionate tenderness, or, at the most, refrained from speaking at all.

"Of his sympathy with, and active interest in, young ministers, many can bear warm and grateful testimony. He seemed to

know how to meet them, and how to treat them. He was peculiarly happy in this regard. So far as my own experience is concerned, he was the first and only 'father' in the ministry, who, when I entered, a very young man, into the Denomination, somewhat physically enfeebled and exceedingly weary in mind from having passed through the shadow of a great trial, took me by the hand, treated me with perfect confidence, invited me to his house, and interested himself in my behalf. The friendship then formed lasted always, and was as fresh and hearty at the day of his death as when we first became acquainted. What he was to me he was also to many others.

"As a Theologian, the Doctor is to be ranked among the very ablest. With his strong and comprehensive intellectual powers he swept the whole field of Bible truths, apprehended clearly the relations of Christian doctrines and ethics, and resolved them into a Compend of Divinity, which for clearness and consistency stands unrivalled. But he was not merely a cold critic of the Sacred Scriptures. He accepted them as the oracles of God, undoubtingly, and from strong conviction, and he felt the power of the truths they enunciated. He had a warm religious feeling that bathed all his theological opinions and efforts as with the light and love of the world's Redeemer. As a Universalist, all his powers were for long years consecrated to his faith. He loved it, and was willing always to labor to the utmost for its triumph. How well and successfully he labored, you will undoubtedly fully unfold to us. Nor was his faith simply theoretical; it was practical and devotional. He was religious in his family, not less than in his public ministrations. The morning and evening prayer went ever up to the throne of the Father; and it was a prayer that embraced not only the near, but also the far-off. He was truly Catholic.

"And yet intensely denominational. He was jealous for the good name and fame of our Zion. He desired its foundations to be laid deep and broad, and was anxious that upon them should be reared a glorious superstructure. Other foundation than Jesus Christ he would not acknowledge, and upon the cap-stone of our Temple he would inscribe only 'Grace, grace unto it!' Nor was he willing that we should enter into any entangling alliance or association with others. He felt that the Universalist *Denomination* had earned, through sharp trials and manifold

tribulations, the right to be; that it had accomplished, under God, of itself, a great work, and had still a greater before it, which, if faithful to itself, it would surely consummate. To his mind, the world was large enough, and the opportunities sufficient, for the existence and labors of all branches of the general church. He would bid them all 'God speed' so far as they worked righteousness, and held aloft the cross of Calvary. But he would not yield our name, nor tarnish our glory, nor lower our banner. He thought, and acted upon the thought, that our Denomination should do its own work in its own way. Prestige, popularity, fashion, were nothing to him — only the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, the faith of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, that in the fulness of time all souls should be redeemed, and the Lord God be all in all.

"I can at least speak for myself of the Doctor as a sermonizer. I delighted to hear him preach. To say that his sermons were sound and logical, would not be enough. They were complete in form and detail. They shone with the brightness of the truth of the Gospel, and glowed with the warmth of religious emotion. They compelled thought; and if they did not always convince the opposer, they certainly made him feel that the speaker was eminently sincere and earnest.

"He was indefatigable in his literary labors. In the year 1863–4, which I spent at his house, he was engaged in his last and best work, the Commentary on the New Testament. Day after day, and far into the nights, and in the mornings before breakfast, he labored upon that book, during the entire year. I am sure that that ceaseless labor hastened his end. But as though he felt that his years were few on the earth, and that he must work while the day lasted, he would listen to no objections, and persevered until it was completed. He wrote that book with his life. He literally coined his physical and mental powers into its pages.

"But I must not weary you longer. Indeed, I fear I have written at too great length already. Much more, however, might be truthfully said of the Doctor. But you will gather it all.

"I remember that to err is human. Perfection belongs only to Divinity. Your father would not claim perfection for himself. Nevertheless, his Christian attainments were great; and few



have been more thoroughly and steadily dévoted to the religion of our Lord and Saviour.

"His family and his friends grieve for him, for he is not on earth. God has taken him! The Denomination will cherish his memory with kindliest feelings.

"Let me assure you of our profoundest sympathy in the great affliction which has fallen upon you. My prayer is, that the father's mantle may fall upon the 'first-born.'

"As ever, truly your friend,

"A. St. John Chambré.

"Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.,

"*Norway, Maine.*

"Our kindest love to yourself, your family, and your mother.

"C."

The following, from one whose warm and enduring friendship the family are proud to own, was received by the stricken wife with feelings of peculiar joy and gratitude. It shows not only the ready and impulsive sympathy of the writer, but it serves to give further proof of the general respect and esteem in which the memory of the departed is held: —

"New York, Nov. 4th, 1866.

"My dear Mrs. Cobb: —

"The death of your excellent husband, which has been announced in the papers of this city, really gave me a shock, as the intelligence was a melancholy surprise. But he was an eminently good man, and the influence of his disciplined and cultivated mind will long be remembered by those who had the honor of his acquaintance, or enjoyed his special friendship.

"In expressing my heartfelt sympathy for you and your family in this sad bereavement, I know so well your strong preparations for meeting all the contingencies of life, I have no doubt of the calmness of your expression, and the dignity of your thoughts, in this domestic woe and mental agony.

"It is a great source of comfort to have entire confidence in

the arrangements of Divine Providence; and in believing that our ultimate happiness is designed, however difficult it may be for us to understand the laws by which such results are ultimately accomplished.

"In the active, comprehensive, thinking life which the Rev. Mr. Cobb invariably led, I have no idea he was conscious of the high place he held in the public mind. But the press everywhere speaks out of the purity of his character, and deplores his loss.

"A reputation like his, so pure, unsullied, and open-hearted, is a better legacy to his children, and a far richer dowry for you, than houses or lands. No one can rob you of his good name. Allow me, therefore, to congratulate you and your family, in knowing the fact, as you must, that Mr. Cobb commanded the respect of all good people while living, and his death is considered a public misfortune. What a treasure!

"Some one of the sons should at once commence a preparation of a full memoir of their father. It would not only be a lasting monument of their affection for one whose very name, unconnected with his authoritative writings, is an honor to them; but it would subserve the interests of virtue, temperance, religion, and humanity.

"My heart is full of sorrow in regard to this painful event; and yet I see very clearly how his biographer may vastly enlarge the sphere in which the principles of our deceased friend may reach thousands upon thousands who never heard the sound of his voice.

"Accept for yourself and your children my sympathies, my affectionate regards, and continue to believe me your friend in adversity as well as in prosperity,

"J. V. C. SMITH.

"MRS. SYLVANUS COBB,
"*East Boston, Mass.*"

And thus we close the record of a good man's life. If we count that life by years, we shall find that he lived very near to the allotted age of man; but if we count it by its labors, then we shall admit that he lived to a ripe old age.

What more I have to say cannot be better said than in the words which I addressed to my sister in a familiar letter shortly after our dear father had been born into the higher life. The following is a part of the letter referred to: —

"SISTER MINE, — Death has some valuable lessons for those children of earth who are willing to study for improvement. My father living never had such influence over me as he has had since he burst the bonds of earth. Living, my father never looked to me so grand and noble as he looked to me in his last sleep. My pen cannot picture the emotions with which I looked upon that placid brow. The stern warrior reposed upon his laurels, and the seal of the true life was set even upon that emblem of mortality. There lay the form we had called FATHER, and about it, with a radiance almost divine, were clustered the results of his life-long labors, — results dwelling in our knowledge, and manifest to thousands upon thousands of his fellow-beings. I gazed upon the lips that had been first to utter the blessed words of God's glorious Truth to hosts of the anxious, doubting children of men — lips that never knowingly uttered falsehood — never wittingly bore upon their breath words of ill to any human being! — lips that could thunder invective against sin, or whisper the soft, sweet music of love to the listening ear of friends and companions. I gazed upon the once stalwart frame that had borne so much of toil and labor; I saw it worn and wasted in the strife until its strength was gone, and its energies departed forever. And I asked myself, For whom had he labored? Never for self — never, never! On all the earth there never lived and died a man who had more truly and practically performed an unselfish work of love and good-will, seeking for self only such reward as he could lay up in heaven. It is no stretch of truth to say that our father never gave room to a coldly selfish thought in his soul. Of how many men, in his position, can this be said? I thought of this as I stood and gazed upon that shattered and tenantless tabernacle.

"At first I could have wished that our father might have been able to leave more of this world's goods behind him. But for what should he have left them? Not for his children, surely. The best energies of his life had been given to them, and great to them has been the benefit — a benefit which must continue to



work to them for good while they live. To his children he had given while he lived, and, dying, he has left to them such treasures of mental and moral worth as all the gold of a Crœsus could not purchase. By his kindness and tender care, and by his energy and well-directed efforts, he had seen them all started upon the voyage of life — started with an hundredfold more advantages than were his when he launched his bark for that same voyage. No, no, — we could not surely wish that he had done more for his children. God knows he has done enough; and to-day those children have reason to bless God for the rich inheritance derived from their father. For my part, with grateful heart, and voice attuned to blessing, I thank him for the priceless wealth he has bestowed upon me, — a wealth which is mine forever, and which the courts of men cannot wrest from me.

"Should he have left more for our mother? God forbid! Has he not stamped his image upon his children, and left them all to her? O, my soul! how many mothers are left so well provided for as is she who blesses us with her love? Ah, not many. Could our own dear mother be now in want, then might we say that our father had labored and toiled without just reward; but it is not so. The old "Castle" is hers — that glorious old roof-tree where our loves have been centered so long. But, had she even been left without a farthing of this world's wealth in her own right, she would still have found herself rich in all that can make life pleasant and comfortable. My sister, I think our mother need not fear to gather up her jewels and compare them with the treasures of earth's most favored children.

"No, no, — there is nothing to regret; but everything to be thankful for. There is nothing to be added to the sum of the good man's life, and there is nothing in his record that I would expunge. Once more, moved thereto from the depths of my innermost heart, I join hands with you, my darling sister, and give promise that, so far as God shall give me strength, I will be to our mother a joy and a blessing while her dear life is spared to us. Kiss her for me, and say to her — 'GOD BLESS MY MOTHER!'

"SYLVANUS, JR."

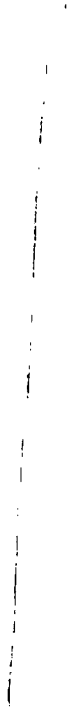
And so I might have written to every member of that

family circle. The faith which sustained the father, and which he had labored to extend to others, he had not failed to bestow upon his children; and, in this season of bereavement, it is sufficient for them. They all love it, and hold it very near to their hearts. Over the household, when gathered together in sweet communion, the angel of peace holds watch and ward; for, into that union of souls in faith, the creeds of men can intrude no discordant elements.

Dear Reader, one word with you before I lay aside my pen. These pages have cost me many a waking, toiling hour that should have been given to sleep; for they have been written with other duties crowding hard upon me; but it has been to me, nevertheless, a work of joy and profit. I have enjoyed a nearness to the loved one that has kept warm my heart; and there has been rich profit in the valuable lessons presented, as I have dwelt upon the record of his useful life. And if, in addition to this, I have in these pages set down anything that shall interest and instruct my readers, so that they shall thank me for the work I have done, then I shall be doubly blessed.

And in the hope that this rich reward may be mine, I leave this book with you. I have tried to tell the simple truth — no more — no less. Farewell, each and all. If we meet never more on earth, we may, in God's own time, meet in that better world, where he whose memory we honor has found sweet rest from his toil.







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